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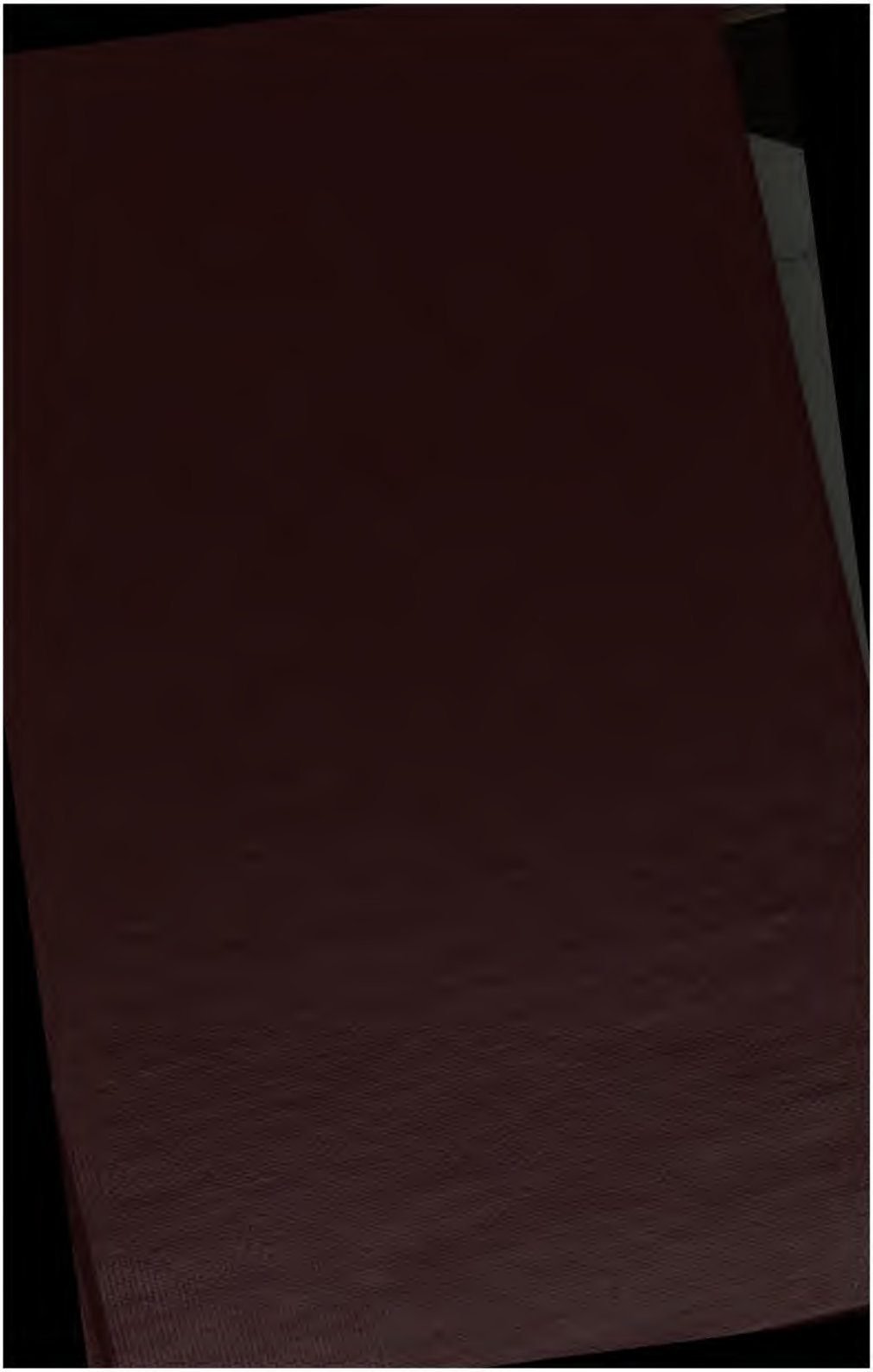

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Henry Lee

MEMOIR

OF

COLONEL HENRY LEE

MEMOIR OF

COLONEL HENRY LEE

WITH SELECTIONS FROM

HIS WRITINGS AND SPEECHES

PREPARED BY

JOHN T. MORSE, JR.

BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

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TO

ELIZABETH P. SHATTUCK

IN RECOGNITION OF HER

ENERGY, PATIENCE, AND VALUABLE ASSISTANCE

IN THE PREPARATION OF

THIS MEMOIR OF HER FATHER

IT IS

DEDICATED

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MEMOIR

MEMOIR

OF

COLONEL HENRY LEE

CHAPTER I

HIS YOUTH: BUSINESS

EVERYONE who knew Colonel Henry Lee feels that his memory should not lapse into oblivion for lack of an enduring record of what he was and what he did. But not less must it be felt that an adequate record became an impossibility when he died without having himself written that which, under his hand, could not have failed to be a charming volume of reminiscence. Anyone else, undertaking the task, must be painfully discouraged at the thought of how immeasurably better Colonel Lee would have done it. Yet the effort ought to be made; some one must move halting along over the road which he would have traversed with such a lively and spirited quickstep.

It is a common delusion that every character can be accounted for by reciting the names and occupations, the births and deaths of a parcel of deceased ancestors, not widely different from the average of their coevals who were also at the same time being the ancestors of somebody. The genealogical paragraphs with which

we have to do can be best given by adopting Mr. Lee's own memoranda. He says that he numbers among his direct ancestors Governors Thomas Dudley and Simon Bradstreet, Major-General Daniel Goodwin, Major Thomas Savage, whose wife was Faith Hutchinson, "a daughter of the famous Anne Hutchinson." There were also the "Reverends John Cotton, Francis Higginson, Flynt, Symmes, besides Tyngs, Lakes, Quincys, Pickerings, Ameses, Tracys, Jacksons, and Cabots." "The family line includes no less than nine clergymen prominent in Colonial times." Colonel Lee was wont to say that he was prouder of the blood of Anne Hutchinson than of that of the Governors. Certainly she and the military men contributed the most obvious traits in his character.

"The Christian name of Mr. Lee's first ancestor in this country is somewhat in doubt, as is also the date of his arrival. His wife's name was Martha Mellowes. His son lies buried in his tomb on Copp's Hill, and his obituary is worth quoting: 'July 21, 1766. — Yesterday morning died Mr. Thomas Lee, in the 94th year of his age, who in the early and active part of life carried on considerable Trade in this Town, though he deserves to be recorded rather for the unblemished Integrity of his Dealings, and the exact Punctuality of his Payments, than for the extent of his Trade, or the length of his life.'"

Thomas Lee, born December 17, 1702, graduated at Harvard College in 1722; he was bred a merchant; lived in Salem; was for several years a Representative to the General Court; married first Elizabeth Charnock, and

on December 29, 1737, as his second wife, Lois Orne. His son Joseph was born in Salem, May 22, 1744; became a sea-captain; "had a great talent for mechanics, especially for ship-building; a numerous fleet, designed by him, was sent out as privateers during the war of the Revolution, and was afterwards engaged in trade with Europe and the East and West Indies. . . . He, with the Messrs. Cabot, whose only sister, Elizabeth, he married, removed to Beverly, and after a term of sea service, carried on an extensive business for many years with his distinguished brother-in-law, the Honorable George Cabot, who, as junior, had served him through all the grades from cabin-boy to partner."

Henry Lee, ninth child of Joseph Lee, was born in Beverly, February 4, 1782. He became "a prominent East India merchant," and was "in Calcutta at the War of 1812, and forced to remain until peace was concluded in 1815. In the prime of life Mr. Lee was well known as a writer on financial topics, as he had command of a large amount of statistical knowledge, and was a valued correspondent of the Anti-Corn-Law League. He was the unsuccessful rival of Honorable Nathan Appleton as candidate for Congress from Boston, in 1850, upon the tariff and free trade issues. He was a firm believer in free trade, and wrote the famous 'Boston Report' of 1827 against a further increase of tariff duties. It was his fortune in 1832 to receive the electoral vote of South Carolina for Vice-President of the United States, on a ticket with John Floyd.[1] Mr. Lee married Miss

[1] This was by reason of his free-trade or low-tariff views.

Mary Jackson, daughter of Honorable Jonathan Jackson, June 16, 1809, by whom he had six children. He died February 8, 1867, having just completed his eighty-fifth year."

Of this Henry Lee and Mary, his wife, the third child was Henry Lee, the subject of this Memoir. Here again we may quote Colonel Lee, for, having been often entreated to the autobiographic task, he at last began in a vague, indeterminate way to cherish the purpose; and among his fragmentary manuscripts, written in his old age, occur these:

"RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

and in his brain, —
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage, — he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms: —

"Long ago, in my College days, there was a hermit in Cambridge. Early in life he had been crossed in love and revenged himself on the cruel fair and upon the world by complete seclusion. Great was the curiosity of the neighbors, great was their sympathy with this forlorn mourner; they gazed at his window in passing and pictured to themselves a hero of romance. Alas! one fatal day, this interesting hermit, wearied of solitude, of 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,' roused by a fire or some other catastrophe, emerged from his hermitage, and so refreshed was he by the experiment that he tarried among his fellow-men, degenerating day by day from a hero of romance to a village bore and tatler.

"'Have you written these recollections down? You really ought to write them down, otherwise when you are gone they will be lost.' These warnings, these exhortations have been so many times repeated, as well as solicitations from literary caterers, that I have rashly and, I fear, unwisely engaged to gather and present some of my recollections, which may prove stale, flat, and unprofitable.

"I was born in a house on the southeast corner of Columbia Street fronting on Essex Street, the 2nd of September, 1817. The tenant who had occupied this house and from whom my father had it, had left it in a very dirty condition, and my mother, the most scrupulous of housekeepers, had to superintend its purification, and she always insisted that the pre-natal influence of her devotion to the Augean task was unfavorable to my character, making me, as she expressed it, too much of a quiddle, more nice than wise. I have been handicapped all my life by this unfortunate pre-natal influence.

. . . . . .

"Many persons of social position and importance then lived in this street and its neighborhood. Almost directly opposite to us dwelt Gilbert Stuart, the great portrait-painter of the period, in a brick house which had one peculiarity in common with but three other houses in Boston, — a vaulted doorway, or doorway in a niche. The three others of this peculiar fashion, now passed away, were Judge Jackson's house in Bedford Place, Otis Everett's on Washington Street, corner of Oak, and Mr. White's on the other side of Washington Street just beyond Castle Street.

. . . . . .

"My first personal reminiscences are of my life in a delightful semi-rural house in Common Street, where the portico of the Tremont House afterward stood. It was a two-story wooden house, a few feet back from the street, with a rear yard paved with parti-colored pebbles, behind which was a garden ascended by two or three steps under an arch. I recollect, while living in that house when a child of about three years, being carried into King's Chapel in the arms of our servant, Daniel Webster, — and, by the way, his manly heart ached at the degradation of carrying me about. It must have been a Christmas or an Easter service. The beautiful old church, the warden's pew, the bust of Vassall, the several mural monuments which embellished its interior, made an impression on me which was never lost. Another recollection is of being held up in the front porch when a military procession passed by, — the funeral of General Porter or Miller, I do not remember which, — and of hearing the salute fired over the grave in King's Chapel Burying Ground. These are further instances of my great attraction by externals, — the architectural beauties of King's Chapel, and the military pageant at the funeral of this old officer."

The "Random Reminiscences" stop short at this early point of infancy; if continued upon the scale adopted, they could hardly have come down very near to the present day.

Perhaps indiscretion is the best characteristic of the biographer, and therefore one of the most daring things that even Mr. Lee ever said may be repeated. "The Jacksons," he remarked, "came up from Newburyport

to Boston, social and kindly people, inclined to make acquaintances and mingle with the world pleasantly. But they got some Cabot wives, who shut them up. The fact is that the Cabots had been the 'best people' in Beverly; but they were a little doubtful whether they would be properly received in the larger town, so they kept in seclusion; the Jacksons had no such anxieties, but were ruled by their wives." In fact, Lees, Cabots, Jacksons and Higginsons knew each other well in Essex County, and had a satisfying belief that New England morality and intellectuality had produced nothing better than they were; so they very contentedly made a little clique by themselves, and intermarried very much, with a sure and cheerful faith that in such alliances there could be no blunder.

Evolved from such a well-assorted lot of local types, born and bred amid the influences thus created and maintained, one would say of Colonel Lee: "A typical New Englander, of course." An erroneous label, however, for he was not typical; the process of composite photography does not present his portrait, and his charm lay in his individuality. A list of affirmatives and negatives may sum up the character of the average man as so many plus and minus quantities produce a definite result in mathematics. But not so in Mr. Lee's case. To those who did not know him he cannot be so described as to present a life-like picture; for those who did know him, no portrait can be satisfactory; words cannot do the work; we look back upon him through the atmosphere of the imagination, for he was a man of striking, singular and picturesque traits, and we smile with pleasure as we

call up the memory of the shrewd, witty, impulsive, kindly gentleman, whose own rare gift of language would alone depict himself.

Of his youth nothing noteworthy is to be said. He kept, for a while, a Diary which gives with simple boyishness one or two good sketches of student life in his day. There is a description of a clash, which seemed to him nothing out of the ordinary, that is entertaining:

"It is not a pleasant day, misty and rainy at intervals; the sun has peeped out once or twice this morning, but it was only for a minute. Been to recitation to-day; recited very well, as I thought. After dinner Pinckney came over here; I lent him an half a dollar. Went to confectioner's this afternoon. Spent .01/4 in refreshing myself. While at prayers I heard that there had been a combat between the carpenters, who were working upon the church, and the students, and that there would probably be another in the course of the evening. Went out after prayers, expecting one every minute; for a number of students, who had been struck during the afternoon, with their friends, went behind the meeting-house, and endeavored, as I thought, to pick a quarrel with the carpenters; I waited a good while, and at last it began. I will speak of nothing but what I saw and heard myself, because accounts are so various that one cannot tell what to believe and what not to. In the first of it, I was standing in the graveyard and all at once I saw the carpenters all run to the end of the building, and heard some one of them cry out: 'Take care there, take care! Don't let him kill that man.' Then I ran with the rest to the end of the building, where the fight was going

on, and just then they all of them began to cry, 'Harvard! Harvard!' The first person I saw was Webster; he had been sick for two or three days, and I never in the course of my life saw a person look so pale and ghastly; he was standing up fighting, I believe, like a lion. The next person was Rutledge, he was fighting well, swinging round and driving his fists into his antagonist's face; the next moment I saw him thrown upon the ground senseless, without seeing how it was done; however, since then I have found out that he was struck from behind with a joist upon his head. I ran up to see if he was very much hurt, and I saw Earle of our class with one side of his face entirely covered with blood; he looked horribly, the blood was running down his neck and upon the bosom of his shirt; Wyman and another student were trying to get him away, but he had become raving mad and declared he would not go; I then saw Rutledge carried off by some other students, and at last they persuaded Earle to go too; I then turned round and saw Lawrence driving a fellow round in great style, and afterwards Pendleton, boxing in the most scientific manner, knocking men down by the dozens, and at last fighting with Wheeler, a great champion among the townsmen; but he got beaten by Pendleton, and they were fighting when President Josiah Quincy came up and stopped it immediately. . . . It is now half-past eleven, and I think I must go to bed. I shall continue this to-morrow.

"Friday,— May 31. After the President had stopped the fighting and begged the scholars to go to their rooms, they dispersed for a few minutes only, after

which they came back and stood round the college rooms wishing, some of them, to fight again, and some, not to. While I was standing there, I saw Labranche going with Dr. Higginson to Earle's room; the scholars stayed round college until about 10 or 11 o'clock, when they most of them dispersed. President Quincy and one or two of the Faculty kept watch nearly, or quite, all night. I believe that I have omitted nothing of any importance which I saw of this fight, and that this is all."

It further became his fortune to be concerned in a memorable occurrence. Those were the days of College Rebellions, of which the most famous, prior to Mr. Lee's entering College, had been that of 1819, celebrated by the historic poem of the "Rebelliad," a "most happy production of humorous taste," written by Augustus Pierce, of the Class of 1820. But the outbreak of 1819 was surpassed by that of 1834, "the most remarkable one which the College has ever seen," "a matter of public notoriety and of general interest," and which was, indeed, in the history of the College almost what the Civil War was in the history of the country. Precipitated by the act of a Southerner, it endured for three months, was finally closed by the victory of the constituted authorities, but left a bitter sense of wrong in the memories of the students. Colonel Lee remained altogether "unreconstructed" to the end of his days, and always declared that he did not repent his part in that singular and obstinate conflict. The following memorandum is among his papers:

"In the year 1875, at the solicitation of the editors

of the Harvard Book, I wrote an article on University Hall, in which I gave an account of the Rebellion of 1834. At the dictation of some unknown censor this most important and interesting item in my sketch was stricken out, which so aroused my indignation that I declined to have my garbled contribution published. But the entreaties of the editors prevailed and I reluctantly consented. Now that sixty-four years have come and gone, now, if ever, it is time to publish the true history of the Rebellion of 1834." Some passages of the paper, which the censors of the "Harvard Book" unfortunately lacked nerve to publish, give the narrative:

"Dr. Barber, the teacher of elocution, had a step-son, Dunkin, a puny youth, born and bred in England, of very national modes of speech and thought, then more offensive because more strange than now. Immediately after quitting Harvard, this beardless young Englishman, bright, but insufferably conceited and totally without tact and experience, was appointed Greek tutor, and surely a more unwise appointment could not have been made. Hence the Rebellion of 1834.

'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath.'

"One day, in recitation, the teasing interruptions of this greenhorn teacher so exasperated a Freshman of very mature age, much older than his tutor, that he refused to recite. The President interfered and the student resumed his place; but, being passed over, he at last requested to leave the College, not wishing to create a disturbance and not willing to submit to what

he deemed unjust treatment from Dunkin. His class espoused his cause, the other classes sympathized, meetings of all the undergraduates were held at University Hall, and committees appointed to confer with the Faculty. Lawless outbreaks took place which might have been averted by tact, common sense, and decent candor on the part of the immediate government, till one morning the Sophomores marched in procession to prayers, entering the chapel at the north door, crossing to their seats on the south side, and conducting themselves riotously. The class was dismissed *sine die*, with the exception of two members, who refused to join the procession, and one who, contrary to rules and regulations, was off on a shooting expedition. As soon as the sentence was promulgated, the Sophomores raised the black flag on Rebellion tree, drank, sang and danced till they could dance no more, and then drove off triumphantly in wagons to Boston to swelter through the summer months over their Logic and Rhetoric, Mathematics and Greek Tragedies.

. . . . . .

"'Occasions shake the tree, they never form the fruit,' and the primary cause of this trouble, which pretty much destroyed one class, decimated two more, and deprived many of the best scholars of the graduating class of their degrees, for their remonstrance against injustice, was the scandalous appointment of an absurd tutor; and the secondary cause was the vacillating, uncharitable and inconsistent action of the President and his counsellors. . . ."

It was by reason of this wholesale expulsion that the

Class of 1836 graduated only thirty-nine members, a number much smaller than was then customary.

Later, in his senior year, Mr. Lee amused himself by screwing a tutor into his room, for which prank he was again "rusticated" at Reverend Mr. Ripley's, Waltham, "where Emerson, Dr. Convers Francis and he (Mr. Ripley), then fresh from German universities, were wont to hold high converse, kindled by the enthusiasm and eloquence of their inspired hostess." Mr. Lee never found fault with this punishment, often remarking that banishment into such surroundings was probably fully as beneficial as prayers and recitations at Cambridge.

Immediately after graduation Mr. Lee entered his father's "counting room," and in 1838 he was taken into partnership. Two years later he said to the senior partner that either he, the father, must retire from the business, or he, the son, would do so. Thus in after years he used humorously to tell the story; but in fact he was always a very respectful and affectionate son. The elder acted upon the suggestion, and two years later retired, and the partnership was continued by Mr. Lee and Mr. W. S. Bullard until 1852. The business was foreign commerce, chiefly conducted with the East Indies, but in part also with Brazil, so that soon after graduating, Mr. Lee sailed as supercargo for Rio de Janeiro. His journal of the voyage was chiefly filled with memoranda of weather, accounts of his dreams and comments on the writings of Sir Walter Scott.

In 1852 it was quite time to retire from this commercial business. The protective tariff had slowly but surely destroyed the foreign commerce by which the

merchants and shipowners of New England had hitherto lived and prospered. For the most part those who were unable to change their ways had reason to regret their unfortunate constancy; too many of them, clinging to a steadily declining business, lost in their later days all that they had won in their prime. Mr. Lee, more clear-sighted, understood the new condition and saved himself by leaving, not precisely the sinking ship, but the rotting ships. New England was turning to new pursuits; all her streams were being dammed for water power to run her cotton mills, and Lowell and Lawrence were growing apace. A transition from foreign commerce, wherein the merchant had to keep constantly informed as to the products and industries, the laws and customs, the policies and even the politics of nations all over the world, to the dull business of spinning as many yards of cotton cloth as could be sold in each year, did not commend itself to Mr. Lee. Moreover he resented the economic policy which had effected this transformation; for his father's belief in free trade had descended to him, and he remained a stalwart free trader to the end of his days. With his usual warmth of feeling, he carried his hostility to these upstart factories so far that he would never invest in their stocks. Thus debarred from commerce and from manufacturing, he turned his attention to banking and brokerage and joined the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., of which the senior member was his relative, John C. Lee, and the junior, George Higginson, was his brother-in-law. Thereafter he was in State Street nearly every day; and the firm, of which in due time he became the senior partner, took the lead in its

department of business. At his death he left a large property. In view of these facts it is right to say that he was a successful business man, and certainly he was a master of the art of business; yet he was never really very fond of it, never became absorbed in it, and was very moderately ambitious of the distinctions which it had to offer. He was fortunate in his coadjutors in the firm and might have prospered less with the aid of partners less able than his brother-in-law, George Higginson, and his nephews, Henry L. Higginson and Francis L. Higginson.

Major Higginson says that it was in the periods of stress, in the "hard times," that Mr. Lee showed to best advantage. Then his courage and constancy were admirable. But no sooner had the darkness passed than his habitual caution resumed its sway, and his counsel was to gather resources for the next days of panic.

In handling his property it is probable that he was governed more by his opinions about the men who were conducting the enterprises in which he embarked than by minute investigation into the enterprises themselves. For example, he was well satisfied to stake his money in the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad with one who had studied the West as John M. Forbes had done, and in the Calumet & Hecla mine with so well-trained a scientist as Professor Alexander Agassiz. The soundness of his judgment worked along the human line; and it was his nature to be strong alike in his faith and in his distrust. Real estate, however, he understood well. He once said, indeed, that he had been studying it all his life, and knew nothing about it, — a remark

not likely to be misconstrued. But a gentleman who can pronounce as good an opinion in the matter as anyone in Boston says: "Colonel Lee had a remarkably sagacious judgment in real estate; he owned, bought and sold a great deal of it; I have constantly run across the trail of his transactions, and pretty much always there was a profit, — and a big one, too!" Certainly the judgment of an observant community accorded to him high ability as a financial adviser and a shrewd judge of investments. A natural consequence was that he was much in demand for positions of trust, and the funds of which, first and last, he acted as treasurer were innumerable. All these charges involved much care and responsibility; and of course a large proportion of the labor brought no other compensation than such measure of gratitude as beneficiaries saw fit to feel. For many years he was active in the management of the finances of the Provident Institution for Savings, of which he was elected a member in 1848, Secretary in 1851, Trustee in 1854, and President, December 21, 1887, which last office he continued to fill until his death.

His great undertaking, which was wholly his own in conception and fulfilment, was the building of the "Safety Vaults" at No. 40 State Street. It is fair to say that this was an entirely novel undertaking; for though some constructions of the sort had been attempted in Philadelphia and in New York, these were in a crude form, and Colonel Lee's were for many years the best thing of the kind in the country, and became the model for others elsewhere. Of course improvements have come and modern vaults display

superior accommodations and somewhat more elaborate safeguards; yet until the date of this writing the prestige of these old original vaults, opened for business so long ago as January 1, 1868, has enabled them to hold their popularity in a competition which has become keen. The building plans and the systems of protection against theft and fire were the fruit of Mr. Lee's own hard, patient and thorough labor. For example: he made an exhaustive investigation into the methods of safe-burglars; he estimated the force of impact of a large safe falling from the top story of the "Union Building" and alighting upon the roof of his vault, and having ascertained what number of steel girders of a given weight would resist that impact, he doubled this number. In measuring spaces he took as his unit a bond of the largest size then folded, and upon this basis he arranged his boxes. All this was work very much to his taste, and when all was in successful operation, the glory and the emolument were rightly his own. Properly known as the "Union Safe Deposit Vaults," they were long commonly spoken of as "Lee's Vaults," and the name is still sometimes heard. All the later vaults have been incorporated and these now are so; but for many years they were conducted as his private enterprise. The control and the responsibility were exclusively his. He alone was liable for any loss through malfeasance or misfeasance or error, and some nice legal questions arose in which error would have been serious. His reputation and his fortune were at stake, and were the backers of the business. Therefore the reception which was accorded to the new enterprise was a great tribute to him.

A peculiar combination of character and capacity was needed; and even among the most esteemed citizens it would have been hard to find another who, presenting this new scheme and quite alone in managing it, would have secured the fundamental condition for success in the confidence of the anxious and careful owners of bonds and stocks. Evidently the personal compliment to Colonel Lee can hardly be stated too highly. He appreciated it, and in later years with just self-satisfaction he declared this undertaking to be the "crowning effort" of his life and his "special pride." If he had been conscious merely of having exhibited mechanical and constructive ingenuity he would not have spoken thus; the word implied a just recognition of the trust which had been reposed in his personal traits. But the generous rewards of compliment and of income cost their full price; the burden of responsibility could not always be lightly carried, and Major Higginson says that it was when this enterprise was getting under way that he first observed that Mr. Lee was beginning to look old.

CHAPTER II

MATTERS THEATRICAL: FAMILY RELATIONS

DURING these years of active business, before the outbreak of the Civil War, especially during the earlier part of them, Mr. Lee made leisure for the active cultivation of his taste, or rather his passion, for the drama. From this let not anything derogatory to his intelligence be inferred, for the stage had not then sunk to the presentation of mere brilliant spectacles, at best foolish, at worst demoralizing. What Mr. Lee delighted in were the good old "standard" plays, presented by men and women who were generally well educated and often well bred, and who had real genius for the calling. He knew by heart his favorite plays of Shakespeare and Sheridan, as a clergyman knows the Church Service. He could act admirably in a certain range of parts, and had the chance of life sent him upon the stage, he would have left a name to be long remembered. Doubtless the best amateur is excellent only as an amateur, yet Mr. Lee's Sir Anthony Absolute has probably left in the memory of those who saw it as lively and pleasing a presentment as the best actor ever gave them of that famous part.

Opportunely for him, there occurred in Boston a great outburst of enthusiasm for private theatricals; many of

his friends and of those younger than he were seized with the dramatic passion and developed an unusual capacity. In this movement he naturally took the lead, stimulating and training the others with infinite zeal and with a vigorous resolve not to rest at the point of mere amusement and perfunctory excellence. Beneath his imperious and unsparing criticism some of these amateurs would occasionally rebel, and provoke a little of that plain speaking which was his impetuous habit. But for the most part all appreciated his invaluable services, and justly attributed to them the exceptional success which was obtained.

The first play was given in or about the winter of 1847. A tentative and comparatively an unambitious selection was made of a play called "The Turnout." The parts were taken by Mr. Lee, by Miss Elizabeth Cary (afterwards the wife of the first Professor Agassiz), Mr. Frank Lee and Mr. Edward Jackson. Mr. Samuel Cabot, the father of Mrs. Lee, placed the parlors of his house on Temple Place at the disposal of the players. Colonel Perkins came in to witness the performance, and was so pleased that he offered his double parlors for such plays as they might like to produce during the following winter. Thus encouraged, Mr. Lee and his friends pushed their enterprise vigorously. Later a complete little theatre was built on the Brookline estate of Mr. Cabot. In due time the name of the Varieties Theatre was adopted; and a play-bill, dated 1857, announces the "Second Season," and informs the public that "this favorite theatre has been carefully refitted with improved Machinery and a new Drop Scene."

Later the Messrs. Cushing organized the Belmont Dramatic Club which took its name from their father's country seat. They were much younger men but developed an equal skill, and later on the older and the younger groups came together and united in presenting many plays.

One of the earlier plays given in Colonel Perkins' parlors was "Perfection," which was repeated a few times. Another, given later at Brookline, was "The Waterman," a musical piece; Mrs. Felton, the wife of the Greek professor at Harvard College, presided at the piano, and the parts so far as can be remembered were taken as follows:

Bundle	Mr. Lee
Tom Tug	Mr. Richard Cary
Robin	Mr. Francis L. Lee
Mrs. Bundle	Miss S. Cary
Wilhelmina	Mrs. Agassiz

Another popular part of Mr. Lee's was that of the King in "Bombastes Furioso;" his brother Mr. Francis L. Lee played Bombastes, Mr. Edward C. Cabot was Buzzfuzz, and Mr. Thomas Cary was Distaffina. Also Mr. Lee and his brother Frank provoked uproarious laughter in the old farce of "Box & Cox."

Naturally Mr. Lee's great liking for "The Rivals" led to its production on more than one occasion. It is a play not now often placed on the stage, because it demands a stronger troupe than the present star system permits to be brought together; but the amateurs could fill the cast. On one notable occasion Mrs.

Kemble assumed the part of Mrs. Malaprop; but it was several years since she had been upon the stage, and as she was about to appear before this select audience she had a genuine attack of stage-fright, and forgot her lines. On this memorable evening, said the playbill, "A prologue, written by Lady Winchester, [Mrs. Charles P. Curtis] will be recited by Mr. [William R.] Ware." The cast was as follows:

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Sir Anthony Absolute . . . . . Mr. Lee
Captain Absolute . . . . . Mr. Gambrill
Mr. Faulkland . . . . . Mr. Edward C. Cabot
Mr. Acres . . . . . Mr. William S. Whitwell
Sir Lucius O'Trigger. . . . . Mr. Francis L. Lee
Fag . . . . . Mr. Robert B. Forbes, Jr.
David . . . . . Mr. Walter Cabot

Coachman and Boy, by the Company

Mrs. Malaprop . . . . . Mrs. Kemble
Miss Lydia Languish . . . . . Mrs. Harrison Ritchie
Julia . . . . . Mrs. Wilde
Lucy . . . . . Miss Clevenger

MANAGER
Mr. Lee

PROMPTER
Mr. J. E. Cabot

At another presentation Mr. Edward N. Perkins played Captain Absolute, Mr. John Lowell (who was

afterwards Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court), played Bob Acres, Mr. R. B. Forbes, Jr., was Fag, and Mr. Walter Cabot was David. Miss Cary was Julia; Mrs. Malaprop was played by Mrs. Charles Torrey, and she was considered to give it admirably, much better even than Mrs. Kemble. Mrs. Davis (daughter of William H. Gardiner) was Lucy. On still another occasion Mr. T. Cary, Miss Julia Cabot (afterwards Mrs. Wilde), Miss Fanny Cary (afterwards Mrs. Edward Cunningham) and Miss Mary Torrey appeared.

In "The Amusing Farce of A Splendid Investment" the play-bill was:

Rockingham	Mr. F. L. Lee
Titus Fulgent	Mr. William S. Whitwell
Boddy	Mr. Lee
Joe	Mr. Theodore Lyman
Bailiff	Mr. R. B. Forbes, Jr.
Mrs. Winterton	Miss Susan Dorr
Miss Emily Fielding	Mrs. Lyman
Fanny Boddy	Miss Caroline Cabot

On February 3, 1858, the Manager "had the honor to announce that the theatre, having been *cleaned* and *dusted* during the recess," would be "re-opened, with additional scenery, for its third season." On this evening a prologue, "by a distinguished authoress," [Mrs. Follen], was recited by Mr. Follen; the first play, one of Planche's comedies, bears the title of "Not a Bad Judge," but is perhaps more commonly known by the name of "Lavater," from the principal character. This was the part taken by Charles Mathews when the play

was brought out in 1848 at the "
in London. It was one of the best
Varieties Theatre. The cast was as

Marquis de Treval . . . . . .
Count de Steinberg . . . . . :
John Caspar Lavater . . . . . .
Christian . . . . . M
Betman . . . . . .
Zug . . . . . Mr. J
Rutley . . . . . .
Notary . . . . . Mr. V
Servant . . . . . .
Louise de Steinberg . . . . . M
Madame Betman . . . . . M

The record of some other plays
have been preserved, will be so inte
will recall them, that space may p
their reproduction:

PRIVATE THEATRICALS

FOR THE

BENEFIT

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS INFANTS' ASYLUM

AT

HORTICULTURAL HALL,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1869.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER!

A Comedy in Five Acts, by OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Sir Charles Marlowe,	Mr. E. JACKSON.
Young Marlowe,	Mr. R. M. CUSHING.
Hardcastle,	Mr. JERE ABBOTT.
Hastings,	Mr. E. D. BOIT, Jr.
Tony Lumpkin,	Mr. O. GOODWIN.
Diggory,	Mr. E. F. BOWDITCH.
Roger,	Mr. C. LOVERING.
Landlord,	Mr. E. BOWDITCH.
Jeremy,	Mr. F. DABNEY.
Thomas,	Mr. T. MOTLEY, Jr.
Servant,	Mr. A. GORHAM.
Mrs. Hardcastle,	Miss H. A. ADAM.
Miss Hardcastle,	Miss RUSSELL.
Miss Neville,	Miss ABBOTT.
Dolly,	Miss CHAPMAN.

The Curtain will rise at Eight o'clock.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS

AT

HORTICULTURAL HALL,

BY THE

BOSTON AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB,

EVENINGS OF

DECEMBER 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d [1869 or 1870].

The performance will begin with the Comedy entitled

THE BRIGANDS OF LODI.

Marquis del Dongo, ... Mr. H. LEE
Maurice, (Lieut. of Infantry,) . Mr. EDWARD BOWDITCH
Dumoulin, (Sergeant,) . . . . . Mr. F. L. LEE
Chevalier Hercule del Piffero, ... Mr. T. F. CUSHING
First Footman, ... Mr. O. GOODWIN
Second Footman, ... Mr. A. GORHAM
Marquise del Dongo, ... Mrs. JAMES LODGE
Comtesse Beatrice Pietranera, ... Miss RUSSELL
Helena, ... Miss STEEDMAN

To be followed by the Farce of

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Damon, ... Mr. E. D. BOIT, Jr.
Pythias, ... Mr. G. B. BLAKE, Jr.
Mr. Timepiece, ... Mr. H. LEE
Billy, ... Mr. E. JACKSON
Mrs. Stokes, ... Miss H. A. ADAM
Jane, ... Miss BIGELOW

PRIVATE THEATRICALS

AT

HORTICULTURAL HALL,

BY THE

BOSTON AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB,

EVENINGS OF

FEBRUARY 14th, 15th, and 17th [1870 or 1871].

The performance will begin with the Comedy, in three Acts, entitled

MODERN WARFARE.

Philippe de Mauri, ... Mr. R. M. CUSHING
Gaston de Rech, (Capt. in the 2d Zouaves,) Mr. E. D. BOIT, Jr.
M. Badinois, ... Mr. G. B. BLAKE, Jr.
M. Montgérard, ... Mr. H. LEE
Henriette Dolcy, ... Mrs. G. D. HOWE
Athénais, (Montgérard's sister,) . . . Mrs. JAMES LODGE
Claire, (her niece,) . . . . . Mrs. E. D. BOIT, Jr.

Servants, Guests.

To be followed by the Farce of

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST.

Snobbington, ... Mr. E. F. BOWDITCH
Stranger, ... Mr. F. L. LEE

PRIVATE THEATRICALS

AT

HORTICULTURAL HALL,

BY THE

BOSTON AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB,

EVENINGS OF

JANUARY 17th, 18th, 20th, and 21st [1870 or 1871].

The performance will begin with the Comedy

THE CAT CHANGED INTO A WOMAN.

Karl, (a student,) . . . . . Mr. H. G. PICKERING
Moritz, (an Indian Juggler,) . . . . . Mr. F. L. LEE
Minette, (Karl's cousin,) . . . . . Mrs. S. HAMMOND
Martha, (Karl's housekeeper,) . . . Mrs. JAMES LODGE

To be followed by the Comedy in Three Acts, entitled

A NERVOUS SET.

M. Bergérin, (retired old bachelor,) . . . Mr. J. ABBOTT
M. Marteau, (house-owner,) . . . . Mr. S. M. QUINCY
Tiburce, (employed in post-office,) . Mr. E. F. BOWDITCH
Cæsar, (Marteau's nephew,) . . . Mr. G. B. BLAKE, Jr.
M. Tuffier, (retired hardware merchant,) Mr. R. M. CUSHING
Louis, (his son,) . . . . . Mr. O. GOODWIN
Notary, ... Mr. E. JACKSON
Auguste, (Marteau's servant,) . . . . Mr. A. GORHAM
Mme. Tuffier, ... Mrs. JAMES LODGE
Marion, (Marteau's adopted daughter,) . . Miss WARREN
Placide, (Marteau's housekeeper,) . . Miss H. A. ADAM
Lucie, (Marteau's daughter), ... Miss M. STEEDMAN

PRIVATE THEATRICALS

AT

HORTICULTURAL HALL,

BY THE

BOSTON AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB,

EVENINGS OF

APRIL 18th, 19th, and 21st [1871].

The performance will begin with the Comedy in Four Acts, entitled

SMILES AND TEARS.

Maurice Borel,	Mr. R. M. CUSHING
M. Bidaut,	Mr. H. LEE
Vincent,	Mr. O. GOODWIN
Meunier,	Mr. T. F. CUSHING
Clerk,	Mr. S. M. QUINCY
Junior Clerk,	Mr. H. WILLIAMS
Mme. Rey,	Mrs. E. J. LOWELL
Jeanne Rey,	Mrs. S. HAMMOND
Jeanne Vanneau,	Miss HALE
Laurence,	Mrs. E. D. BOIT, JR.

And will conclude with the Farce of

THE GOOD FOR NOTHING.

Tom Dibbles, (a gardener,)	Mr. JERE ABBOTT
Harry Collier, (a railway fireman,)	Mr. O. GOODWIN
Charley, (a carpenter,)	Mr. N. CHILDS
Mr. Simpson,	Mr. S. M. QUINCY
Nan,	Miss HALE

Another play, sometimes presented, was "False Colours," a translation of "La Poudre aux Yeux." So nearly as can be ascertained it was in the "Season" of 1865–66, and after the union with the Cushing troupe, that Mr. Lee urged that they should undertake "The Hunchback," an ambitious and difficult enterprise, which somewhat alarmed his associates. But he insisted that they could do it, and they did with remarkable success. Mrs. Alexander Agassiz played Julia, Mrs. Charles Pierson played Helen, Mr. Edward Boit was Clifford, Mr. Robert Cushing was Modus, and Mr. Jere Abbott was Fathom. Mr. Lee himself was Master Walter, and presented the character with a success which is still spoken of with enthusiasm by those who saw it.

Another cast of these characters, written in Mr. Lee's book, is:

Master Walter	Mr. H. Lee
Sir T. Clifford	Mr. Edward D. Boit, Jr.
Lord Tinsel	Mr. Daniel C. Payne
Modus	Mr. Theodore Lyman
Fathom	Mr. Ozias Goodwin
Master Wilford	Mr. Edward C. Cabot
Julia	Miss Emily Russell
Helen	Mrs. Theodore Lyman

As the interest expanded and the successes were scored in a way that gave encouragement to the players, Horticultural Hall was hired, in 1870–71, and many performances were given there. The corps of actors and actresses naturally underwent many changes, as some

"retired from the stage" and others entered the calling. Besides those who have been already named, there are remembered Miss Warren, afterwards Mrs. Charles Gibson, and Mr. Howard Dwight, of the Brookline troupe; and there were many more whose names the writer fails to gather. Very charming it all was, alike for those behind and those before the footlights, and few pleasanter reminiscences remain for those who live to recall these scenes. But it would be futile to seek to do more than merely catalogue them; description would be colorless.

Later, when these groups were broken up, as such groups always must be in time, Colonel Lee was often asked to read in a sort of quasi-public way, and many times consented. Somewhat modest as to his capacity to read Shakespeare, he was apt to choose Sheridan. "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" were thus given with fine picturesqueness and grace. His preference was for the former; the latter, he said, left a somewhat bad taste in his mouth.

Recalling pleasant hours passed in listening to these readings, one of Colonel Lee's nieces writes:

"All my memories of evenings at the Brookline house, in the days when we were going to school, are filled with associations with Shakespere's plays. It was a matter of course that after supper we should all take our drawing and sit round the table in the parlor while Uncle Harry, usually with one of the children in his arms, read aloud to us. The great comedies, As You Like It, Midsummer Night's Dream, Romeo and Juliet, Twelfth Night, Much Ado About Nothing were often read; and

finest of all, the Merchant of Venice, in every line of which I can hear his voice and wonderful dramatic inflexion, so filling out each part that never in later years in seeing it acted have I enjoyed it as then I enjoyed hearing him read it. This familiarity with Shakespere, which we owe to Uncle Harry, has run like a golden thread through our lives ever since.

"During the many years since that time, almost always reading to Aunt Lizzie a part of each evening, Uncle Harry must have read aloud books enough to overpass the narrow limits of an everyday education. Sometimes it would be some political address of the day, or some book of importance. Sometimes a novel by Trollope, or Scott, or Miss Austen, so read that one got the flavour of the author better than if one were reading to one's self.

"The short services which Uncle Harry held on summer Sundays at Beverly Farms were very delightful, and made the day a true Sunday for us. The picture is very clear and bright still, of the cool western drawing-room, the view of the sea, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Cabot, Mrs. Parkman, sometimes one or another neighbor, and many of us children, quiet for the moment at least. Uncle Harry would read from the Bible, and then a sermon, perhaps by F. W. Robertson, or Dr. Arnold, perhaps by Dr. Hedge, or Dr. James Freeman Clarke, and two hymns would be sung, Mrs. Cabot playing and every one singing.

"A drive with Uncle Harry in the broadly-built phaeton with the two spirited horses was always memorable, and his vivid antiquarian and genealogical sense

gave one more of the past than one could attain in any other way. His love of natural beauty was keen and very perceptive and discriminating. He cared also for the human beauty of the landscape, that look which the surface of the earth acquires when it has been patiently worked over for generations, and when it still bears witness to its history in the relation of its towns to each other, its roads, and its local names and traditions.

"Perhaps his roots struck deeper into the soil of Essex County than into that of Norfolk, and its past was more living to him. It seemed as if one drove back into the days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony as one drove toward North Beverly, by the old plantation houses, well proportioned, with big recessed chimney-stacks, and that ineffaceable dignity which neither time nor present shabbiness obliterates. He took especial pleasure in the Ipswich Farms Road for its true Essex County characteristics of small farms, well-tilled fields, and carefully tended fruit trees, comfortable houses, whose square outlines, white paint and trim garden beds by the front door all spoke of earlier days in Essex County, when all who dwelt there made it their home winter and summer alike, and seemed to draw into their very fibre the characteristics of the region."

Mr. Lee lived long enough to see the passing away of that stage which he loved. Modern actors seldom pleased him as the old ones had done. Among his papers there is a fragment, in which his contempt and indignation for so distinguished a pair as Irving and Miss Terry find unfinished expression. He had seen them in some of those parts which in earlier days he

had seen presented, as he thought, so immeasurably better. His wrath boiled over, and he began a paper for publication. So much of it as he completed is too pungently characteristic to be lost:

"Am I verging into senility that I can no longer experience satisfaction, much less enchantment, at the theatre? What are to me calcium lights, gorgeous oft-changed costumes, or even well-painted scenery, if the actors are wanting? When aided, or encumbered, as one may view it, by these accessories, how can I be carried away when a shambling, halting, galvanic, wooden-faced Benedick with spasmodic utterance makes love to a faded, coquettish, thinly superficial Beatrice?

. . . . . .

"As Charles Kemble played Petruchio, the audience beheld a high-bred spirited gentleman, who so assumed violence that they could enjoy it without fear; but now one is made to feel that Katherine has been consigned to a born ruffian. These are instances of vulgarity or imbecility, but what excuse can be proffered for mutilating a work of art that an impotent actor may masquerade as the hero? Was any act more preposterous than Irving's rough-hewing Macbeth that he might creep into the part? Look at the portrait of Ellen Terry dressed as Lady Macbeth, and then think of Mrs. Siddons, or of our own Charlotte Cushman in that part. Could impertinence further go, unless it be Mr. Mansfield outdoing Colley Cibber with Richard III?"

Afterward, in other characters, he esteemed Sir Henry more highly, and he was willing to preside at the dinner which the Tavern Club gave in honor of the actor. On

that occasion he made such a very flattering speech as the festivity demanded; and after all allowance is made for the necessity imposed by the situation, it is right to believe that he spoke sincerely when he said:

"I am surely not here in any theatrical capacity to offend our guest with adulation, or to insult him with criticism, but simply to articulate, as it were, your hospitality, to assure him how eagerly we have looked forward to the day when we could entertain him as our guest.

"As an old play-goer, however, I may perhaps venture to say that I have seen Charles Kean from his début to his farewell as Louis XI., and while I have always thought that his greatest achievement, and have recollected it with admiration, I was more deeply impressed, or, as I may say, horrified, by Mr. Irving's personation. I should shrink from gazing at any more lifelike presentation of this craven, crafty, superstitious old monster, hovering between life and death, his corruption made more ghastly by the sheen of his bejewelled crown and ermined robes. There was not a tone, or a look, or a gesture, or a movement at fault, — it was a diabolical symphony from beginning to end.

"And the figure of that guilt-burdened Matthias, haunted day and night by the jangling of the bells, and confounded ever and anon by the ghost of his victim, and at last, under the influence of the mesmerizer, writhing with terror and remorse, and revealing his guilt!

> Hast thou not seen upon a lifted face
> Thoughts that the halting lips have failed to tell?

The resources of the stage were exhausted in that appeal to eye and ear; one remembers it as the vivid enacting of a hideous nightmare, as it was.

. . . . . .

"It is said that a man may be known by the company he keeps. I think we are well satisfied with the company Mr. Irving keeps, including especially Miss Ellen Terry. Let us all join in drinking to the health of Mr. Henry Irving, the hospitable host, the welcome guest, the eminent actor, the liberal manager."

By another distinguished actor a famous character of the old stage was so strangely bedizened and misconstrued as to stir Mr. Lee's gall. It demanded some courage to assail a presentation given by the popular Joseph Jefferson. But Mr. Lee was nothing if not outspoken, and no respect for persons, not even his friendly feeling for Mr. Jefferson, could keep him silent when Sheridan's brilliant creation of Bob Acres was turned into a vulgar burlesque. No one who has witnessed that strange aberration into mere buffoonery on the part of the great actor will deny that Mr. Lee's scathing criticism was as just as it was severe:

"The papers announce that Jefferson is to appear as Bob Acres. I look forward with impatience, for I dote on The Rivals. Contrary to the critics, I prefer it to the School for Scandal, which always leaves a bad taste in my mouth. At last the hour arrives, I make my way into the theatre breathless and fluttered, awaiting the test. Two hours later I slink out of the building, stunned and compromised. I have assisted at a vulgar outrage, a wanton insult, a nauseous incongruity. Is

this the classic composed by Sheridan, every line full of meaning, every sentence rounded, which the best comedians had illustrated ever since the battle of Bunker Hill, which I have seen countless times in Boston and New York, as well as in New Orleans, London, and elsewhere, every word of which I know by heart? What is this hodge-podge they are talking? Why does Sir Lucius, a high-spirited Irish gentleman, exchange vulgar familiarities with Fag, and why is he so elephantine? Sheridan gives us to understand that Bob Acres is a jolly, obtuse, raw, country Squire, apple-faced, goggle-eyed, pudding-voiced; but here we have a lanthorn-jawed, nasal-twanged, shrewd-eyed, speculative Yankee. As for the dialogue, instead of Sheridan's finished, perfect, impressive sentences, sparkling with wit and humour, neither too long nor too short, we have a hodge-podge composed by the dramatis personæ as they go along, wretched verbiage.

. . . . . .

"Why are Julia and Faulkland, whose over-strained sentiments and lovers' quarrels serve as a foil to Lydia's light absurdities, left out, leaving the picture like the new Spanish school without the shading?"

That the pessimism of advancing years had not robbed Mr. Lee of the power of enjoying what was good, is shown by a letter from him to Mr. Kendal, written in December, 1889, and which the most ardent admirers of that actor would certainly not have found deficient in enthusiasm. As a septuagenarian, he enumerates the actors and actresses, French and English, whom he had seen, making one feel that there were

advantages in living half a century or more ago, even though it might result in being dead now. These, he says, were "actors who had died or retired before you two were brought into this naughty world, or Mrs. Kendal would not be so fair, or you so fresh, as you are. As an old-stager, I say that, outside of the Français, or the Gymnase in its palmy days, I have never seen comedy better supported or its leading parts better taken than by you and your company." He selected for especial compliment the parts of Philippe Derblay and Captain Crichton. He did not know, he said, "which most to praise;" and then, with the fine gallantry of an old gentleman, he penned his concluding paragraph:

"As for Mrs. Kendal, if I should attempt to portray her charms, I should bubble over as did Sir Anthony in describing Lydia Languish. She is, in one word, — fascinating. I cannot say whether I prefer to see her take the stage, when she recalls the example in the Latin grammar 'Illa incedit regina,' or whether I prefer to listen to her English so exquisitely delivered. . . . Some of your dramatic brethren have vexed my spirit by peeping out from their parts, their peculiarities as individuals clashing with their characteristics as personators of parts. You throw yourselves into your parts, and leave your own characters at home."

Naturally, Mr. Lee's personal acquaintance with the best actors and actresses became extensive. One of his friendships, much transcending casual acquaintance, was with William Warren, the accomplished gentleman and

delightful companion, who passed his life on the boards of the Museum, so that for more than a generation dwellers in out-of-the-way Boston could see, whenever they pleased, an actor who could have made a great name in the world had he been willing to show himself more widely. When Mr. Warren died Mr. Lee wrote this obituary, two months before he followed his old friend:

"Two score years have slipped by since William Warren came amongst us, a stranger in a strange land; unheralded, unknown save to those of his profession who recognized in him a promising scion of a sound dramatic stock. Five of the seven ages have been spent in this town, five of his seven acts played here. The last scene of all ended and the curtain rung down but yesterday.

"If it would be extravagant to say that his death has 'eclipsed the gayety of nations,' it is certainly true that 'it has impoverished the stock of harmless pleasures,' for which during his long service he has been the delight of town and country. While he has convulsed his hearers with laughter, and again melted them to tears, the laughter has been innocent, the grief wholesome, for he has never overstepped the bounds of modesty. Ranging all the way from high comedy to broad farce, depicting every age, country and condition, he contrived to extract the humour of the part without its grossness; he was 'familiar, but by no means vulgar,' he was pathetic, but never mawkish. In brief, his characters, clearly conceived, sharply executed, adjusted to the perspective of the stage, stood forth

living, breathing human beings, without a trait lost, blurred, or exaggerated.

> Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease
> In him alone 't was natural to please.

"The success of an actor upon the stage is not proportioned to his private worth; and yet with actors, as with authors, the character of a man betrays itself, and increases, or decreases, our relish of his performance. We all knew when we listened to this charming actor that he was free from 'the fretful stir unprofitable,' and was content to remain a member of the stock company on a meagre salary, while men vastly his inferiors were flashing about the country as stars; — we all knew that he not only dedicated his invaluable talents to one theatre, but also that by his unvarying kindness, his charitable silence when criticism would have been excusable, he won the respect and love of his fellow-actors; that he was a peacemaker, and not, like so many leading actors, a stirrer of strife.

"His life was gentle. 'Nobody knows how good he was,' says his old friend and landlady for these many years, 'nobody else knew how good he was.' While the full measure of his goodness was appreciated only by his relatives and intimates, to whom he was loyally attached, enough transpired to beget a universal affection and esteem. He was the recipient of many compliments from societies and from clubs, and only his invincible modesty preserved his privacy. But what must have been more gratifying to him was the universal regard, deepening into solicitude in these last years, which man-

ifested itself in a thousand ways, as with slower and slower steps he paced the streets of the old town he had adopted as his home. The faithful watchers by his bedside hardly know how many outside watchers shared their hopes and fears while this unselfish and well-beloved man hovered between life and death.

"'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me.'

"H. L.

"Sept. 22, 1898."

John Gilbert and Mrs. Gilbert, impersonations of the fine dignity and courtesy of the "Old School," are names dear to all playgoers. Mr. Lee knew them well, and loved them with his sympathetic warmth of appreciation. When Gilbert died Mr. Lee performed for him the like service of affection and respect which he performed for Warren.

With Mrs. Fanny Kemble, in whose veins ran, — and in a very vigorous stream, too, — as good dramatic blood as any in England, Mr. Lee maintained one of his most highly valued friendships. Her strenuous and exuberant nature overwhelmed ordinary persons, who were content to admire her brilliant vitality at a safe distance. But Mr. Lee gave outspoken admiration to a character which resembled his own in its courage and frankness, its ardor and generosity. The same plays were familiar to each, the same school of acting was dear to each. Many lines of sympathy connected them. The letters which she wrote to Colonel Lee, up to her latest days, are charming, with their warmth of expression and vividness of phrase; so that for the moment one may re-

gret that there is no memoir of her wherein these outbursts might find a place. Unfortunately only one or two of Mr. Lee's letters to her are to be found. A note from her indicates that Mr. Lee had ventured upon the delicate task of selecting a lady's hat for the actress to wear in the part of Mrs. Malaprop:

"My dear Sir: —

"I am extremely obliged to you for the trouble you are taking about my attire. You have found the identical hat I wish for — with the alterations — it is not necessary that the sides should be curled as those in the model are, — a plain flat brim is all that is required because, as the hat should be made of light black velvet with a wire round the brim, it can be easily made to sit upon the head at the wearer's discretion. Instead of the feather from behind, I should like a bunch of shortish black feathers in front."

In 1888 Monsieur Coquelin came over to the United States and gave an extraordinary treat to our people, even to those who could not understand French. He warmed the cockles of Colonel Lee's heart, recalling the delightful days when he had been able to frequent Parisian theatres. The Tavern Club gave a grand dinner in honor of the clever foreigner, at which Colonel Lee presided, pronouncing a welcome in an admirable speech, which also was full of reminiscences and of hearty compliment. He opened it happily with a quotation from the play of Mademoiselle de la Seiglière, in which Coquelin had won much applause: "Monsieur, vous

êtes chez vous." As ill luck will have it, only fragmentary notes can be found of this occasion, so memorable for all who were present. On May 24, 1889, he presided at the dinner given by the same club to Mr. Gericke, the leader of the Symphony Orchestra, then about to leave for Europe. On November 14, 1889, he again presided when the club gave a dinner to the elder Salvini.

The day after this Salvini dinner brought to Colonel Lee this letter of quasi-official recognition, which justly expressed his success and his influence on these occasions:

"MY DEAR MR. LEE: —

"I want to let you know again in writing what universal pleasure has been expressed among the Tavern Club members over your charming leadership last night. It is such evenings as these which put the Tavern Club on a high plane and make one realize the fact that a group of men, who can have a really hilarious and jolly good time, can also enjoy the dignity and charm of a dinner like this to Salvini.

"I sincerely hope that the worry you felt over it has not been too much for you; but rest assured we all feel grateful for your help.

"Believe me, in the name of all those present last night,

"Gratefully and sincerely yours,

"VINCENT Y. BOWDITCH."

For a time Mr. Lee was president of the Tavern Club, but declined re-election. A dinner was given in his honor, which, like gratitude, signified thanks for favors

conferred and the hope of favors to come. That he felt a little embarrassment in replying before such an audience to the speech of welcome is easily seen in his words:

"Your president's kind words and your hearty applause manifest warm hearts rather than cool heads; I am both flattered and confounded.

"Waldo Emerson once said to me: 'It was your grandfather, yes! your father's father, who was wont to say to his sons: "I don't care what you do, so long as you speak the truth."' Professor Norton had much converse with Emerson, but I don't believe he ever heard him say that. Since that rebuke by Mr. Emerson I have striven to follow the injunction of my grandfather, though in that, as in other respects, I don't come quite up to George Washington.

"Some years ago at a political convention to which I was a delegate, a peace-loving member expressed a hope that, when the nomination was made, it would be unanimous; whereupon I replied that could not be, as I would not vote for either candidate if every other delegate did. So on the present occasion the expression cannot be unanimous, as my intimate acquaintance with the person lauded compels me to disclaim some of the credit awarded him. I felt how it would be, for I knew that you were under a delusion, and I accordingly shrank from the occasion. Twenty-four years ago some overzealous friends urged me to accept a similar compliment; an event in the family prevented the dinner taking place, and I have always congratulated myself upon my escape. The fact is, that instead of a surplus, there is a

deficit in my account; so when you speak of thanks and obligations, I can only say, as the embarrassed angel said to Abraham when he invited him to sit down: 'Il n'y a pas de quoi, Monsieur.'

"But as we are together once again, there is one subject of mutual felicitation; we have kept our promises; we have fulfilled our assurances. I warned you that through age and infirmity I should frequently disappoint you, and I have; — you assured me that you would spare and support me, and you have done so most loyally. When the bells clang in the tower, the vibrations would shake it to the ground were it not for the buttresses, and I should have reeled to the ground sometimes had you not cheered and encouraged me.

"'How could I help speaking well,' said a Phi Beta Kappa orator to me, 'with such a responsive audience,' and I can truly say that the success of our meetings has been owing quite as much to your determination to be pleased as to my powers of pleasing. The ease of manner, the fulness of tone, the flow of thought of the speaker, depend much upon the responsiveness of the hearers. But after-dinner speaking is nervous work, at the best.

"When Mr. Kendal confided to me his panic at being summoned to speak, how he turned as white as the table-cloth, that it gave him great pain to be called upon, I assured him that his case was not peculiar. I remember the night of M. Coquelin's reception; — I had been to the theatre and escorted a lady friend to her carriage. While waiting for the coachman to drive up, she saw that I was quaking, my teeth chattering,

and ascribing it to the cold, she kindly desired me to leave her. I replied that the occupation was a relief, that I was trembling with fear, not with cold, that I was engaged to welcome M. Coquelin in French and English, and that I was nearly dead with fright. And upon every occasion when I have been called upon to preside, the ordeal has been formidable to me; I have always feared a failure and it is to your cheery support, as I have already said, that I owe my success.

"We all agree that we have had a good time together; we have played the host to distinguished and agreeable guests, and conferred and received gratification. And how much the general tenor of our life is affected by 'snatching these fleeting pleasures!' They who tread the path of duty too steadily, thinking to take their pleasures hereafter, make of their lives a dike from the cradle to the grave; our work and play must be alternated as we go along. My regrets for pleasures foregone date back to my earliest days. One afternoon as I was 'creeping like a snail unwillingly to school,' at the age of four years, a company of soldiers in brilliant uniforms, with martial music, marched by and I longed to follow them. Through seventy years I have never forgotten how reluctantly I turned away and dived down the little alley by St. Paul's to my schoolroom, nor have I ever ceased to regret my loss of that feast of sight and sound.

"So long as you select your members and your guests as carefully as now, and guard against forcing occasions, you will continue to have entertainments delightful in reality and retrospect. To draw your members from a

wide range, to mingle old and young, is surely desirable; but it is not wise to select a president from the oldest. You hear of practical plumbers; you should have a practical president, which I was not. As for me, I am like those old generals and admirals, who have reached their high rank by outliving their comrades. Mr. Webster's saying, 'There is always room at the top,' applied to the ladder of achievement and not to a procession. To find yourself at, or near, the head of a chronological procession is but a reminder of your advanced standing in years, and not in achievement; it is not pleasant, and this winter has recalled that fact with sad frequency. An eminent surgeon dies, my old playmate from infancy to mature age, — he is my junior by one year; my good old friend, who has served his country faithfully in peace and war, dies, — he was a boy playing on Cambridge Common to the end of my sophomore year; a distinguished general passes away, — like my friend, he was three years my junior; a bishop, called 'venerable,' dies, — he is eleven years my junior. These, and other events of a more private nature, feelingly persuade me what I am, admonish me of the passage of time and of the limits of life. So, while I hope to be with you occasionally, it would have been a poor requital of your unremitting kindness and forbearance to have remained your president on such a precarious footing.

It is time to be old,
To take in sail; —
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: — 'No More!' "

On October 20, 1845, Colonel Lee was married to Elizabeth Perkins Cabot, a daughter of Samuel Cabot, and through her mother a granddaughter of that Col. Thomas Handasyd Perkins who, in his day, was one of the most prominent citizens of Boston. The match proved eminently happy in spite of certain misgivings expressed by a lady who had married one of his relatives,[1] and who now ventured the opinion that the men of the family were not well adapted for matrimony. This lady was highly esteemed for her intelligence by a large circle of judicious friends; and she should have had abundant opportunity to know concerning that whereof she deponed; but, if her generalization was true, at least Mr. Lee furnished the necessary exception. He was never "rough" to any woman, least of all towards his wife. Ordinarily his manners to ladies were marked by a fine gallantry, which never failed to charm them, for it was altogether sincere, the natural expression of a very chivalrous sentiment towards the sex; he did not keep it for full-dress occasions, holding another set of manners in reserve for domestic use.

Of this marriage there were born four sons and four daughters. George Lee, Eliot C. Lee, Joseph Lee, and Mrs. Frederick C. (Elizabeth P.) Shattuck, are living.

Of the year of affliction which robbed Colonel Lee of three other children, his niece, Miss Frances R. Morse writes:

"Unusual and heavy sorrows fell upon Colonel Lee in the year 1872. In the autumn of 1871 he and Mrs. Lee, with their daughter Clara, then twenty-one years old,

[1] See *post*, p. 77.

and two younger daughters, went abroad. Colonel Lee's eldest son was then in Paris, a student in Bonnat's atelier, where they saw him for a time on their way to Italy. They passed the winter in Rome, and there, in February, the little youngest daughter, eight years old, was taken ill with diphtheria, and died. Clara, who had nursed her devotedly, took the disease from her and died a week later. Both are buried in the Protestant cemetery in Rome.

Colonel Lee's son came from Paris and joined his father and mother in Florence, and was with them through the summer in Switzerland, — a companionship which brought healing and comfort. "In October he contracted typhoid fever in the Low Countries, and after some weeks of illness in London he died there on November 10th.

"Bereaved of three children, Colonel and Mrs. Lee came home to Brookline in the late autumn of 1872. What they lost in the two elder children, already come to manhood and womanhood, it is better not to try to tell. That in his little youngest daughter Colonel Lee lost a source of soothing, comfort and delight, no one can forget who had seen him come home tired from the day's work in town, take her in his arms, and put his head by hers. Fifteen years after her death the 14th of February is noted in his diary as 'Susie's birthday.' His heart was very tender for others who bore like sorrows.

"Colonel Lee seldom directly referred to the hopes and promise which ended in that sad year. He made no pause in his work, but went steadily on with all that he had undertaken, but when he sometimes spoke of the

way in which a house, built to be a happy home, might become a tomb, one felt how deep was the scar."

During the latter part of this period, Ralph Waldo Emerson with whom Mr. Lee was on terms of warm friendship, together with his son Edward W. Emerson, then a student of medicine, were in Europe, and Dr. Emerson writes:

"When we reached London, we learned that the younger Harry Lee was very sick with typhoid fever. The alarm and distress which this brought to his parents can be imagined, yet day by day I saw Colonel Lee taking his solitary walk with a brave face and that redoubtable military air which he always had. More than that, he called almost daily upon my father, and putting his own suffering out of sight, was friendly, helpful and always entertaining, treating my father with that respectful banter of the man of affairs towards the philosopher which he liked to indulge in, and calling Mr. Emerson to account for his attitude of an admiring listener to the wisdom of others at the meetings of the Overseers of Harvard College, instead of taking an active part in the debate.

"Yet all this time his son was growing sicker and died a few days later."

Many years later a third daughter died.

CHAPTER III

DURING THE CIVIL WAR

THE Cabots had not been a race very strenuous in activities; the Jacksons, more laborious, were a serene and placid family; the Lees, impulsive and energetic, had shown more interest in public affairs, but had the conservatism natural to members of an upper and prosperous class. All had usually been what are called influential citizens, but devoid of political ambition. Only by going back to belligerent, contumacious, independent Mistress Anne Hutchinson can we account for those cells in Colonel Lee's brain which made him a "radical," — the word is his own, and perhaps a trifle extravagant, though he justifies its use by saying that he had been promoting the formation of the Free Soil party during four years before it took actual shape, and that he "was one of the Vice-Presidents at the first meeting of the party in 1848, at which Governor Andrew served as President." With this political group he stayed until its absorption into the new organization of the Republican party. To his action at this time Colonel Lee repeatedly referred in subsequent years with much satisfaction. Thus, in a speech before a Civil Service Reform Association, he said:

"You, who have known the Republican party of the last twenty years, can hardly be made to know, much less to feel, how insignificant in numbers and standing seemed the Free Soilers when they seceded from the great Whig party, then panoplied with the respectability, the wealth and talent of New England. Words failed to express, looks or acts to convey, their (the Whigs') contempt, and the Democrats' hatred, of these few, young, obscure appealers to a higher law. It was a long contest, beginning openly in 1848, and ended only by the breaking out of the Civil War. . . . The triumph of the Free Soilers, or Republicans, as they were subsequently called, was the slow triumph of progression over retrogression, of resolution over irresolution, of principle over policy, of the higher law over the lower law."

By a natural sequence, when John A. Andrew entered upon the Governorship of Massachusetts, he nominated Henry Lee as one of his staff; the commission bears date January 15, 1861. Hence came the title of Colonel which seemed so appropriate that it ever after remained the familiar prefix to his name. When these aides, usually civilians, are suddenly honored by military titles, it is considered desirable that the choice should fall upon tall, handsome gentlemen, well set up physically, so that they may at least wear the ornate panoply of war with good effect. In these particulars Mr. Lee was well up to the standard. But Governor Andrew sought also other qualities in these decorative personages who were, in his shrewd opinion, likely to be called upon to sustain him in more

difficult functions than attending dedications and sundry sorts of openings, and dancing at charity and other reputable balls. Nor was even the addition of efficiency in practical affairs sufficient; the governor must, if possible, connect himself with that portion of society which regarded itself as constituting an upper stratum. Governor Andrew now dwells in the serene atmosphere of apotheosis; the children of the men of Colonel Lee's generation have put him into Valhalla. But he seemed no candidate for such blissful quarters when he was elected governor. Boston's high society distrusted him as a fanatic, an enthusiast, a sentimentalist, a dreamer of dreams very objectionable in the peculiar circumstances of the times. They doubted his practical good sense and deemed his election unfortunate for the country. What Governor Andrew in return thought about these high-placed persons is not recorded; but he was obliged to recognize that by their education and wealth, by their solidarity and by their ability and integrity (regarding them *en masse*), they were powerful. If trouble was brewing, he must seek sympathetic relations with them. Accordingly he selected three men from their ranks, — Horace Binney Sargent, Harrison Ritchie and Henry Lee. Mr. Lee's family connections were extensive, and were of excellent quality morally, intellectually and financially, as well as of ancient flavor socially. He was popular, respected for his character and esteemed for his abilities. Thus he was wisely selected; but when he received the invitation, he hesitated. Though differing widely from most of his acquaintances in political convictions, he was not

altogether free from their prejudices against the new governor. His own account, given many years later, is as follows:

"Meeting the governor just after his election at a political levee I refrained from joining in the congratulations generally expressed, because I distrusted his fitness for the office at such a critical period. . . . I was afraid he might be one-sided and indiscreet, deficient in common sense and practical ability. So when, in the first days of January, 1861, I unexpectedly received a summons to a position upon his staff, I was agitated by my desire to perform some little service for my country in the approaching crisis, and by my reluctance to attach myself to a leader whose judgment I distrusted. After a frank explanation of my embarrassment, finding that the governor still desired my aid, I reluctantly accepted the appointment."

Work began at once. But it is needless to repeat the hundred-times-told tale of Governor Andrew's military preparations, the glory whereof has since been comfortably adopted by Massachusetts as her own — by right of eminent domain, perhaps — whereas in fact nearly all Massachusetts derided and abused him at the time, and the glory was really as much his individual property as were his coat and hat.

"For the moment," says Colonel Lee, "you had only to mention the word overcoat, or speak of 'kissing the musket,' to excite the risibles or call down the objurgations of any of the scoffers, to whom these timely acts seemed the height of folly or wickedness."

The Boston Post, then a conservative journal, ably

conducted and illuminated with frequent sallies of the lively and oftentimes keen wit of the editor, Colonel Greene, was especially lavish of its sarcasm. Colonel Lee at last wrote to Colonel Greene, with whom his relations were personally friendly, protesting that the newspaper was going too far and was not giving the governor a fair chance; whereupon the editor, who was a gentleman of good feeling, stayed his satiric pen, and gave the governor as much peace as could reasonably be expected on the part of an opponent. Later Colonel Lee gratefully paid this sheet the compliment of calling it "patriotic," and praised its good temper and "stoicism" in the hours of the downfall of its party.

The presentation of the muskets, relics of the battle of Lexington, bequeathed by Theodore Parker (who, by the way, had married a kinswoman of Colonel Lee), took place in the Representatives' Chamber. The governor's aides stood with him, and there was a great concourse. The governor was in a highly emotional condition. "That morning," he says, "as I was contemplating my own remarks . . . I sat down, yielding to a perfect tempest of emotion, and wept as I had not done for years." In this frame of mind, just as he was handing the musket to the chairman, he raised it to his lips and kissed it! Colonel Lee admitted that spectators "felt cold chills run over" them, but said truly that "the fervor which was natural to him (the governor) and which burst forth at times in a way which made some of us who were fastidious shiver, was precisely what inspired and kindled the people." When Colonel Lee came home that evening, and, as

was his habit, narrated to his wife the occurrences of the day, he said: "I could not have done that." "No," she replied, "Governor Andrew is a poet and you are not." Yet poetry is a dangerous weapon, and it was a chance whether the scene would live in history to excite sympathetic emotion or ridicule. Had Andrew later proved inefficient, or had there never been serious war, ridicule would have been enduring; but as the opposite facts ensued, the excess of expression has been condoned, if not altogether admired.

Very soon the word *overcoat* ceased to seem so exceedingly funny; and such are the mutations of human affairs, that the time actually came when the honor of the timely provision of this military raiment was claimed by General Butler, always ready to bind into his own sheaf any especially luxuriant stalk in the field. Thereupon Colonel Lee kindly corrected the general, writing to the editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

"Returning from a journey, my attention has been called to a speech of General Butler. At a meeting of the Sixth Regiment on the 20th of April last, he claimed that he prevailed upon Governor Andrew to secure an appropriation for army overcoats in anticipation of an appeal to arms. I beg to state that General Butler's advice upon this matter was neither asked nor received by Governor Andrew, and his first and last word was a request that a mill, in which he was a director, might manufacture the cloth for the overcoats."

But this spurious claim was not to be forever laid to rest by a few lines in the corner of a news sheet. In history there can be but one truth, while possible

blunders are countless. Whether the volume of falsehood injected by General Butler into the history of the Civil War period, and of Massachusetts in particular, will ever be utterly eliminated is fair cause for anxiety. In 1892 Rev. Edward Everett Hale published a volume which he called the "Story of Massachusetts." In this book, with easy carelessness as to facts, he gave to Butler the credit which belonged to Andrew, and thereby stirred anew the wrath of Colonel Lee. In a "communication" sent to the Nation, and embodied in an article in that paper (March 3, 1892), Colonel Lee corrected, with just severity, the blundering clergyman.[1] Corrections in newspapers are all very well for the moment; but for future times they are lost in the newspaper ocean, while the book remains on the shelves of libraries to mislead later writers, and perhaps to become a "contemporary authority."

During the first part of the year 1861 it could not have been altogether agreeable for Colonel Lee to meet his friends and acquaintances who, for the most part, were of the aforesaid "scoffers," and who doubtless said "overcoat" and "musket" oftener than he liked to hear those suggestive words. He said afterwards:

"Old acquaintances ceased to bow to the governor, or, what was more cutting, conveyed disapproval by austerity of manner. At Salem, whither the staff accompanied him for the first visit of ceremony to witness an exhibition drill of the Salem Light Infantry, their old aristocratic company, the past officers and members, leaders of society, though proud of their corps and

[1] See *post*, p. 176 *et seq.*

eager to figure in the few festivities of the decaying town, sternly fasted, absented themselves, to express their extreme disapprobation of the governor and all his ways. It was characteristic of the old town as it would have been of Little Pedlington."

In another place he wrote: "I recall the personal expression of surprise and regret from friends and acquaintances at my connection with this supposed foolish fanatic."

In later years, speaking of the punishment which the well-to-do class visited upon these "come-outers," Colonel Lee said: "For Richard H. Dana it meant a great deal to join the Free Soilers; he was a lawyer, and was likely to lose his best clients and injure himself seriously. But I was in business, and I did not care."

This comparison was generously to the credit of his comrade, for the social cold shoulder is not pleasant, and Colonel Lee deserved his share of credit, even though he could continue to do business, and though his temper, his spirit and his wit made it awkward for any man to treat him with incivility. This disposition of "society" towards the men of the new party found its stronghold in the Somerset Club, the "swell" club of Boston, — a social vessel filled to the brim with finely ancient and eminently aristocratic conservatism. To it Mr. Lee would naturally have belonged, by his connections, but he never applied for membership, and soon after the outbreak of the war he was one of the prominent founders of the Union Club, which signified by its name its purpose of serving as the social gathering-place of the loyalist party. Of this he was for

many years the president, and afterwards, for many more years, did good service on the election committee.

In the middle of April came the President's call for troops, seventy-five thousand of the militia; and it was a proud day for Massachusetts when she was found to be the best prepared state at the North to respond. Colonel Lee was detailed to arrange means for transportation, which he was able to do chiefly by the efficient aid of his friend, John M. Forbes. Within a day or two the troops were streaming into Boston; arms, munitions and equipment were collected in the "Doric Hall" of the State House, and the soldiers halted on Mount Vernon Street to receive these supplies. All was bustle and haste; in the allotment of duties, "on the 16th of April, 1861," says Colonel Lee, "I was deputed by Governor Andrew to receive and provide for the militia summoned to the rescue of Washington and the defence of Fort Monroe."[1] In a pencilled note to Mrs. Lee her husband said: "I was from 9:00 A.M. till 10:00 P.M. feeding, quartering, and looking after the 1400 troops thus suddenly thrown into Boston, and when at six o'clock I seized a hunk of bread and meat from the soldiers' table, I was as tired and hungry as a tiger."

In his reminiscences he wrote:

"Early Tuesday morning four regiments reported, marching in sleet and rain. From that hour till the dawn of Sunday, the 21st of April, we all had to

[1] Pearson's "Life of John A. Andrew," 1, 183. "As company after company marched up," says Mr. Pearson, in his excellent volume, "Ritchie and Lee superintended the distribution and inspected each man to see that his outfit was complete."

work night and day, and, assuming the rôles of armorers, quartermasters, commissaries, to obtain from raw officers the lists of arms, clothing, equipments and rations required; to collect and distribute, or pack and forward and invoice these, to organize a Medical Board, to examine surgeons and provide them with their instruments and supplies, to engage steamers and railroads to transport the troops, and finally to accompany the governor as he presented to them the standards under which they were sent forth and spoke words of encouragement and thanks. It is wonderful that the preparations were so complete considering the rawness of all. It was the pressure that did it." Very soon organization was brought into better shape, and each aide undertook service in special lines. Colonel Lee says: "One of the greatest difficulties that the governor had to meet was the selection of officers. He used to say that he did not ask how much a man knew, but how much he could learn. No one knew anything in those days, no one had any experience; it was only a question of choosing the best material out of which good officers could be made. The best officers we found were the quiet, patriotic men of education and ability, who would never have become soldiers from choice, but who now offered their services from a simple sense of duty. A man asked for a position as quartermaster on the strength of his having belonged to the band. A Senator headed his recommendation paper, but declared in confidence that the man amounted to nothing and should not have any commission. So letters of recommendation had to be scrutinized."

In this department Colonel Lee was of the greatest use. Applications for commissions poured in; especially was there a rush by the young men of the old Boston families, by recent Harvard graduates, and by several undergraduates. The governor knew almost none of these, and was entirely at a loss as to their qualifications. Colonel Lee, on the other hand, knew many of them personally, had abundant means of obtaining information as to others, and at worst could often venture a guess on the ground of heredity; for if he did not know the individual, he was quite likely to know all about his ancestors. So the joke ran that he would often say to the governor: "I don't know the youngster, but his grandfather was a first-rate captain at Louisburg;" or, "the son of this man's father ought to be about fit for a second-lieutenancy," and so on. What he knew or thought, he spoke out with his habitual directness. "Colonel," said the governor one day, "what do you say to my appointing —— quartermaster in the —— Regiment?" "I say you shan't do it, Governor." "Why not?" "You know as well as I." "No one of us is perfect." "No, but some are nearer to it than others. That man is a damned thief, and you have no business to put him in charge of Uncle Sam's property." On another occasion he said: "Governor, my time is yours; my character is my own: and unless you drive off some of these scallywags, I shall leave you. You are so concerned about the wicked, that you have no heart for an honest man."

Colonel Lee took the warmest personal interest in the young men whom he thus studied, valued, and

introduced to their military career. The officers of the 20th Regiment, which was in the initial engagement at Ball's Bluff, he always called "his boys," with a special affection. The deaths and the wounds among them moved him deeply. This letter, written somewhat later to Mrs. Kemble, well shows the keenness of his feeling:

"My dear Mrs. Kemble: —

"At last you have unburdened your great generous heart and have done us more good by your eloquent letters than all the writers who have argued with or railed against your confounded old John Bulls since the Rebellion burst forth.

"You don't know, — as we are not aware until some generous recognition of our true positions melts us, — in what a state of tension we are existing. Truly our lives have grown haggard with excitement; every family you know, as well as thousands you do not, has sent forth its sons to the war, and in almost every family is a vacant chair and a portrait upon the wall, of the husband or the darling son gone forever.

"In my own family, my only brother left six children and their mother to lead his regiment, and with him went my wife's brother Edward, and Charles Dabney, whom you know. They were besieged in Washington, North Carolina, for twenty days by over ten times their number, my brother Commandant of the Fort with 1200 men and three gunboats to defend it, and I had the ghastly honor of hearing his death hawked about the streets by the newsboys; but a merciful

Providence at last rescued them and they are safe at home once more, their hour of service over. Two of my brothers-in-law are still in service, one of my four nephews, Henry Higginson, Major of Cavalry, is just off his bed, having recovered from two sabre cuts on his head, and had a ball extracted from his backbone, which the rebels fired at him as he lay on the ground. His brother James came back from Berlin, where he had been studying, was taken prisoner at the same battle,[1] where he was leading his company, and has lain in Libby Prison since the 17th of June.

"Frank Higginson, a young senior from Harvard, was the oldest officer but one in Bob Shaw's regiment after the bloody assault on Fort Wagner. Cabot Russell, my cousin, one of my brother Frank's sergeants, later a captain in Shaw's regiment, was wounded or killed at the same assault, for we cannot learn of his fate from the rebels into whose hands he fell. Wendell Holmes, another cousin, has been wounded three times and has risen by 'death and promotion' from lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel.

"James Lowell, another delicate little lamb, was severely wounded at Ball's Bluff and killed at Malvern Hill, a Christian martyr; his brother Charles commands our Second Cavalry and will command our army if the war lasts long. Their sister, a delicate frail young girl, has been for nearly two years a nurse in a Washington hospital, and their mother spends her days at the Sanitary Commission, as do many of our matrons and young girls.

[1] Aldie Gap.

"Another young cousin, Sumner Paine, was killed at Gettysburg, a young lieutenant whom I had just got placed; his brother led a brigade in the two bloody assaults on Port Hudson, and has come home for a time with chills and fever.

"Of our little theatrical troupe at the Cabots, Paul Revere, the most gallant Hercules that ever breathed, after many wounds and illnesses, poured out his life at Gettysburg; his brother, a surgeon, was killed at Antietam, both leaving widows and orphans. Dick Cary made his wife a widow at Cedar Mountain, where also fell another of my wife's cousins, Stephen Perkins. Another cousin, Charles Cabot, left his watch and ring and parting message with his servant and led his company over the bridge at Fredericksburg, and never returned. Howard Dwight, our low comedian, was killed by guerillas who swarmed near Port Hudson; his brother Wilder at Antietam; Willie Forbes is Major under Charles Lowell and a splendid fellow he is. Theodore Lyman, our eccentric comedian, has returned from Europe and left his wife and child to go upon General Meade's staff.

"This very day I have written two letters to express my vain sympathy with the fathers of two young soldiers, both of them, like Putnam and Lowell, scholars and gentle youths who, after struggling against malaria and exposure and wounds, have fallen, one in an attack on the rifle pits of Fort Wagner and the other killed by the murderous host at Vicksburg.

"In one of our Massachusetts regiments there are but half a dozen of the forty officers who composed the

roster at first, and as I have acted as a sort of military midwife, presiding at their birth, and have held frequent intercourse with them and their families, have known their motives and their wealth of mind and heart and attainments, I have felt their deaths keenly, knowing how costly was the sacrifice. Of course they are not lost, thrown away, for they have, with hardly an exception, so discharged their duties as to have fulfilled the hopes of their families and their country, leaving bright examples, if no heirs begotten of the body. It is maddening, then, to read some of the English denunciations of our army, to learn that these young heroes are the 'scum of the earth.' . . .

"The mail had gone, so let me add a few lines to redeem, if possible, the horrid death-rattle of my letter. I have catalogued, — I have not conveyed the state of feeling here. With the exception of a few over-rich, and of the vanishing party of peace Democrats among whom are Hillard and Winthrop (not avowedly, but really, — not positively, but negatively), the whole population of New England and of the North are more sternly resolved every day, in spite of love of life and consequent affliction, to prosecute the war till slavery is extinguished, undismayed by increasing taxes and enormous contributions to Sanitary Commissions, Soldiers' Funds of a hundred varieties, undiscouraged by the repeated failure of our generals whom Lord Palmerston, for once his temper overcoming his tact, when England was rejoicing at the anticipated triumph of Lee in Pennsylvania, ridiculed superciliously.

"And our hour of victory seems to have arrived —

Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Gettysburg have been followed this week by Knoxville, which cuts the railroad from West to East, and to-day Morris Island, which assures us Charleston; and our news from Tennessee and North Carolina assures us of two more free states; and every southern journal confirms the stories of the great numbers of dissensions and defections throughout the South.

"God, in his mercy, has prolonged the war till conviction of the incompatibility of freedom and slavery, of the descending and the ascending, the demoralizing and the elevating systems of society, has reached the minds and hearts of our people.

"You long ago noticed the phenomenon of the superiority of our people to their government, or rather to the representatives of the government; the comparison still holds good; the people have been in advance of their nominal leaders, although the President is honest and sagacious and courageous; still, like Sir Robert Peel, he rather waits till the policy is pointed out by popular clamor than anticipates remotely. But, like Peel and Cavour, such a man carries through a reform more successfully than a Garibaldi or a Wendell Phillips. It is a consolation to feel that Abraham has no sinister, no selfish designs; that he earnestly endeavors to carry out the will of the nation.

"As to England, you must feel, all the more that you are so intensely patriotic, as do Mill and Newman and Cairnes and Hughes and Bright, though you would call the last 'shy.' England, from selfish stupidity, has lost her best friend and ally, from aristocratic out-

weighing moral and intellectual sympathies — her present commercial loves blinding her to future gains — has repudiated her anti-slavery philanthropy, with which she deluged us for so many years, has feebly kept her international faith, and has so equally disgusted North and South, not by her neutrality, but by her selfishness, that there would be no surer bond between our two sections than a declaration of war. The feeling of hatred is not general, it is universal; it is not superficial, it fills the heart.

"I pray for the sake of our broken families, for the sake of our heavily burdened people, that the wise men of England will direct and the good men will influence your government to remember the Golden Rule and carry out honestly their Foreign Enlistment Act, as we have done under greater trials in their behalf; for, if not, war must come and a fearful war it will be, one in which all here will enlist, cost what it may.

"You know well the Shaws, and perhaps you know what a lovely, manly, modest young soldier Bob Shaw was. I spent an hour with him on board the steamer — the hour before he sailed. I was the last to shake hands with him, and I carried his farewell to his mother. His ready acceptance of a command so questionable in the eyes of many, with all its additional dangers, the simplicity of his manner, his unconscious heroism, his almost immediate death, — all combined to wring the heart more than the loss of others who fall in the common course of their career."

Mrs. Kemble's reply evinces her generous sympathy:

"My dear Harry Lee — by which friendly and affectionate title I address you, the rather that I have forgotten your present military dignity and think the above will always designate you most pleasantly to your friends. I have to thank you for a most interesting letter, as painful, alas, as it is interesting, containing a sad catalogue of names associated to me with pleasant friendly memories, and which henceforward will call up heroic and pathetic memories of your great national agony whenever I hear their sound.

"You are right, my dear Sir, in saying that I love and honor Massachusetts, and hold, as I have ever held, the New England States to be the very pith and marrow, heart and brain of the great empire of which they form a part. I need not tell you that I have followed with my fervent prayers every turn of the momentous struggle in which your country is now engaged; and tho' the price of precious life at which your national regeneration is being bought has wrung my heart with the deepest sympathy, I have believed the costly sacrifice to betoken the inestimable value of what it is to win for you; nor am I alone among English people in so thinking and feeling. Therefore, I feel grieved and troubled that men like yourself should speak of England as you do. The people of England have never for an instant gone with the wrong side of your national quarrel; the government of England has acted, in my opinion, with the utmost fairness and consistency towards you. A portion of our press, especially the ablest paper we have, — The Times — have done the devil's service to the best of their ability

in the matter, and our aristocracy has done according to the natural law of its existence, and sympathised with those whose social status it could best comprehend. Nor must you forget that in the conduct of the war and in such political action as the pseudo government of the South has exercised, great bravery and great ability have been shown, courage and capacity worthy of the best cause. I, who abhor their cause, have admired their conduct of it, and for persons as ignorant as the mass of upper-class English people are of everything concerning your country and her present tribulations, you should not wonder that there has been an utter confusion of the motives of the struggle. Do not, I entreat you, add one grain of bitterness to the ill will which mutual ignorance alone can prolong between Englishmen and Americans, and above all, do not make it appear that the latter allow the contemptuous ignorance and indifference of a mere caste to outweigh the zeal and honest sympathy of the nation; for if you do, I for one shall hold that you justify your English descent and are the snobs that our snobbish lords and ladies consider you. . . . Meantime God bless your cause and give you in the regeneration of your noble country the only adequate compensation for all your losses and all your griefs."

As appears by these letters, Colonel Lee like most Northerners, was hurt and angered by the behavior of English statesmen and of the English press. He had been "an old subscriber of eleven years' standing" to the London Spectator, "but by the end of 1861 (he) was so wounded by its insolent criticisms that (he) gave

it up and never read a line of it afterward." A year earlier, in November, 1860, when our troubles were already casting their shadows before, he had sent to that weekly a letter which, by connection of topic, may perhaps be properly enough inserted here:

"For ten years a subscriber to the Spectator, I have perused your lucubrations upon many subjects, and it is perhaps fair that you should reciprocate by reading this letter.

"Like all Englishmen, you do sometimes misunderstand us Americans; we are to you a nation of bores; as Sam Slick expresses it: 'You don't know nothing about us, and what's a darned sight worse, you don't care nothing about us,' while we care enough about you to understand and make some allowance even for this imperfect sympathy.

"Utterly indifferent to the opinion of the rest of the world, we are sensitive to the criticisms of our English brethren, and certainly animadversions and aspersions enough have been made by your travelling countrymen to establish a 'raw.'

"Full of curiosity and affection, we go, pilgrims to our fatherland, knowing you all and your fathers before you by your Christian names. We meet with an embrace? — no, with a gentleman who stutters forth that 'we have the advantage of him,' and who stares through an eye-glass. No enthusiasm can survive this rebuff; and, foregoing our native English, we hasten to lands where we care not for cordiality, and where civility and amusement can be purchased. We go away, like poor relations, our hearts aching with disappointment.

"This coldness is to be attributed partly to your natural superciliousness, which offends your European neighbors as it does us, and your unreasonable requirements as to the non-essentials of etiquette; partly to the bad manners of many of our *nouveaux riches*, who make the grand tour; but principally to your comparative indifference to and ignorance of us, which wears away slowly as you travel more in this direction, and as we grow more interesting.

"But to this favor you must come; blood is thicker than water, as one of our brave captains strikingly proved on a late occasion; we yearn towards you, and, isolated as you are in Europe, with no natural alliances, no sympathies with despotic governments and alien races, you must turn from those wearisome entanglements and strengthen the ties with your kinsmen on this side of the ocean, who, side by side with you, may meet the world in arms."

Years passed, and brought to Colonel Lee the opportunity, of which he availed himself, to "rejoice at the evolution of fraternal feeling" and that his "prophecy . . . had at last come true."

In literary labor of another kind Colonel Lee was not so successful as altogether to escape criticism. The governor's correspondence was enormous, and though most of it was undertaken by the other aides, Colonel Lee was occasionally pressed into the service. His pen, however, knew no more restraint than his tongue; and written words, not interpreted by manner, voice or expression, and seeming more deliberately chosen, carry greater offence than the winged words

of speech. The perturbation which followed sundry of Colonel Lee's epistolary efforts induced the good-natured governor to dub him "the unfortunate letter-writer," — while at the same time always loyally standing by him in his most brusque effusions. Brusque enough some of them must have been, if many are to be judged by this paragraph written to a major of a regiment: "Your Colonel insults the governor and oppresses his officers; he thinks that he wields a two-edged sword, whereas in fact it is a boomerang."

In the autumn of 1861 there was a very disagreeable clash betweeen the governor and General Butler as to the enlisting of two regiments and the commissioning of their officers. Butler astutely gained the backing of the President and the War Department; but the governor, impregnably entrenched behind the law, refused to budge. It was a complex, prolonged and most uncomfortable quarrel. Already Colonel Lee had acquired the feeling of personal loyalty; and, being in Washington, he there took the governor's part with characteristic heartiness, writing to Andrew that he had learned "that Butler is here for the express purpose of abusing you and making misstatements," and that therefore he himself had called on the President in order "to present simultaneously counter testimony." "The President expressed his regret at the want of concert between your Excellency and General Butler, . . . but inferred that the want of encouragement to General Butler was owing to a personal dislike, whereas I contended that the President's own declaration to me . . . was strong presumptive evidence in your favor

and against Butler. . . . To sum up, the President said that the alternative presented by me was to crush Butler or to prevail upon your Excellency to forgive him and to commission his officers." It was in the course of this interview that the President said: "Then, Colonel Lee, you mean to say that I lie?" "No, sir, I mean no such thing." "Then you mean that General Butler lies?" "That is precisely what I mean." Now the President and the War Department were loath to "crush Butler," and were most desirous to see the governor forget and forgive, and therefore the arguments of Colonel Lee were very distasteful. It is not every man who can speak freely to a president, but evidently Colonel Lee did so, and perhaps thought that he had transcended prudence, for he wrote that, at his request, Attorney-General Foster "was presenting to the President in a more quiet and convincing manner than I am master of, the confusion brought upon us by General Butler's mode of recruiting, during which conversation the President remarked that General Butler was cross-eyed and he supposed he did n't see things as other people did." To the assistant-secretary of war Colonel Lee promised "to communicate to you (Andrew) at once the desire of the department," and said that he would not "add that they had caught an elephant and did not know what to do with him, whereat the assistant-secretary smiled." But anyone who hoped that Governor Andrew would obligingly aid in disposing of Elephant Butler by a process of submission little knew the disposition of the "War Governor." He persisted and he won. The story, at its length, finds its proper

place in the governor's biography where it is well told by Mr. Pearson; while those who wish to read the other side will find it in that veracious chronicle ycleped: "Butler's Own Book."

After the engagement at Ball's Bluff Colonel Lee went to Virginia to attend to the wants of the two Massachusetts regiments, which had suffered severely, espècially the Twentieth. It was his first observation of real bloodshed, and he was deeply moved. Later his brother Francis went as colonel and his brother-in-law, Edward C. Cabot, as lieutenant-colonel, of the Forty-Fourth Regiment, and Colonel Lee accompanied them to New Berne and stayed there some little time. But he saw no engagement and knew little of the real hardships of war upon this trip. In a speech which he made at the 150th anniversary of the foundation of the First Corps of Cadets, M.V.M., he told them that in 1778 the corps "was ordered, with the rest of the militia, to Newport to aid General Sullivan. . . . They reached the field of battle on Sunday and General Sullivan placed them in a rather prominent position, when one of the aides rode up to him and said: 'General Sullivan, do you know what you have done? Why, if one of those young men got killed, it would put half Boston into mourning!' Consequently he withdrew them to a safer distance." The fortune of war was almost as considerate towards the Forty-Fourth Regiment, though the Cadets in the Revolution and the Forty-Fourth in the Civil War were of course quite ready for all the fighting which might fall to their lot, and many members of the

Forty-Fourth served afterwards and saw bloodshed enough.

Colonel Lee's service as aide exacted prolonged labor on his part, and a sacrifice of time which was greatly to the detriment of the many private interests entrusted to him. Accordingly, after three and one-half years, when matters were in such train that he felt free to leave, he offered his resignation. In doing so he wrote to the governor this letter:

"My dear Governor: —

"Your note of the 7th reached me to-night in this remote region where I have been tending a sick child the past few days. I was very much touched by the very kind tone of your note and the expressions of confidence and affection conveyed to me.

"When my engagement was announced by my mother to the talented but somewhat eccentric Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee, that lady expressed a regret, as she thought the Lees were too rough to be husbands. I have had frequent occasion to recall that remark to my wife, and I think you may possibly appreciate it when you remember me as a former aide-de-camp. On the other hand, I know I have been honest; I did for nearly two years serve you with a devotion which so deranged my affairs that I have been obliged since then to withdraw very much more from you than is convenient to you, or consistent with my own sense of propriety.

"My father is very old, . . . I have always for twenty-seven years managed all his affairs, and I have

numerous family and other trusts which I cannot neglect. My family is so large, my wife's health so delicate, that I am never sure of fulfilling an engagement, and this mortifies and distresses me.

"I feel a very sincere attachment to you; I appreciate very highly the zeal and great ability you have developed in carrying, — lugging along — the state through this great crisis; I admire still more your entire disinterestedness, and I shall always be as now,

"Your devoted friend,

"HENRY LEE, JR."

The governor accepted the resignation on the following day, June 9, 1864, with many friendly words.

In 1865, the war being over, the fatigue incident to the highly wrought public interest had its natural effect in a temporary reaction. The behavior of the people was like that which is seen at the theatre two or three minutes before the curtain falls, when the departing audience turns its back upon the actors. This greatly irritated Colonel Lee and called forth his eloquent protests, addressed, as usual in those days, to the Boston Daily Advertiser:

"October 30, 1865.

"How galling it must be to the feelings of our gallant volunteers, who have returned to their native state after years of toil, hardships and unparalleled privations, not to speak of dangers and sufferings, to witness the ovations and enthusiastic public receptions given to the Boston Lancers after their ten days' *campaign* in Chicago.

"Verily, our people are highly inconstant! Here is

a company who for mere pleasure — to gratify a whim and their sense of ostentation — journey, by invitation, to a town some hundreds of miles distant; they are feted and feasted and made much of; on their return their fellow-citizens think fit and proper to give them a public reception worthy of heroes.

"Yet it is but a few weeks since that I witnessed, from the steps of the State House, the return of the Second Regiment, Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. This regiment had served with marked distinction on several occasions during the war, had throughout the rebellion evinced a high sense of patriotism, had borne without flinching privations and dangers without number, and in the end returned with a character for steadiness never surpassed by any organization in the country. It will hardly be credited by other than eye-witnesses that this regiment, during their march through Boston, from the Providence Depot to Commercial Wharf, where they embarked for Gallop's Island, did not receive a single cheer, not an expression of sympathy, not one joyful greeting; not a handkerchief was waved, no tear dropped; — whilst the Boston Lancers, after a ten days' campaign against prairie hens and Bourbon whiskey, return and find themselves greeted as heroes and patriots.

"Our Volunteers are by no means *jealous* of the honors so readily showered on the Lancers, but decidedly think that their fellow-citizens have not shown a nice sense of discrimination in their distribution of favors and public receptions since the collapse of the rebellion and the return home of the State Volunteers."

Again, a few days later, he wrote in like strain:

"'But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment?'

"An orator has said that 'the only debt the United States can never pay is that we owe to our brave Volunteers.' Is this a figure of speech, or does the obligation lie too deep in our hearts to find utterance? As the shattered remnants of our regiments, veterans from the armies of Grant or Sherman,

> With lank, lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
> Their gayness and their gilt now all besmirched
> With rainy marching in the painful field,

have passed through our streets unheeded, or been suffered to straggle home from Readville or Gallop's Island, and

> No man cried, God save them;
> No joyful tongue gave them their welcome home;

that welcome so fondly looked for, to homes that had been saved by their self-imposed renunciation, their prolonged sacrifice; the hearts of these weary and disappointed men must have been chilled by the stony apathy of a people saved, so in contrast with the fervent acclamations and abundant promises showered upon them by a people imperilled, as they marched away. Had they returned to find themselves, like Rip Van Winkle, forgotten among another generation, or are republics ungrateful?

"I confess when I read in last week's journals, how a few meandering citizens dubbed 'M. W. G. M.' 'Sir Knights,' were received by some Boston Sir Knights with the same profuse alphabetical prefixes, how they

were waylaid in every street and collated till at last they brought up at our State Prison fairly suffocated and exhausted, eager to find an asylum even there, and when I read of the grand reception of the Lancers after a week's junketing at Chicago — two or three bands of music, as many corps of militia, a collation and speeches at Faneuil Hall — I could not but ask: 'What have these city train-bands, these self-styled Sir Knights achieved, that they should be so boisterously welcomed and feasted within an inch of their lives, while our real knights are left to grope their way home, hungry and tired, unrequited for all their toils and perils by even a greeting?

> **Wherefore rejoice? What conquests bring they home?**
> **Why do you now cull out a holiday?**
> **Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,**
> **Pray to the gods to intermit the plague**
> **That needs must light on this ingratitude."**

About the same time, not losing his habit of advising the governor, he wrote to him this characteristic letter:

"My dear Governor: —

"As you take a paternal interest in my efforts in behalf of the militia, I enclose a piece which may have escaped your notice, in which I attempt to express my deep dismay at the negligence or pusillanimity of the Legislature in abandoning the system of compulsory service, and also at the falling to pieces of the Second Regiment owing to this sneaking legislation, and also at the delay of the state to uniform them.

"We have never raised, and shall never in our lifetime raise, a regiment so well composed and officered, consequently so well disciplined. The principal officers, many of the lesser officers, are men just from actual service.

"I attribute this suicidal policy to the Banksy, tricky, shilly-shally character of our law makers; and the delay as to uniforms to the equally low and tricky quartermaster general of this state.

"My dear Governor, if the Lord forgives knaves, he is equally forgiving to honest men; why will you therefore surround yourself with P—— and S—— and W—— and a host of others to your great moral and mental woolgathering and to the disgust of your friends, who are at least indifferent honest? I fear this bad appointment, when you had a state full of honorable disabled officers to select an Inspector General from, has cost us our militia and you a benefaction you might have left on going out of an office you have filled so gloriously in spite of your crazy optimism.

"Your old blackguard,

"H. L., Jr."

Colonel Lee's loyalty to the Volunteers, and his untiring services in their behalf, were handsomely recognized by them later, when they placed him in the small and carefully selected list of Civilian Members of the "Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States," in the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts. It should, however, be said in this connection that his indignation was bitter against the men who came out

from civil life to demand and accept high military commands and responsibilities, for which their knowledge and experience did not fit them. There is one paper called "Militia Brigadiers: Banks' Statue," in which he says:

"No man of self-respect or humanity would have accepted such an impossible task as that of an untaught, heaven-born Major-General; and if he had, any conscientious man would have resigned after the wanton slaughter at Cedar Mountain, and would have penitentially started again, as did all our best youths, ere they essayed to expose those under them to wounds and capture and death by their ignorance." Of the "incompetent generals" he said: "Banks and Butler were flagrant instances. . . . I have known Banks ever since he was apprenticed to a hatter in Waltham, and knew every step in his career, and I agree with Thaddeus Stevens, who said there was nothing remarkable about him except the ' wabble in his voice '." Again he spoke of one of his acquaintance, "whose only son was murdered by General Banks at Cedar Mountain, with five other braves."

Mr. Lee's love of things military began in childhood, but did not pass with that period. In college he had taken the liveliest interest in the Harvard Washington Corps, a military company maintained by the students at a really high grade of excellence. As a young man he joined the Independent Corps of Cadets, of which he was a member and an officer for many years. Later the Veteran Association of the Independent Corps of

Cadets voted that the thanks of the Association "be tendered to Colonel Henry Lee for his valuable and efficient services while in the Legislature, in procuring for the Association an Act of Incorporation."

On January 29, 1841, Governor John Davis issued to him a commission as second lieutenant of a company of light infantry in the First Regiment of Light Infantry in the First Brigade and First Division of the Militia of the Commonwealth; and on December 28th of the same year he was promoted to a first lieutenancy. George Tyler Bigelow, afterwards Chief Justice of Massachusetts, was the colonel.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company is now a somewhat grotesque portion of the military force of our Commonwealth. But the time was when it could be taken seriously; and in both its serious and its humorous aspect it was interesting and picturesque for Colonel Lee. One of his children says: "Father never missed Artillery Election; he never came out of town till it was all over, no matter how late it was." This queer organization called forth one of his delightful bits of vivid, entertaining reminiscence:

"We dwelt in town winter and summer, and here were all our resources; so Artillery Election, one of the three holidays of the year, was a great occasion; people flocked to see the governor in full uniform take his seat on the Common and commission the officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and great was the interest to know who was the new commander.

"There hangs in my library the full length portrait of one of the first generation of Puritans, five times

commander of this old company,[1] while others of my kin have handled the pike or have been decorated with the gorget and intrusted with the espontoon in the colonial days.

"So it is natural that, as the season comes round, I should feel an unwonted stir in my blood, and that, in spite of old age and some lack of sympathy with the present composition of this overgrown heterogeneous body, the somewhat speckled military contingent supplemented by a legion of jury-shirking merchants and brokers, — notwithstanding this intrusion of the present, I find myself in the crowd pondering over the past.

"There stands my ancestor in his buff leather coat, his silver-hilted sword hangs from an embroidered baldric over his shoulder, his collars and cuffs are likewise embroidered, his truncheon is in his gloved hand. In the middle distance soldiers drawn up in line are dipping their flags, while vessels just off shore are firing a salute. These are the men I seem to see mustering in the Town House, marching into the Common to go through their evolutions, and concluding with prayer, listening to the reverend divine's sermon, to his opening and closing prayer, and after dinner singing four staves of the 68th Psalm, followed by the 9th and 11th verses of the 2d Psalm; or perhaps complaining that there has been too much singing, for even at that time the members were not all saints.

"In my early days there were still some old soldiers in the ranks, the sight of whom conjured up the heroes

[1] Major Thomas Savage.

of the Revolution, who followed in the footsteps of their colonial and provincial ancestors and fostered the institution. Lincoln, Knox, Heath, Brooks, and some of their less noted associates served in the ranks or accepted the command of the Ancients.

"I am one of the few who can remember the old blue coat with red collar, cuffs and lapels, silver buttons, a half-moon chapeau de bras with a tall white plume, white cassimere breeches and long black gaiters; and a very handsome uniform it was, and with their hair powdered and queued they looked distinguished. But the stately uniform was only worn by a few veterans, for, in order to fill up their depleted ranks, the Ancients voted to allow every member (they were mostly then officers in the militia) to parade in his own uniform; hence the motley which has ever since existed.

"How to partake most fully of the festivities of the holiday, how to economize our time and money, exercised us boys. In the early morning we paid a visit to the Common, we treated to a glass of ginger beer from the sable proprietor of one of the row of white-hooded, squash-colored hand-carts ranged along in front of the great elm. Then we went to see how Paddy Rowan, our old scouring-woman's boy, was getting along with our peep-show, which it had taken us a fortnight to build and decorate, and which we had intrusted to him to exhibit. Then to the tents which covered the hill, some of them, we fear, 'the tents of wickedness,' to spend our little fairings upon candy and election buns, a cent or two to the Indian shooting with bow and arrow at a mark, and as many more to enter the Camera Obscura.

"There goes Fillebrown, the captain of the Brigade Band, with his clarionet under his arm, and there plods along a little militia captain, his long white plume tipped with red nodding as he walks, his bell-crowned cap, his bob-tailed blue coat with three rows of silver buttons and his cotton gloves, altogether a meagre uniform. They are bound to Faneuil Hall, and we must follow if we would march up with the Ancients to the State House. The men were setting posts along the Common from Belknap to West Street, to enclose the parade gound, and old Richardson, the armorer, had just pitched the officers' marquee nearly opposite St. Paul's Church. We loosened some of the guy lines and he chased us.

"Down at Faneuil Hall there were wheelbarrows of lobsters; they looked so red I wanted to taste them.

"At last the drums beat, the Ancients marched forth, wheeled into platoons, and we accompanied them up State, Washington, School, and Beacon Streets to the State House. They formed in line and sent the adjutant, Colonel Tyler, up to the governor. Down marched meek Sheriff Sumner, with his long white wand, then Governor Lincoln, dressed like Napoleon, with his aides, Josiah Quincy, Jr., very flat-chested, and John Brazer Davis, with his pop eyes, behind them the silver-haired Lieutenant Governor Winthrop, much bent with age, and then Adjutant-General Sumner, with a buff-breasted coat all ribbed with gold lace, and an enormous chapeau fringed with ostrich feathers, stout and pompous. Then the Ancients saluted, wheeled into column and marched, not as now at common time, but

slow and stately, and we ran down to get up to the staircase window to see them as they wheeled into Chauncy Place.

"At first we could only hear the bass drum, and then a wail from the clarionets, and at last the tune, as they marched slowly under the trees down Park and Winter and Summer Streets, and wheeled into Chauncy Place. The music ceases, a few sharp orders are given, the Ancients salute and file into the church after the governor. Then we boys parade, our commander has an epaulette of his grandfather's, once a major of the Cadets, and after a slow march to our own tooting, up and down the Court, we enter a small building and read a sermon from some of the newspapers lying there. That ceremony ended, we issue forth in time to accompany the Ancients down to Faneuil Hall, and then home to dinner.

"In the afternoon, sitting on the octagonal rail of the Common fence, we wait until (about four o'clock) the Ancients march through a gate half way up Park Street, opened only on this day, into their reserved parade ground; the artillery men, most of them old members or officers of artillery companies, prepare for a salute; the infantry march to the State House for the governor, etc. As he is escorted into the square, the artillery fire thirteen guns; he takes his seat just in front of the Hancock House, and the whole company salute him and pass in review. Then they form a square and their captain talks to them, and re-forms them in line. Now comes the great ceremony; the captain, brandishing an espontoon, marches up the slope to

a slow march by the band, salutes and then addresses the governor and resigns his commission. The governor takes his espontoon and talks to him, — I could not hear what either of them said. The captain was Colonel Hunting, — he is a good honest-looking man in one of the plain blue and silver uniforms, with a half-moon chapeau, his white sword belt over his shoulder, and his wide white trousers were stiff and very short and his boots clumsy.

"When the governor had done talking, he wheeled about, the drums and fifes struck up, and down he marched at quick-step through the company down to the marquee, and there he jumps up twice, high in the air, — what for I don't know, unless because he is glad he has got through, or perhaps, like Judge Sewall when commander, 'the firing much distempered him.' As Colonel Hunting marches down, up marches the new commander; he is a little short, square-built man, Colonel Learned; looks well for a country soldier. He listens while the governor tells him what he ought to do and gives him the espontoon; then he begins to talk and shake his head very much, — I don't know what it was about. Then he wheels, the band plays a slow march, and flourishing the espontoon, he marches down to the company.

"We are tired and go home, and on my mother's bureau I find just eleven cents, my share of the peep-show, — it isn't much for two weeks' work."

Colonel Lee's labors as aide-de-camp stimulated his interest and greatly increased his knowledge in matters

military. Accordingly, he says: "During the war, Governor Andrew commissioned me to write a history of the militia with a scheme for its improvement." This led to a great amount of labor, and at last to the publication, in 1864, of a monograph of one hundred and thirty pages, entitled "The Militia of the United States: What it has been: What it should be." In this he "laid down what he considered to be the true basis for a satisfactory militia system; urging, especially, reduction in numbers, uniformity in organization, the furnishing by the general government of arms and equipments, the framing of a code of tactics expressly for the militia, the creation of a general militia staff, and rudimentary instruction in tactics in every public school. Large use of his labors was made by the Commission which had much to do with framing the existing militia law of Massachusetts."[1] For many years afterwards Colonel Lee, availing himself of our receptive newspapers, continued to pour liberal contributions into the ocean of literature on this subject.

[1] "Memorial History of Boston," III, 328.

CHAPTER IV

INTEREST IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS

After his retirement from Governor Andrew's staff, Colonel Lee held only two other offices in public life. One of these was as a member of the State Legislature, to which he was elected from the Ninth District of the County of Suffolk, and in 1877 was re-elected. In 1876 he was on the Committee on Banks and Banking; in 1877 he was on the joint Committee on the Hoosac Tunnel and Troy and Greenfield Railroad; and in both years he was on the joint Committee on Military Affairs. This last committee took much testimony as to proposed changes, interest in the subject being very lively for the moment; but these labors were contributory rather than final, for the permanent law was not passed until 1878.

Mentioning these two legislative terms in certain memoranda in his later years, Colonel Lee added that, "having like his ancestors little taste for public life, he has since declined various official positions of a public nature." What these positions were one would like to know. They could hardly have been any which the manipulating politicians of either party could have blockaded against him. He was precisely the kind of man whom they detested, and he could hardly have

achieved in their despite a lasting success in public life. He was too unmanageably upright, independent and outspoken; and in the mixed and questionable company which constitutes the "machine" he would soon have been at odds with every component part, down to the smallest pin. Fortunately by holding aloof from competition for office he at least avoided the uselessness attendant upon the reputation of being a disappointed seeker, or a wrong-headed and whimsical "kicker." It is not, however, to be fancied that he was one of those who assume to sneer at others who engage in the public service. His attitude was the direct opposite of that depreciation which some persons like to affect. He thought himself unfit for such tasks, and he lamented this supposed unfitness, and spoke with generous and hearty admiration of his friends and acquaintance who accepted and faithfully labored in positions of public usefulness.

His interest in public affairs suffered no diminution down to the end of his life. With a very fervid temperament and having strong, clear convictions about every measure and every man, he constantly made his opinions public, and in so doing exercised a varying, but generally a considerable, influence in eastern Massachusetts. Meeting daily, in the way of talk, an unusually large number of persons, he had abundant opportunities of uttering his views, and those who remember him will bear witness that he availed himself of those opportunities with much eloquence and persistence. As a frequent writer for the newspapers he reached a wider audience. These illimitable news-

papers, which smother our breakfast tables and obstruct the draft at the evening fireside, are glad, of course, to spread their broad sheets as hospitable burial places for communications even from the least valued correspondents. But the skilled reader learns the earmarks, and few of the intelligent class in Boston passed by a letter or paragraph signed "H. L." or "L" or "An Old Free Soiler" or "Senex." These favorite signatures, like red flags, indicated something to be looked out for, something probably explosive in the immediate neighborhood. For as the foe of all that was dishonest, mean, truckling or incompetent in public life, Colonel Lee inevitably wrote more often in hostility than in praise, and spirited attack is a much more exhilarating spectacle than judicial commendation. We all delight to see anyone skilfully carved, and his surgery was so brilliant that when he held the knife spectators gathered eagerly. In a literary way his work had much fascination in his singularly happy use of quotations and allusions. Of these he had a vast store, drawn chiefly from the Bible, Shakespeare, Sheridan and Emerson, but by no means limited to these writers, for every picturesque phrase seemed to rest in his memory. There is no more trenchant blade than the well-adapted and not too commonplace quotation, and Colonel Lee was apt to open his paper with one which struck the keynote and set the reader at once in a sympathetic and appreciative attitude. Thus, when in 1864, General McClellan was nominated for the presidency, Colonel Lee's paragraph bore the heading: "Died Abner as the Fool Dieth," and continued:

"His only distinction being a disputed claim to generalship, he relinquishes his profession in time of war to head a party which coquettes with the enemy and threatens armed resistance to the federal government.

"His letter of acceptance displays the vanity and moral obtuseness evinced by his consent to stand, or rather to tilt, upon the Chicago platform; for platform it is called, though it will prove to McClellan a gallows, the drop of which is in the hands of the enemy."

If the Civil War, like all wars, stimulated corruption in excess, it also, by its unusual infusion of moral elements, encouraged the growth of a small but earnest body of idealists in public affairs. These men cherished an affection for the Republican party quite different from the ordinary party fealty; they respected it, and really believed that it was going to introduce permanently a decent, even a high, standard of morality in public affairs. Among them, in Massachusetts, Colonel Lee was prominent, and for him and these comrades the two administrations of General Grant were a disillusioning period, during which they had to learn that Republican politicians and office-holders were no better than any other politicians and office-holders. General Grant entered on his novel duties resolved to have a clean administration. But soon, lassoed by the horde of experienced knaves in Washington, thrown down and helpless, he surrendered at discretion. Colonel Lee bemoaned his "moral obtuseness," but was obliged to recognize that the blame in fact belonged to his own beloved party, wholly controlled by men whose favorite

sin of dishonesty was precisely the sin most abhorrent to him. Unfortunately, also, he had to admit that nowhere else did conditions seem worse than in Massachusetts, where the party either could not, or would not, eject General Butler. From the outbreak of the war until about 1885, this politician was constantly demanding, and often occupying, public office, and at frequent intervals during that period all the honest and respectable citizens of Massachusetts gathered to the hunting of Butler, as men in primitive communities gather to the hunting of a dangerous beast. Colonel Lee, among the foremost, filled and emptied and refilled many times his quiver. No more than any other could he inflict a mortal wound, but that he sent shafts which hurt was proved by the fact that Butler, who was not often personally revengeful, singled him out for punishment. During the term as governor, which the general's patience and perseverance at last won for him, a bill for the incorporation of Mr. Lee's Safety Vaults was passed by the Legislature. Butler vetoed it; and when he was asked "Why?" he replied simply: "I am human!" He had, however, a more conventional reason for use when he wanted it; he said that the bill was so largely phrased that it "would permit Mr. Lee to stable horses down in that basement, if he should take it into his head to do so."

But the ignoble story of Butler has become stale unto weariness. The man is dead, and the few friends who have endeavored to have his statue set up in front of the State House to dishonor the Commonwealth have failed of success. Everyone is glad to bury his memory

in the grave with himself, and the assaults of Colonel Lee will not be reprinted here.

In January, 1875, the purging of the Louisiana legislature by General Sheridan, and the endorsement thereof by the national government, aroused a great outburst of indignation in many quarters. In Boston a meeting was called in Faneuil Hall to protest against it, and the call was signed by a long list of representative citizens of the city and neighborhood, among whom was Colonel Lee. The gathering was so stormy as to recall the anti-slavery meetings of the years before the war, and the resemblance was increased by the presence of Wendell Phillips, the brilliant orator, always so nobly right until 1860, and always so hopelessly wrong afterward. That gentleman now appeared perched "on the railing of the left-hand gallery at the upper end of the hall, in full view of and facing the audience," and as usual he was opposed with his wonted intensity to the purpose of the assemblage. It was soon evident that a large number of those present were of his mind, and were ready to break up or capture the meeting under his experienced leadership. These persons interrupted the regular speakers, and loudly called for "Wendell Phillips," until the chairman gave him the platform and he uttered a denunciatory harangue, sneering at the signers of the call, and denying, with asperity, that they were representative citizens of Boston. Colonel Lee was stirred to a few impromptu words in reply:

"I had not," he said, "the slightest intention of speaking, but I want to say one thing. We have

against us here the most formidable orator in the United States. . . . We have invited him to speak. Nobody proposes to answer him; in fact, he is generally unanswerable. One remark I want to make, and that is, when he begged us not to criticise General Grant's message, it is the first time that ever I knew him to abstain from criticism of any sort. I thought that Mr. Phillips was nothing if he was not critical. I have always supposed that he criticised everything and everybody. I served for four years with Governor Andrew during the war, in which we were enrolled to emancipate the negro. During all that time I am not aware that Mr. Phillips ever gave one word of cheer to Governor Andrew, who, I know, felt the want of it. . . ."

Not content, however, to let the matter rest thus Colonel Lee wrote the following paper, obviously intended for publication and perhaps published, though it is now impossible to trace it:

"We wonder if Mr. Phillips ever consulted an oculist; if not, he really should have spectacles to enable him to see himself and his fellow-creatures in the same focus. Exaggerating his own rights, he claimed that Governor Andrew should, without the shadow of authority, assemble the militia of the State to be ready in case of need to protect a meeting which Mr. Phillips and his friends proposed to hold in the critical days of February, 1861, contrary to the Governor's advice; and as the chief magistrate would not break the law at his bidding, Phillips withdrew from him his approbation all through the four weary years of the War. The interruption of

said meeting by certain citizens he denounced the other day at Faneuil Hall as an outrage, as it certainly was, the act of a mob; while he utterly ignored the fact that he was at Faneuil Hall perched in the most conspicuous spot, attracting attention by his lively movements and exaggerated exclamations, interrupting the speeches by hisses led off by him and echoed by Custom House loafers judiciously distributed by Simmons the Collector and ballot-stuffer, — that he came there to enact the part of a mob leader by his own definition. Wilby should not have captured the House of Representatives, — the pro-slavery citizens should not have captured Mr. Phillips' meeting, but Phillips as *censor morum* and reformer *par excellence* might capture the meeting of Friday, without incurring the charge of inconsistency!

"Mr. Phillips is above all things an aristocrat, and a man of great sensitiveness, a man proud of his lineage, proud of his faultless form and face, of his mellifluous voice, of his graceful delivery; they give delight to all who see and hear him, and to none more than to himself. I say proud, — perhaps vain would be the more correct word. He comes to capture the meeting, but is foiled; he is cordially invited to follow the advertised speakers, is courteously introduced, a hearing claimed for him by the president again and again, and how does he return this courtesy? By turning upon these gentlemen who were not, like Mr. Phillips, men without a country, but men who deemed their citizenship a privilege involving some duties which they had no right to abdicate, — by turning upon these gentlemen, as if 'they had

no rights anyone was bound to respect' and ridiculing them for presuming to call a meeting.

"*De minimis non curat lex*, and the public takes little heed of the efforts of the lowly and obscure, but I thought Phillips and Garrison were born to champion just this class. There were men among the callers who might dispute with Mr. Phillips his superior birth and claims, but he would have remained unconvinced. There were about two dozen lawyers among the signers, headed by his friend, Mr. Paine; there were over twenty merchants, bankers and manufacturers; there were two well-known Boston clergymen, though overlooked by him; there were about a dozen men who have held responsible public places, headed by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, whom he condescendingly allowed to be *a worthy man;* there were two writers of history,— one, Mr. Frothingham, supposed to know something of our constitutional history; the President of Harvard College and two professors were on the list; the Mayor of Boston and two Aldermen, besides many more men of character and talent. But he damned them all with faint praise, with the pride of a Coriolanus and the subtlety of Mark Antony, and he would not even grant them the right of issuing an invitation. It is hardly worth while to explain that the signers published were selected as representatives of a larger list, nor to state that many men with handles to their names would have gladly joined the callers had they been wanted, nor to remind Mr. Phillips of what he has had such frequent occasion to expatiate upon with bitter scorn, that there are always a majority of tories, — of preachers, judges,

editors, placemen of all kinds who are sworn to pusillanimity, rich men who are above politics, lazy men, stupid men, timid men; — the very men he has been tilting at all his fiery life, whom he never before cited as authorities, — besides the other side who uphold the soldiers with sincerity.

"When Mr. Phillips stated that he had been studying the Constitution for twenty years, I felt as I should had I been bothering with my front door lock and a polite burglar should have volunteered his help with the remark that he had been studying my lock for a year or more. What! Wendell Phillips studying "*that compact with hell*" for twenty years? What a diabolical occupation! And then to hear him deprecate criticism on Grant! Does he recollect his speech on Grant made some three years ago? Did anyone ever vituperate him more roundly? Criticism! Why, Mr. Phillips, what man living or dead, including our own Garrison, have you not found fault with, except, yes! except that renowned, brave, truthful, honest Benjamin F. Butler! He is, I believe, your idol and, like his admirer, he is afflicted with strabismus. When we were at peace, that was a disgrace, a compact with hell; when the war, which you had done your best to bring on, had broken out, you deprecated that and prophesied evils which, of course, never visited us. The world is always out of joint, according to you, and in your opinion you were born to set it right. I wonder, had one of the five ejected members

> been guilty of a skin
> not colored like his own,

whether Mr. Phillips's diatribes would have been shifted to the other side?

"The trouble with Mr. Phillips is his transparency; everybody sees through him 'that can see a church by daylight.' Handsome and graceful as a Grecian statue, eloquent as Cicero, devoted, as he probably believes, to humanity, to the greatest good of the greatest number, everybody else knows that in Mr. Wendell Phillips's heart of hearts, that number is *number one.* Hence, hosts go to be excited by his eloquence as they go to the play, but they do not identify the player with the play; they never follow his lead."

In 1876, in spite of much dissatisfaction with the Republican party, Colonel Lee still adhered to it, though by a somewhat tenuous attachment. A letter more full of protest than loyalty, closed with this paragraph:

"For one, I propose to vote for Hayes and Wheeler, believing them to be honest and hoping them to be competent to fulfill the great responsibilities imposed upon them; but I would not vote for an Usher, a Banks or a Butler. And while I abhor the very name of Democrat associated with all its dirty history from Jefferson down, I hold slack allegiance to a party which offers as candidates, and parades as its great men, political bummers like the men enumerated above, men who merit not only political, but personal contempt.

A FREE SOILER OF 1848."

If Colonel Lee carried out the intention thus expressed, and voted for Mr. Hayes, he may have repented it afterward, in the evil days when the Silver Bill became law. This act he "considered to be not

the act of honest men, who have given the subject careful thought, and reached a conclusion different from that of himself and others, believing in gold as the only honest currency of the country, but rather the act of a set of men bent upon repudiation." As he continued his wrath rose, and with somewhat amusing extravagance he declared: "Though I have lived here for sixty years, and know no other home, I wish that I might awake some morning and find Boston annexed to Canada or to some other nation, so ashamed do I feel of this stain upon the nation's honor." Concerning the possibility of averting the action by Congress he expressed "the fullest belief that the President was largely, if not wholly to blame for the passage of the measure. If President Hayes had in June last put one heel on Arthur and the other on Simmons, and filled both their offices with men who have to be sought for, rather than such as seek public office, he would have created a party that would have rallied about him and made such an act as the passage of this bill an impossibility. No man since the days of the outbreak of the rebellion ever had such an opportunity to command a following as did President Hayes after taking the office of chief magistrate. I thank him for his veto, and for the record that he made for the nation in that brief message, but I cannot but feel that he has disgraced his great office by not leading the nation to better things."

Thus in Massachusetts fully as much as in the country at large one offence after another continued to irritate and to alienate Colonel Lee. General Butler, who had begun in 1871 to seek the Governorship of Massa-

chusetts, who had renewed his efforts at intervals since then, and had caused the bitterest campaigns known in the annals of the state, won the contest in the autumn of 1882. In smaller matters Colonel Lee had been outraged at seeing "the unspeakable creature, Simmons," Butler's worst henchman and smirched with the meanest dishonesties, acting as a chief manager of the Republican party; also Mr. Beard, appointed collector of the port of Boston, making the Custom House the centre of the political wire system of the state. But the ultimate day did not actually come until Mr. Blaine was nominated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. That blow finally severed the allegiance of Colonel Lee. He still had too much of his old "abhorrence" of the name of Democrat to permit his joining that party; he therefore became an Independent, or more correctly a Mugwump, — for a slight distinction was sometimes made between the two, a Mugwump signifying a Republican temporarily malcontent. But the temporary condition soon taking on an aspect of permanence, most Mugwumps became strictly Independents, so long as they stopped short of avowed Democracy.

In October, 1884, "An Old Free Soiler" at Beverly Farms wrote some strenuous paragraphs for the Daily Advertiser against "Blaine's defenders." He also wrote, this time suggestively selecting the Democratic Post as his newspaper, a trenchant defence of the Mugwump group:

"At a meeting of the little mutual admiration clubs which assemble every week, and serve up political hash

for men with strong stomachs, Judge Adin Thayer made what the Advertiser calls a vigorous analysis of the *Boston Mugwump-machine combination.* Now in the first place, the Mugwumps keep no machine; the leaders, like the manager of the Associated Charities, inculcate self help. Mugwumps compare with partisan politicians as wrought iron, each piece hand-hammered into its individual shape, compares with machine-made cast iron in interchangeable pieces. Judge Thayer says that he looks on the Mugwumps 'with indignation, not unmingled with contempt.' Well, well! I never did suppose that I should fall so low, or Adin rise so high, that he could look upon me with contempt. Perhaps, like many another sick man, he misunderstands his feeling; he, as a party wire-puller, feels vexation, not unmingled with incredulity, at men who refuse to play the jumping-jack at his bidding. They are to him the Barnum 'What is it'; they have never been included in his happy family. He inveighs, too, against the professors of our colleges because they preach free trade doctrines, unable to comprehend that these single-hearted men, like the Mugwumps, are in search of truth, and, like upright judges, sum up the testimony on one side and on the other, striving thereby to lead their pupils to just conclusions without regard to the fortunes of either political party.

. . . . . .

"The Mugwumps, as Judge Thayer well knows, are men who have reluctantly quitted the party which some of them, as Free Soilers, helped to found, for the success of which they contributed money and work, because of the successive adoption, against their protests, of such

men as Butler and Loring and Simmons and Blaine; and it was not until long deferred hope was hardened into despair by the nomination of Blaine that the protestants banded together and were recognized as Mugwumps.

. . . . . .

"While Judge Thayer denounces Simmons as a downright robber, and the citizens of Boston for their cowardice in not bringing such a character to justice, he, in the same breath, declares that 'he honestly believed, and still believes, Blaine entitled to support!!!' 'A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel! O noble judge!' We wonder what court Judge Thayer presides over, what are the rules of evidence, what constitutes reasonable proof? The Mugwumps and college professors naturally appeal to a higher court, but we should suppose that the most petty judge who could 'see' a court by daylight could gather from the tenor of Blaine's life, personal and political, whether he was honest or dishonest, a man of truth or a liar. If Judge Thayer wishes to be thought a man of truth, he must either acquit Simmons or convict Blaine; they are both tarred with the same brush. 'Raising anew the standard here in Massachusetts' is an unfortunate phrase for a man who, when selected as standard-bearer upon a former occasion, had such a brief and inglorious career.

"No, Adin was not born a judge or a standard-bearer; for a standard-bearer must be made of sterner stuff, and a man to be a judge must be modest, dignified, impartial, blind to prejudice, but not to vileness, and so capable of holding the scales evenly and wielding the sword right-

eously; he must know that one witness who does see is worth ten who do not see; above all, he must first cast the beam out of his own eye, before he can see clearly to pull out the mote that is in his brother's eye. A man who has passed his life in counting noses, manipulating caucuses, arranging slates, valuing men for their availability, not for their integrity, placing partisanship before patriotism, had best not 'invoke the judgment of all intelligent, sincere men,' for they will refute his assertions and expose his duplicity.

. . . . . .

"Adin's vocation, wherein he is eminent, is hustling in and out of a country hotel on the eve of a political convention, followed by local dignitaries and wire-pullers, or crooning over the register with one in the corner of the hotel parlor, as they alternately spit and mutter over their schemes; and there we leave them."

A little later came another screed, with some of that brilliant rapier work which delighted everyone except the individual whose vitals were pierced:

"HOW SHALL INDEPENDENTS VOTE?

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

"As the day for voting draws near, it behooves all Independents to make up their minds as to whom they will support for governor and for members of Congress.

"The character of the presidential candidate nominated by the Republican convention has compelled his supporters to adopt the dishonest alternative of eluding the real and substituting false issues between themselves

and their former political associates, or to commit themselves to the more barefaced, if not more dishonest, course of lauding the character and career of a candidate whom they repeatedly denounced before his sinuous course had been traced, leaving no doubt of his lifelong consistency of dishonesty.

"The citizen who votes to confide to this political mountebank the executive power of President does so, either because he believes in the name of the party when the spirit has fled, thereby losing the moral result which gave that party its specific value and insured its triumph over the party it superseded; or because he refuses to accept evidence which would have convicted his candidate in any court in Christendom; or because his standard of morality is reached by Mr. Blaine.

"Inasmuch, then, as I hold that the citizen who advocates Mr. Blaine does so from inexcusable ignorance, from party bigotry, or from moral obtuseness, and as I deem such men incapable of promoting the common weal, I accept my exclusion from their conventions, and shall vote for no Republican candidate for Congress or for governor.

"AN OLD FREE SOILER."

The position of the Mugwump was not long tenable, especially for men of Colonel Lee's temperament. A permanent malcontent loses influence; moreover, their quondam Republican associates persisted in regarding the word as a synonym of apostate, and thus held them too much upon the defensive. It is true that they were even violently aggressive; yet the most brilliant attacks which Colonel Lee could make, — and no man was a

better master of assault, — seemed to move from a defensive base. Therefore it was inevitable that, fighting side by side with the Democrats, they should in time become merged in that powerful organization. So by 1890 Colonel Lee forgot his "abhorrence of the very name of Democrat," condoned the "dirty history" of the party and enrolled himself as a member. There was in that year in Massachusetts one of those sharply reactionary episodes which at intervals disable political machines for one or two elections. John F. Andrew, the "War Governor's" son (who was up for re-election), Charles R. Codman, an ex-Republican like Colonel Lee, and who had commanded a regiment in the war, Sherman Hoar, nephew of the stanch Republican senator, George F. Hoar, and Professor William Everett, offered themselves avowedly as Democratic candidates for the National House of Representatives. Sherman Hoar, when invited to stand, consulted Colonel Lee, who at first, on personal grounds, dissuaded him, but afterwards, upon removal of these objections, changed his advice and actually wrote a long letter to his friend, Judge E. R. Hoar, seeking to reconcile that stalwart Republican to this action on the part of his son. Into this campaign Colonel Lee threw himself with more than his usual vigor. On November 4th, by invitation of the Democrat, Josiah Quincy, he presided at a great Democratic rally in Faneuil Hall. He opened the meeting with a very brief speech, evoking much laughter by his initial statement: "I am not a practised politician; but have been brought here simply as an object lesson, to prove to those on the other side that there are old men, as well

as young, in our ranks;" for many of the candidates had been twitted with the "atrocious crime" of youth. Later in the evening he introduced Sherman Hoar with words thus reported:

"I shall now have the pleasure of introducing to you 'the lad,' Sherman Hoar, and before he stands up to address you, I want to pay a passing tribute to my old friend, his father. There has not been a more patriotic, public-spirited citizen or a better man adorn this generation than Judge Hoar. (Applause.) When, at about the present age of his son Sherman, he broke away from the Whig party — then panoplied in wealth and respectability — he broke away from them because of their sordid pusillanimity. They were in just the condition which the Republican party, I believe, is in now. (Applause.) He broke from many friends in order to satisfy the dictates of his conscience. (Applause.) And that monitor has guided him ever since. There were a good many boys around at that time. There is a good boy[1] whose portrait I see here, in whose service I was in the Civil War, — he was a year younger than I, and that boy presided at the first Free Soil meeting held in Boston in 1848. I was thirty-one. I was one of the vice-presidents; he was not thirty. He was a boy of the present age of Sherman Hoar, but he made some impression on the public. I want, therefore, now to introduce to you this boy, but don't tire him out. (Laughter.) Don't do anything that is disrespectful to him, even if he is a boy."

In the newspapers he assailed opponents with his usual uncompromising directness, especially Mr. Greenhalge,

[1] Governor John A. Andrew.

then a member of the national House of Representatives, whom he pilloried as a "puny whipster" who "seems to be capable of violating decency unconsciously, or else is guilty of duplicity." Then he turned to place Messrs. Pillsbury and G. F. Hoar in the stocks together:

"'Charles, did you ever hear me preach?' said Coleridge to Lamb. 'I n-n-never heard you d-d-do anything else,' was the reply. And so I could say of Senator Pillsbury. It used to amuse me to watch him, then younger than is Mr. Curtis Guild, Jr., to-day, preaching with all the ignorant complaisance of a Sophomore to members of the Legislature, quite unconscious that they had heard all he had to say before he was born. Now he poses as one of these same experienced men, speaking oracularly to his juniors, and very extraordinary, not to say very unprincipled, advice he gives. Of course he prefaces this bad advice with an assertion of high principle: 'No man has a higher respect for conscience than I have.' 'The personal character of a candidate is of the utmost importance and ought not to be lost sight of.' Then comes the impotent and lame conclusion: 'The question whether I ought to support a candidate for nomination and whether I ought to support a candidate after he is nominated are altogether different matters, and I should vote every time for the party nominee.' Thus does Mr. Pillsbury rebuke young Mr. Guild for refusing to vote for the incompetent and unworthy candidate, Mr. Fox.

"In the same key Senator Hoar says: 'I commend candidate Fox to you for the simple reason that, if he is sent to Congress as a Republican, he must vote to en-

throne the 65,000,000 people of this country in comfort, honor and equality.'

"It is one thing to yield to temptation, it is a much baser thing to preach iniquity to those whom we may expect to influence; and what can be wickeder than to counsel young men to forfeit their self-respect and to follow a multitude to do evil?"

Ex-Governor Long said that if General Walker, Henry Lee and Phillips Brooks were to select men to go to Washington, from a business standpoint, they would hardly choose the Democratic nominees. Mr. Lee replied that he considered these nominees "quite above the present members in character and independence; and while some of them may lack experience, they are all capable of learning, and, I trust, incapable of yielding to caucus or to the arbitrary dictation of a vulgar, bullying Speaker."

Senator Hoar, never famous for an innocuous tongue, scored his Democratic nephew without remorse. But Mr. Lee came into the lists and the senator met his match, or better:

"When Charles Russell Lowell, the natural leader of men, graduated, the first and youngest of his class, the subject of his oration was: 'The Respect Due to the Young.' It is a pity that Senator Hoar did not hear that oration, or that, hearing, he did not heed its lesson; it might have saved him from insulting his nephew by impertinent condescension and hypocritical lamentation.

. . . . . .

"The Senator calls his nephew 'an amiable young gentleman.' I only wish that he could return the com-

pliment. No man can be rightly called 'an amiable gentleman' who turns against and asperses early associates whose characters he respects and whose tastes he shares, and who takes up with those whom he once denounced and whom he must always despise; who, deaf to remonstrance and false to his teachings, allows measures to be passed which endanger and diminish prosperity and stability, — who does all this, perverted from his early patriotism by a devouring egotism and an insensate partisanship. There are no men high enough to be beyond his detraction, or humble enough to escape his scorn; he impales the conspicuous, from President Eliot to the Democratic candidates for Congress, and arraigns the party as a whole for 'its offenses against constitutional liberty and honest government, and its attempts to destroy the comfort and happiness of the workman's home.' And this austere moralist, who condemns thus in wholesale and retail, does not shrink from commending candidate Fox to the voters of the Fifth District.

"Sherman Hoar's best friends will counsel him to use his uncle, the senator, as a warning, not an example."

The result of this campaign was the brilliant victory of the young brigade, to Colonel Lee's great satisfaction. But two years later a reverse came. In the presidential election Mr. Cleveland was defeated by Mr. Harrison. Mr. Lee, however, took it in good part, and drew the moral against his own political associates without flinching.

"I think," he said, "the best policy for the Democratic party, in order to retrieve the disaster of yesterday, would be to keep their promises. The Democratic

party is pretty well smashed. If its members had all followed the lead of Mr. Cleveland, not alone in regard to tariff, but all other measures as well, it would have been well for them. Mr. Gorman and other wicked leaders undertook to frustrate all his plans, and the result is to be seen now. No one-horse shay can go in two directions at the same time.

. . . . . .

"The Democrats had a good leader in Mr. Cleveland, an upright, courageous leader, and they had a truthful, considerate man at the head of the Ways and Means Committee in Mr. Wilson; but some Democratic senators tried their best to harass the leaders and not follow Mr. Cleveland, and to upset all Mr. Wilson's well-laid plans. Now it can be seen that they have made a mess of it."

In 1892 Colonel Lee returned to his attack upon Senator Hoar in a personal letter, eminently characteristic of the fairness with which he gave praise and blame precisely according to his opinion. The following is a copy of the rough draft, but apparently corrected for sending:

"MY DEAR SENATOR: —

"I have a personal and hereditary affection for you; I believe that against your pecuniary interests you have stayed in public service from a patriotic motive. You were nominated while I was a member of the House of Representatives, and when summoned to the Tremont House to be talked to by that officious Punchinello, Mr. Thayer, and they were talking of their kindly feeling to

Mr. Boutwell, etc., I rose to depart, saying that I had no kindly feeling to Mr. Boutwell, and should vote for you whether the caucus did or not. I said this, not for show, but to evince my contempt (for what it was worth, as every honest man should) for all this insincere political twaddle and all the machinery managed by little, insignificant men practising mischief, placing availability, etc., against honesty and self-respect. I voted for you because, as a son of Samuel Hoar, I believed you to be incorruptible, though I knew that as a descendant of Roger Sherman you were knotty, not to say cranky. I care so little about people's opinions and so much about their principles, that I voted gladly for you.

"For instance, in 1827, my father wrote the 'Boston Report,' and Judge Shaw the 'Memorial,' — in 1831 my father wrote the 'Exposition of Evidence' and Gallatin the 'Memorial' at a 'Free Trade Convention of all the States.' For these admirable writings . . . my father was treated as badly as was your father in Charleston. Of course in a northern community no violence was offered, nor could a man of his birth and position be looked down upon by promoted shopkeepers; but as far as they dared and as they could, the then rich sellers of dry goods showed their ill will. From that hour I have been an intelligent, earnest Free Trader, with a knowledge and undying remembrance of the spirit of the sometimes greedy, sometimes superstitious, tariff men, bent, not upon discussion, but upon bribery (as towards Daniel Webster), and upon browbeating and arrogance and plunder towards the public at large.

Nevertheless, I held some slack allegiance to the Whig party, not because I respected a party based on greed and ignorance of economic laws, but because in other matters which I deemed important I agreed with them. Gradually more and more nauseated by their eternal backing and bragging, I eagerly joined the Free Soil party, acting as a vice-president at the first meeting in Boston in 1848, and took special delight in the indignant remonstrances of all the old-man-ocracy at insurance offices, banks, and other parlors, — social and financial. I was never deemed of any political importance, but was never forgotten when money was needed. Since the war the party has, in my judgment, been going down steadily, tarnished by corrupt administration, and belittled by egotistic narrowness. Governor Andrew felt an ineffable disgust at its policy before he died, and I shared his nausea. When Butler was put up for Congress I wrote exposing, among other crimes, his trading with the enemy; and, answered by one of his satellites, I returned to the charge, obliged, however, to sign a legal document to save the paper [1] from a lawsuit for libel. I was told by a political leader that I was a clever fellow, but that I did n't understand politics. I have gone on refuting jackdaws in peacocks' plumes, knaves whether they called themselves Republicans or any other name.

"This extended autobiography is given to prove that I cannot be guided by opinions, still less by professions; for I have patiently acted politically all along with a party steeped in ignorance on tariff matters and so led

[1] The Nation, N. Y.

by greedy, unscrupulous, rapacious manufacturers;— I have acted with them, because, while I felt contempt for their tariff policy, I deemed other issues more imminent and paramount.

"You have seen fit to vote for and advocate a Blaine whom you once confessed to me you did not respect; you have, as it has seemed to me, been a bigoted partisan on many occasions; you now sit silent while a tariff only more absurd than villainous, and a silver inflation bill destined to bring great disaster, and a pension bill dictated by claim-agents and bummers, threatening to empty the treasury and discolor our war record, confounding shirks with men of honor, men of the eleventh hour with those who bore the heat and burden of the day, the whole and the maimed; and you sneer at college professors from Charles Eliot down, no matter how elevated their character; you speak superciliously of young students of political economy in your own college; you say that you know five hundred times as much about pension claimants as does President Eliot. Now if I, for fifteen years a merchant, should say that I know necessarily five hundred times as much about the qualities of a collector [of the port], you would not take it kindly. You voted for Harrison and try to think him a great and good man; Governor Brackett says that posterity will gaze at him as we look back upon Washington. I, on the contrary, not speaking *ore rotundo* from any rostrum, but only humbly from my Vault, say that, naturally an ordinary man, he has falsified every profession made beforehand. As to the Saltonstall matter, I read your letter to Eaton with care,

and while I disagree entirely as to the political excuse for violating civil service principles, that cannot excuse you or Harrison for succeeding him by a coarse-fibred hack politician like Beard. There are plenty of excuses for Clarksons, Quays, and Gormans (for they are in my eyes of the same color, no matter what their denomination among politicians), but your father's son must be disheartened and disgusted by any responsibility for such rascals. Wanamaker's show of piety in conjunction with his purchase of office, and his shopkeeping vulgarity towards the Pan-American delegates are hard enough to bear; but your Belknaps, Delanos, Babcocks, Robesons, Butlers, Blaines, Gormans, Quays, Clarksons, must and can be sent where they belong only by the conjunction of all honest men, incapable of partisanship.

"Hoping for the millennium, when men who are patriotic and honest may combine, even while differing as to some matters where difference is no crime, and respecting your character while gaping at your conduct, I am, with a belief in your sincerity, not in your sanity, . . .

"P. S. Let me adduce a contrast between the spirit of a Free-Trader (ultimate only, as things are now) and of a Tariff man:

"Some years ago my youngest son insisted upon my giving some money to the Political Economy Department of Harvard University. Finding from President Eliot that the money was needed, and how much, I gave $1500 a year for five years. In my letter I stated that while I was, and always had been, a Free Trader, I wished that my money should be spent in seeking the truth and having both opinions set forth

with equal ability. There was another fund held by some Tariff men; they instructed President Eliot not to use that to advocate any doctrine but Protection. Which of us was justified? Were we both men, or was one a man, the other a hog?"

His feeling towards Senator Hoar was curiously mingled of contradictory impulses. The combativeness of the senator aroused the combativeness of Colonel Lee, and when they came near each other there was apt to be a boxing match with gloves not so heavily padded as to insure entire protection against injury. But they enjoyed the bouts as two Irishmen at a wake enjoy a friendly clashing of shillalahs, and either would have been disappointed if his adversary had ever failed to come up to the line. Praise and attack were characteristically combined in this excellent example of Colonel Lee's attitude:

"It is a pleasure to hear a man at his best, and Senator Hoar never appears to such advantage as when, emerged from self, freed from partisan obligations, he illuminates history. His oration on General Rufus Putnam was instructive, eloquent, fascinating; it was a deserved tribute to a man developed by responsibility and patriotism into a remarkable engineer and eventually into the founder of a state, the saviour of a great territory from slavery. So little has been known about this patriot to whom the country is indebted, that we hope this charming oration setting forth his qualities and services may be published and advertised, until Rufus Putnam is as familiar as his burly kinsman, Israel.

"It is a commonplace that an actor's capacity lies in one direction, his ambition in the other, — the Grave Digger feels sure he could play Hamlet, wonders at the incredulity of his manager, but submits from prudential consideration.

"What a pity that prudence or some other divinity that shapes our ends should not relegate our two senators [Hoar and Lodge] to their legitimate occupation of literature, where the Mugwump would cease from troubling, ambition cease from gnawing; and where these two scholars, 'beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies,' would entertain and enlighten their countrymen."

In closing with Colonel Lee's political work, this résumé, which he wrote near the end of his life, shows what acts he himself esteemed most highly:

"(1) 1848 — Vice-President of a Free Soil meeting.
(2) Next morning's experiences.
(3) 1846 — By my contributions and collections, the chief (and I think the only) supporter here of the Louisville ——, — an anti-slavery journal, — and I remember the position then of some who have been prominent long since.
(4) Member of Kansas Emigrant Aid Company.
(5) Treasurer during Kansas Famine.
(6) Saved Music Hall for Theodore Parker, 1854.

(7) Assisted Governor Andrew to the extent of my ability.

(8) Did not join in dinner to General Butler, although urged.

(9) Opposed his (Butler's) election to Congress; brought charges against him of so serious a nature, that, to have them published, was obliged to sign a legal paper agreeing to stand a suit.

(10) Have given largely to promote elections, state and federal, although have been as dissatisfied with the Republicans from Grant's first term till now as ever I was with the Whigs. 'Like causes, like effects.'

(11) Have never sought, — on the contrary, have declined to accept, — what nominations or positions have been urged on me.

(12) Having no political aspirations, I was able, perhaps, to act with more independence, more true consistency, than those who had become inoculated with the virus of political ambition; what I have done or been, has been all-important to me, unimportant to the public.

(13) I have for over forty years written on political subjects in the papers, moved generally by some folly or outrage."

In this presentation of Colonel Lee's opinions and actions in matters political, little has been quoted concerning either Free Trade or Civil Service Reform. He remained all his days a strenuous advocate of a low tariff, "for revenue only;" also he was of course heartily in sympathy with Civil Service reformers. He attended their meetings, sometimes presided, sometimes spoke briefly, and from time to time took occasion to put his views in writing. But he did not go so profoundly into either of these subjects that he was able to add anything to the arguments of men who were devoting to them much time and study.

CHAPTER V

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE government of Harvard College had laid its hand severely upon Mr. Lee's class and not over gently upon Mr. Lee personally; but he bore no malice, and apart from persons officially connected with the University probably no one ever rendered more willing, more continuous, and more various service than he did.

Natural aptitude led him constantly into the position of chief marshal, not only upon such an ordinary occasion as Commencement Day, but upon the two or three grand celebrations which occurred during his years of activity. Professor Bowen, familiarly known to students as "Fanny Bowen," once said of him: "Lee is a good marshal; he is our best marshal; and the cause is largely his supreme impudence." President Cleveland also corroborated this judgment. Colonel Lee was marshal on the occasion of that President's visit to the University; and later the President, meeting and recalling the colonel, said: "Oh, yes, you are the fellow who bossed me around so at Cambridge." The fact was that Colonel Lee really was of noteworthy excellence as a marshal; he wished to bring these processions up to his high ideal of what a procession should be; but the rank and file, more lax in their notions,

rambled through the paths of the yard as they would have strolled through Washington Street, which led him to complain with some vexation of the "bovine movements of the alumni." He was chief marshal upon the day of the Commemoration Celebration held by the College, July 21, 1865, in honor of the graduates and undergraduates who had died in the war. It was the occasion when Mr. Lowell delivered his famous Commemoration Ode, but unfortunately read it in a manner so ineffective as to obscure its beauty. Colonel Lee, somewhat disappointed with the whole affair, said that "the services on that occasion were not equal to what men felt. Everything fell short, and words seemed to be weak. Phillips Brooks' prayer was an exception. That was a free speech to God, and it was the only utterance of that day which filled out its meaning to the full extent." The unfavorable part of the criticism may be set down, at least in some degree, to the reaction from overwrought anticipations. But the impression made by the prayer was enduring, and many years afterwards, when Dr. Brooks, then Bishop of Massachusetts, died, Colonel Lee, in some remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society, said:

"In the annals of our College there is a red-letter day, Commemoration Day, when, after years haggard with anxiety, the mother welcomed back the remnant of her children who had escaped 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday.' On that day words seemed powerless; they did not vent the overflowing of sympathy and gratitude all felt. But in the exercises came a prayer, a brief prayer of a few

minutes, of one inspired to pour forth the thanksgivings of the assembled brethren. From that moment the name of that inspired young man, till then unknown, became a household word."

Several years later, in November, 1886, at the 250th Anniversary, Colonel Lee again acted as chief marshal. On this occasion Mrs. Agassiz, the widow of the first professor of that name, wrote to him as follows:

"After all the anxieties concerning our Anniversary, the shower of claims, grievances and suggestions that have been poured upon your devoted head in the last week, I think you would be pleased to hear the chorus of applause about yesterday. On every side I hear nothing but expressions of satisfaction, from strangers and from Cambridge people themselves, that this day in our history has been worthily met. It seems to me there is not a dissenting voice, and I wish to be among the first to thank our marshal. It seemed to me that I saw the anxieties clearing away from your face as Lowell proceeded with his admirable address. But one of these days we must talk it over, — the paper would not hold all I have to say to you. This is only a word of affectionate congratulation from your old and loving friend."

In other ways, which many will think more important than these displays, Colonel Lee also played his part as a liberal son of his Alma Mater. Harvard College has lain in the midst of the community like a sponge upon moist ground, always thirsty and soaking up all the nourishment within reach. Colonel Lee was a constant and generous contributor to various funds and expenses,

so that for him it became almost an annual tax. How much he gave in the total cannot be known; probably he himself never could have stated it; but unquestionably that total equalled, or exceeded, sums which have been given in single blocks by donors whose names have been coupled with their gifts for the memory of coming generations. This giving was the more praiseworthy on his part because he was by no means always in sympathy with the policy of President Eliot, nor always sure that his money would serve the purposes which he most approved. Unlike many givers, he did not respond to demands only to clear his conscience by discharging a duty incumbent upon a man of ample property. He had a very deep affection for the College and great interest in it. He was always watching every new movement, kept himself familiar with all conditions, and had very clear opinions as to present needs. The policy of numerical expansion did not find entire favor with him. He would have preferred rather to intensify what already existed than to move the boundaries further out. Thus a scheme which was near to his heart, and which he frequently urged in conversation, was the raising of a fund for increasing the salaries of professors and tutors. He preferred this to the establishment of new professorships and the engagement of a larger force of instructors. In advocating it he used to draw a sketch of the lives of the underpaid Harvard instructors, which might have recalled the tales told by labor leaders of the condition of mill hands during a strike. It made, however, very little difference what Henry Lee thought as to policies of expenditure so long as Charles

Eliot was president, a situation which the colonel appreciated goodhumoredly. At a meeting of the Board of Overseers one day he said with his shrewd and pleasant smile: "I offer to the president my purse and my advice, and I am reminded of the two women who were grinding at the mill, — the one shall be taken and the other left."

In 1879 he was invited to the dinner of the Harvard Club of New York. Being unable to go, he sent them a letter of thanks, seizing the opportunity to convey a humorous hint concerning the chronic impecuniosity of the ancient corporation:

"I regret that circumstances prevent my availing myself of the invitation of the 'Harvard Club of New York,' and I desire to thank them for kindly inviting me to their dinner, and you for your cordial expressions.

"The recent report of President Eliot calls attention to the growth and advance of the College since it was placed in the charge of the Alumni, and especially during President Eliot's administration. His annual reports are cheering and interesting as novels; the moral inculcated is filial piety.

"As to the reduction of rents and dividends just now threatening to arrest development and to enforce contraction, your Club may see fit to cheer the heart of the president and to render aid to your Alma Mater by remitting hither a fraction of your large revenues.

"Anticipating the adoption of this suggestion, I beg to offer this acknowledgment, —

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sons of York."

In the building of Memorial Hall Colonel Lee played a very prominent part. In January, 1866, the Finance Committee made him their treasurer and in July he was associated with the Building Committee. It was necessary to raise a large sum. People had been subscribing during the Civil War to many funds and giving as much as, sometimes more than, they felt to be reasonably within their means; and soon it became obvious that in order to raise the requisite amount it would be necessary to put out at interest the sums which came in, and to await gradual accretions during several years. It was supposed that Colonel Lee had knowledge and opportunities for placing money to good advantage, and it was therefore either agreed, or at least tacitly understood, that he should invest the funds in such securities as seemed to him likely to fructify generously. In pursuance of this he bought sundry bonds of Western railroads, then being rather freely issued and bearing attractive rates of interest, sometimes even so high as ten per cent. It has been said that when he accepted this perilous responsibility he undertook to guarantee the fund to the full amount received by him. If this very improbable statement is correct, he made a gallant promise, and ultimately much more than redeemed it.

The corner-stone of the building was laid in October, 1870, and of the ceremonies on that occasion Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote:

"To-day at the laying of the corner-stone of the Memorial Hall at Cambridge all was well and wisely

done. The storm ceased for us, the company was large, — the best men and the best women all here, or all but a few, — the arrangements simple and excellent, and every speaker successful. Henry Lee, with his uniform sense and courage, was the manager; the chaplain, Reverend Phillips Brooks, offered a prayer, in which not a word was superfluous, and every right thing was said."

Afterwards work went on very slowly, or was practically suspended, by reason of insufficiency in the treasury. Mr. Lee's transactions, however, were having gratifying results; they were speculative, but not recklessly so; and during his absence on a trip to Europe, his partners, the Messrs. Higginson, took the burden upon themselves, and the account looked very well, in spite of having weathered one or two moderate panics, the Chicago fire and the Boston fire. With perhaps imprudent frankness, Mr. Lee reported to the Committee these gains. In 1873 the inevitable reaction began, and business depression was soon sweeping over the country; the cost of building was greatly reduced and the Building Committee saw their opportunity to make extremely favorable contracts and wished to push the work immediately. But Mr. Treasurer Lee was on the other side of the situation with his bundles of bonds, which he could not sell for anywhere near what he regarded as a fair price. If it was an excellent time to put up their building, it was a poor time to sell bonds to pay for it. But the Committee was insistent, and at last Colonel Lee agreed to make his own note for the full amount of the sum originally received by him, and all interest,

profits and increment at any time shown by the account. This note was to be endorsed by other members of the Finance Committee, with the intention of thus raising the cash and satisfying the Committee. When it came to the point, however, only one member of the Committee, Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, would endorse, and certain Trustees who had been expected to take the note refused to do so, though fully informed as to the circumstances. Mr. Charles U. Cotting then came to the rescue, and furnished the money on the note, at eight per cent. interest, and Colonel Lee made his payment to the Committee. The bonds also were deposited by him as collateral; on payment of the cash they were of course to become his property; and it should be added that, as a part of this transaction, the bonds were appraised, and the appraisal was intentionally made above any price in the market and above the first cost, so that in every way the very ultimate cent was obtained by the Committee. When the note fell due and was paid and the securities were released, Colonel Lee took them back, but their price had now risen even higher than ever before. Thereupon the College claimed the profit! Colonel Lee was at first irritated at the demand, which seemed somewhat on the "heads I win, tails you lose" principle; but after a little reflection he decided to make the payment. The story carries its own comment; two men, Colonel Lee and Mr. Lawrence, came out of it handsomely. Colonel T. Wentworth Higginson says that his kinsman "was the principal man who carried through the building of the Memorial Hall, and himself paid, to clear up the matter, the final $20,000 due on it." Whether this was in ad-

dition to the transaction above narrated, is not clear. Some years later, at a meeting on Commencement Day in the Sanders Theatre, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, as chairman, introduced Colonel Lee as "one to whom more than to any other one graduate of Harvard we owe this Hall." Colonel Lee, replying, passed by the excellent occasion to magnify himself by telling the full story, spoke only a few trifling words, and then said that the chairman in calling him up, had reminded him of Hogarth's series of pictures called "The Good and the Idle Apprentice;" as the bad apprentice was about to die he had reached up and bitten off his mother's ear; Professor Norton, who had been an apprentice in his (the Colonel's) counting-room, had tried to draw his tongue out, but he did not propose to allow this, and would therefore take his seat. On another occasion Colonel Lee loyally gave the chief credit to President Eliot.

On the occasion of the presentation of the bust of General William Francis Bartlett, to be placed in Memorial Hall, Colonel Lee, who had been on the committee for obtaining the bust, was naturally selected to present it, and made a speech which eloquently expressed the admiration which he felt for this brilliant officer, who had always been one of his favorite heroes.

Not intimidated by the gentle effort which Colonel Lee had made in 1879 to open their pockets, the members of the Harvard Club of New York renewed their invitation in 1885 with such pressure that he went over to their city and made them the following speech:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN: —

"To sit at dinner with any or all of you would be a pleasure to any well-conditioned man, but to be summoned to address you from this platform is to me embarrassing; it is an honor, but hardly a pleasure. And why embarrass a would-be speechless brother, when you have among you natural orators like Curtis, Evarts, Choate, Carter and others, gladiators trained in the arena, who speak as freely as they breathe. Whether the tongues of these transplanted New Englanders are loosened by the geniality of the climate, or whether they talk more readily, just as Travers stammered more persistently, 'because it's a bigger city,' I know not, but their superior fluency designates them for speakers.

"As to Mr. Evarts and the rest of Roger Sherman's descendants and their collaterals, whether named Sherman, Hoar or Evarts, I have known many of them down to the third and fourth generation, — soldier, scholar, statesman, — and my experience convinces me that where any of the race are present, the company will be best entertained by listening to them. They are scattered up and down the land, are not sensibly affected by climate, and the ring of their voluble discourse circles round the world like the British drum-beat.

"But, after all, this is a meeting of brothers, nursed by the same mother, and surely such a meeting, whether within the old college grounds or elsewhere, should be jolly and hearty and our thoughts and feelings should find expression in fitting words.

"I suppose that I am expected to speak to-night for the Overseers, and first let me express my gratitude to you

and to my brethren generally for the honor and privilege of serving on the Board for eighteen years, save one when I was not re-eligible. I can conceive of no position more honorable, no privilege more grateful to an ardent lover of the College.

"The contrast between the old Board, chosen by the Legislature of Massachusetts, some of whom still lingered for the first four years of my service, and the new Board, elected by the Alumni, was indeed striking, — the contrast between efficiency and inefficiency, between love and indifference. Read the roll of men you have elected for nineteen years, — the leaders in their several professions, the men whose counsel is eagerly sought and willingly paid for, — and where else will you find such a succession of competent and disinterested referees? Bound together by mutual respect and love of their Alma Mater, they have been characterized by independence of thought and unity of spirit.

"I am quite sure that your New York representatives will heartily endorse this estimate of the Board, and that they take the same deep interest in the meetings. Had you been present at the meeting when your senior representative read his report on the Quinquennial Catalogue, witty and erudite, exposing the inconsistencies of the mixed Latin and English nomenclature of the Alumni, — when Parker, in a speech flavored with wit, fun and irony, extolled the august and conservative past, and deplored the vulgar and iconoclastic present, — when Adams, with sledge-hammer violence, denounced the use of Latin in the Catalogue and Commencement exercises, as a lie and a sham, the duello between these

champions of the past and the present reminding one of the combat between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, or rather, between Valentine and Orson, the one practising every pass and ward with his keen and polished rapier, the other, regardless of fence, belaboring his adversary with a Hercules club, — or had you, at the next meeting, heard the debate on voluntary or compulsory worship, and listened to the well-considered report of Dr. Peabody, the impassioned outburst of Phillips Brooks pleading for the study of the Book of Life, the only great book which a student at present may with impunity omit to open, the warning voice of Parker, as he pointed backward to the *parting of the ways*, and summoned us to choose our course and not to drift, and, finally, the clear, comprehensive statement of the president, as in words which dropped from his lips like metal upon glass, he narrated the religious changes in the community and the College, and set before us distinctly the alternatives practicable and the objections to each, — had you assisted at these debates, you would have felt that the subjects were discussed earnestly and intelligently, and that the welfare of the College was secure in such hands.

" The marvellous growth and awakening of the College is consequent upon the transfer of the privilege and responsibility of shaping its policy from the Legislature to the Alumni; and their wise exercise of this power has inspired its friends, within and without, with new interest and confidence; and hence the continuous flow of gifts, great and small, from rich and poor, into its treasury.

"Of course we must not and do not forget the important agency of our president, elected three years after the new organization, — who, by the by, never would have been elected our president by the old Board of Overseers; his unceasing vigilance, his leader-like assurance, have determined and directed many of the donations. Some words of Emerson on character apply to him:

"'The face which character wears to me is self-sufficingness. I revere the person who has riches, so that I cannot think of him as alone, or poor, or exiled, or unhappy, or a client, but as perpetual patron, benefactor and beatified man. Character is centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or overset. Men should be intelligent and earnest. They must also make us feel that they have a controlling, happy future opening before them, which sheds a splendor on the passing hours.'

"Oftentimes in the progress of Memorial Hall when I, as treasurer, held back, the president would enumerate my various resources in such a convincing way that I felt for the time embarrassed with riches, and you owe to him, more than to anyone else, the completion of that noble edifice, for less than the estimated cost and one year before the promised time. But he is a fanatic, and we run Harvard College trusting to fanaticism, picking up here and there enthusiastic scholars willing to take the vows of perpetual poverty; and this policy seems to me dangerous and derogatory to a great University, which we are striving to build up. The compensation should be such as to invite men of scholarly

tastes and enthusiasm, who long to become teachers of men, to adopt that profession, without feeling that by this choice they are depriving their wives and children of the social and educational privileges of the families of lawyers or physicians, or of average merchants. The calling of a teacher is much more appreciated than it was fifty years ago, but there is still a selfish disregard of their rightful claims, because of their helplessness, on the part of their more money-getting brethren, which savors of meanness and hypocrisy in a community which is forever 'pointing with pride,' as The Nation would say, to their schools and their colleges. We want, for Harvard College, to place her professors and other instructors on a proper footing, just to them and creditable and secure for us, $60,000 more per annum, or something over $1,000,000, and now is the opportunity you New Yorkers have been longing for to endow your Alma Mater.

"I am aware that the approach of old age is stealthy;

> No eye observes the growth or the decay,
> To-day we look as we did yesterday.

Still I must confess that I was shocked at the president's complaint of the senility of the present Board of Overseers, and still more shocked that in a torchlight procession during the late unpleasantness, Harvard students bore a transparency inscribed:

> Average age of Harvard Overseers, 95 in the shade.

Now this is absurd, as absurd as the assertion in one of your journals, that your Mr. Evarts 'was too old for a senator' and that he 'was too old to change his mind.'

Why, your new senator is Billy Evarts, who used to reel off Adams' Latin Grammar at the Boston Latin School, — Billy Evarts, Leverett's pet, whom that good man snatched up and bore away to his school, — as did the pious Aeneas the old Anchises from the flames of burning Troy, — only a few years ago; and we are his contemporaries. I contend that these charges are libellous, both as against Mr. Evarts and the Overseers. Still there are younger Alumni and you can, if you see fit, in your next election, drop some of us silver-tops and insert some younger graduates. Remember, however, that 'striving to do better, oft we mar what's well.' If the president succeeds in composing the Board of young counsellors, I trust he may, in the words of the preacher, 'miss not the discourse of the elders.'

"And now, brethren, young and old, let us drink to the welfare of our Alma Mater. May the youth within her ancient walls live mindful of her motto:

"'Beholding the bright countenance of *truth* in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.'"

Another speech which he made, and which has been preserved, was given at the Harvard Commencement in 1884:

"BRETHREN: —

"Two years ago we enjoyed the presence of Mr. William Thomas, then the oldest living graduate, who in his boyhood had conversed with Grandfather Cobb, who had in his youth listened to the talk of Peregrine White born on board the 'Mayflower.'

"Now your president has imbibed the idea that I go

back to 'the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' that I remember Peregrine White in the flesh (and he was fleshy); but you will allow that he has overestimated my age, as well as some of my other attributes. As to the charge of being both young and old, I can only say that, however I may appear to others, when I stroll through the College Yard and look up to the windows of Hollis 11, not even Brother Sibley could convince me that I have been five years out of college, much less that I have been associated with the class which graduated fifty years ago under circumstances much more creditable to them than to the College. Neither this class nor their associates will ever forget the discreditable chapter in the history of Harvard, when an accountable act of insubordination of a mature Freshman, provoked by an immature prig of a tutor, was fomented into a general rebellion, involving the suspension of one whole class, the decimating of the other three classes, the alienation of all the undergraduates, of many members of the Faculty and of the Overseers, and the disgust of the public. The efforts of the Seniors as peacemakers, welcomed by the president, were rewarded by the expulsion of eight of their best men, because their report, endorsed by most of the Overseers as true, reflected severely upon the president. Fifty years have passed, and that report would be re-endorsed by most, if not all, who were then undergraduates. I am no believer in papal infallibility, — 'Veritas' is our motto, and it should inspire all investigating committees, whether composed of undergraduates, of Overseers, or of members of the Corporation.

"With this class died two of the famous institutions of Harvard, — the 'Medical Faculty' or 'Med. Facs.,' as they were generally called, a learned society of which the Emperor of Russia, General Jackson, and many other exalted personages were Honorary Members, and the Harvard Washington Corps, whose emblazoned flag, with its 'Tam Marti, quam Mercurio' legend, had always been borne aloft, however the young bearer may have staggered under it. I recollect well the last commander, the tall, gaunt Kentuckian, Robert Wickliffe, the grim warrior Nat West and the rest of the handsome young officers as they issued forth from Stoughton and marched to the parade for the last time. I have witnessed many brilliant pageants, but none so impressive as the parades of the Harvard Washington Corps. There was one tune the old Brigade Band used to play as the company marched through the College grounds, which always struck me as highly appropriate, — 'I see them on their winding way.' 'Old Quin,' as he was universally called, was wont to speak of these societies as the 'safety valves' of the College, and just why he dissolved them, it would have puzzled him to explain.

"Apropos of Plymouth and the Harvard Washington Corps there is a college tradition illustrating President Kirkland's humanity. At a Faculty meeting held just before President Monroe's visit to Massachusetts, the president overhearing some talk of expelling Sever, the captain of the corps and a Plymouth man, exclaimed: 'Sever! expel Sever? Oh no! we can't get along without Sever,' and so the captain was saved to parade his

corps and to escort President Monroe, who was so delighted with the martial display that he offered Sever a West Point cadetship. That was declined for family reasons, but the gallant captain's gratitude to President Kirkland has found expression in a Sever scholarship and the stately Sever Hall, the chief architectural adornment of our College grounds, upon whose portals might be appropriately inscribed the motto of the corps: 'Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.'

"First impressions are indelible, and I always think of these semi-centenarian graduates as Juniors, for such they were when I entered college. I hear the stentorian Fox upon the Delta, and see Joe Sargent scudding along with the foot ball; Hinckley flourishes anew his thundering bolus; Colman appears as Fanny Kemble; Tom Cushing, with his Napoleon figure, drills me in the school of the soldier; Sam Rodman stalks along as if he had hi eye on a plover and his hand on his double-barrelled Joe Manton; Gassett, before he leads the Pierians, lisps, 'Excuse the air from my flute;' Henry Wayne, late at prayers, marches by our Freshman seats, a model of youthful beauty; fair-faced Sam Parkman, beloved of gods and men, waves the flag while the Corps salutes it; Sam Felton pokes along abstractedly, as if he were pondering how best to forward our Eighth Regiment from Philadelphia to Washington now his bridges are burned; there beam in the face of Tom Donaldson the beatitudes of the peacemaker and the pure in heart, but he looks too delicate to stand the wear and tear of head and heart he is destined to undergo *pro aris et focis;* Charles Wheelwright has, with other generous comrades, shared

the penalty inflicted on the best of his classmates and declined to take his degree. One claim I make on the friendship of my Juniors, as I fondly call them, — I fought for that degree year after year in the Board of Overseers, until at last the prayer of his loving classmates was granted, and the name of this hero, who died that others might live, graces the College Catalogue. One of the classmates most zealous in this effort was the amiable, modest, pious pastor who has just now passed away. Such, brethren, are some of the pictures which flit before my mind's eye, of the Class of 1834, more interesting perhaps to them and to me than to you.

"Mr. President, this is a case of mistaken identity, which recalls an incident in my travels some forty years ago. I was walking through Berkshire with two reputable comrades, one a clergyman in good standing; we had reached Pittsfield and I was sunning myself in front of the hotel, when one of the natives, sidling up to me, presently inquired in a confidential tone, — 'When will the circus be here?' Gratified as I was to be mistaken for the dignified Ring Master or the facetious Clown, I was constrained to disabuse my rustic admirer, and to confess then as now, 'I don't belong to the circus.'"

Prejudice against college graduates from time to time finds expression in the suggestion that they are less fitted for active life and business affairs than are persons not handicapped by so much education. This talk happened to be making itself heard more than usual some twenty years ago, and it stirred Colonel Lee to a response which he sent to The Nation:

"For fifteen years I kept an old-fashioned store on the wharf, and traded with the East Indies and South America. I was myself a college graduate, and at that time, — over fifty years ago, — the merchants were averse to receiving graduates, preferring to take youths in their early teens, and insisting upon more or less menial work, such as opening and sweeping out the counting-room, trimming lamps, and frequently blacking boots, tasks imposed upon these unpaid apprentices partly from economy, partly to supple the boy and take the nonsense out of him. We adopted a porter to perform all these chores; and, partly to give them a chance, preferred college graduates to boys a few years younger fresh from school. There was never an instance of bumptiousness or effeminacy; their duties within and without doors were performed more efficiently and more intelligently than by their associates whose minds had not been educed in college; they did not need so long an apprenticeship.

"If you will look into the counting-houses of bankers and brokers nowadays, you will find principals and clerks mostly college bred; you will find most of the factory treasurers, many of their selling agents, many of the railroad presidents, college bred.

"Some years ago you informed your readers that in Germany the boys educated in the gymnasiums for college, while surpassed at first in mathematics by boys educated in what we should call 'technical' schools, eventually outstripped them. So it is in any sort of business, — the general training must tell in proportion as one rises to greater responsibilities and is called upon

to solve more abstruse problems. Were I in search of a partner, I would choose not only a college graduate, but also a trained lawyer, because of his training, which prepares him to understand any subject presented better than any layman can. Among my friends now past threescore, those who for any reason went from school to counting-room have never ceased to regret it, because of their fewer resources outside of business, their real or fancied disabilities, as well as for the loss of comradeship, which becomes more and more sad as years roll on."

The graduates repaid Colonel Lee's loyalty to them by an abundant loyalty to him, manifested in many ways. His rank for scholarship, at the time of graduation, did not entitle him to a place in the Phi Beta Kappa Society; but many years later he was elected to honorary membership, which was fully as gratifying. In 1867 he was chosen upon the Board of Overseers and was re-elected at the close of his first six years; then, in accordance with the statute, he passed a year out of office, and was thereafter immediately re-elected in 1880, and again re-elected at the close of that term, so that his service extended from 1867 to 1892, inclusive, with the break only of the statutory year of recess. It is unfortunate that no record remains of the many services rendered and the many speeches made by him during this prolonged term of office. He was always in his place at the meetings, he was always interested in whatever business was in hand, and he constantly interjected the remarks and short speeches which are customary in that body. These sagacious, trenchant

and humorous contributions to the debates never failed to delight the Board and often to influence opinion. But the memory of such fleeting remarks is evanescent, and those who recall them in a general way cannot recall them in particular. The writer happens to remember a single one. The debate was upon the question of compulsory morning prayers. The persons who did not desire compulsion had been quite eloquent upon the point that it was very disagreeable for the students to feel under a rigid obligation to get up in the morning and attend a species of roll call. Colonel Lee at last rose and said, substantially: — "I am very pleased to hear that this duty is disagreeable for the students. This new notion of making everything perfectly easy for them and letting them do, and not do, just as they choose has been carried too far. I am very glad indeed to find some one act which is disagreeable to them, and I should like to compel every one of them to perform it once every day." He was probably right; there was at the time a relaxation, or rather an abandonment, of discipline which was working havoc in the undergraduate department, and which soon had to be drastically corrected.

In 1892, at the time of the organization of the Harvard Graduates' Magazine, Colonel Lee's services were naturally sought in the honorable capacity of president. He accepted the post and continued to hold it for several years.

A more active literary effort than this honorary office was his contribution to the "Harvard Book." In 1875 that pretentious publication appeared in two enormous

tomes, with pictures but without an index, and was sold at a price which probably most purchasers afterwards regretted that they had paid. The list of contributors contains many who would be less well known than they are, had their other literary work been as perfunctory as that which they furnished to those volumes. Colonel Lee, however, buried in this stately mausoleum a really admirable paper upon University Hall. Covering twenty-five spacious pages, it is one of the longest contributions, and one of the few readable ones. It must have cost him much serious and conscientious labor; it is, of course, thorough and written with a fine, sympathetic feeling; it is also sparkling with humor and wit, and is full of reminiscences picturesque, vivid and amusing; the delineation of some of the professors and instructors is such a bit of dramatic drawing of character and of personal appearance as is rarely met with. It is a pity that such a piece of work should be put away, practically out of sight.

Colonel Lee's numerous and useful services to the University at last received a well-deserved recognition from the Corporation, when that body proposed to confer upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Everyone was heartily glad that this should be done, and the distinction has never been offered with the more universal good will of the graduate body. But Colonel Lee himself, after much consideration, determined not to accept it. He said that he was not a scholar, that the degree should not be made common by being conferred upon any persons except those of high scholarship or of some very marked distinction in other walks of life. His

friends insisted with him that his modesty was quixotic, that his services to the College were only imperfectly rewarded by this honor, that his own personal qualifications were abundant; and they begged him to accept it. The temptation must have been very great, for he prepared a speech for the occasion; yet his firm belief that it was better for the College not to establish the precedent of giving a degree to a private citizen not noteworthy for scholarly attainments controlled his final decision. He resolutely declined. His action, however, could not do away with the fact that practically he had had the honor of the degree, and that in addition thereto he had the much higher honor of definitively setting it aside on the ground of principle, — casting Cæsar on the Lupercal quite into the shade! The speech which was not spoken may be printed:

"Thanks for your kind words and to you, brethren, for your cordial reception, but this is not a day of exultation to me, but of meditation, and, I must say, of humiliation.

"Fifty-nine years ago, on Commencement Day, in the old meeting-house which few of you can remember, (it stood between Wadsworth House and Dane Hall), I heard an orator, speaking for the Master's Degree, say: 'Master of Arts! master of no art under the sun.' The speaker's words have lodged in my memory these all but sixty years. And now at the end of that long period, near the close of life, when hope of achievement and progress lies far behind, these words ring in my ears, as, dazed, I hear myself hailed by the highest title the University can bestow. This is the only mode the

College has of conferring honor; it has extended the degree from the scholar, for whom it was primarily intended, to high officials, to distinguished guests and to heroes. I was present in the College Chapel that same year (1833) when the LL.D. was conferred on Andrew Jackson, and a pretty scandal it made. But Andrew Jackson was President, and so, by precedent, entitled to the compliment. Of late years the endeavor has been, as it should be, to confine the degree to scholars of distinction, and I regret to see the College retrograde, and bestow the degree inappropriately.

> 'T will be recorded for a precedent,
> And many an error, by the same example,
> Will rush into the state.

"There are two circumstances in my life which have given me much pride and pleasure, — my relations with the Alumni, and my relations with the men who went to the war, especially those who went from Harvard. So, year by year, as I come up a pilgrim to my Mecca and roam the old College grounds, I am made happy by these ties of brotherhood, and I doubt if among all the sons of our Alma Mater there is one who gets more cheer and comfort from these anniversaries. I have received so many marks of friendship and esteem from these brethren that I am inclined to attribute this distinction to their blind partiality, working openly or covertly to that end.

"'Blessings brighten as they take their flight,' and it may be that, considering our cordial relations, my brethren wished to give me a good send-off. But let

them be undeceived; I come from a long-lived family, and one upon the list of graduates of my race, Judge Joseph Lee, of the Class of 1729, lived seventy-three years after receiving his degree, having been for years the oldest living graduate.

"Whatever my fitness, my sense of obligation is profound, it is the last and greatest of many honors which I have received from my fond mother and my affectionate brethren, strengthening and lengthening the tie between us.

> **There 's that betwixt us been which men remember**
> **Till they forget themselves, till all 's forgot,**
> **Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed**
> **From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up."**

At the opening of the Harvard Medical School on Boylston Street (already about to be superseded as insufficient after so few years!) it was natural that Colonel Lee should be cast for the task of representing the contributors to the fund, on whose behalf he spoke as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT: —

"Thanks for your invitation to be present on this interesting occasion, — the hundredth anniversary of your Medical School, and the dedication of a new building, of fair proportions, well adapted to your wants, as far as a non-professional can judge.

"You have assigned to me the honorable task of speaking for the contributors to the building fund.

"I little thought, as I used to gaze with awe at that prim, solitary, impenetrable little building in Mason

Street, and, with the aid of imaginative companions, conjured up the mysteries within, that I should ever dare to enter and explore its interior; nor have I yet acquired that relish for morbid specimens that characterized my lamented kinsman,[1] who devoted so many years to accumulating and illustrating your pathological collection.

"It is an ordeal for a layman, Mr. President, especially for one who has reached the sixth age, to be so forcibly reminded, as one is here, of the

> last scene of all,
> When ends this strange, eventful history,
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,

and it is a further ordeal to assume to speak for others, whose motives for aiding you I may not adequately set forth.

"This I can say, that we are citizens of no mean city, that private frugality and public liberality have characterized the inhabitants of this 'Old Town of Boston,' from the days of the good and wise John Winthrop, whose own substance was consumed in founding his colony, to the present time. Down through these two centuries and a half the multiform and ever-increasing needs of the community have been discovered and supplied, not by government, but by patriotic citizens, who have given of their time and substance to promote the common weal, remembering 'that the body is not one member, but many,' and that the members should have the same care, one for another. It is this public spirit,

[1] John Barnard Swett Jackson, of the class of 1825, M.D. 1829, Professor of Pathological Anatomy and Shattuck Professor of Morbid Anatomy; also Dean of the Medical Society.

manifested in its heroic form in our Civil War, that has made this dear old Commonwealth what we all know it to be, despite full many slanders. Far distant be the day when this sense of brotherhood shall be lost!

"Purple and fine linen are well, if one can afford them; but let not Dives forget Lazarus at his gate.

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

"Whatever doubts may arise as to some of our benevolent schemes, our safety and progress rest upon the promotion of sound learning, and we feel assured that the increased facilities furnished by this ample building for acquiring and disseminating knowledge of our fearful and wonderful frame, will be improved by your brethren.

"Some of the papers read before the International Medical Congress in London, two years ago, impressed me deeply with the many wants of the profession. And who are more likely to have their wants supplied? For the physician is not regarded, as in some countries, as the successor to the barber surgeon, and his fees slipped into his upturned palm as if he were a mendicant or a menial.

"Dining with two Englishmen, one an Oxford professor, the other the brother of a lord, a few years since, I was surprised to hear their views of the social standing of the medical profession, and could not help contrasting their position here, where, if not all aristocrats, they are all constitutional, and some of them hereditary, monarchs, accompanied by honor, love, obedience, troops

of friends. But however ranked, physicians have the same attributes the world over. I have had occasion to see a good deal of English, French, German and Italian physicians under very trying circumstances, and have been touched by their affectionate devotion to their patients.

"The good physician is our earliest and our latest friend; he listens for our first and our last breath; in all times of bodily distress and danger we look to him to relieve us. Neither 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness' nor 'the sickness that wasteth at noonday' deter him.

> **Alike to him is time or tide,**
> **December's snow, or July's pride;**
> **Alike to him is tide or time,**
> **Moonless midnight, or matin prime.**

"The faithful pursuit of every profession involves sacrifice of self, but the man who calls no hour his own, who consecrates his days and nights to suffering humanity, treads close in the footsteps of his Master.

"No wonder, then, that the bond between them and their patients is so strong, no wonder that we respond cheerfully to their call, in gratitude for what they have, and in sorrow for what they have not, been able to do to preserve the lives and to promote the health of those dear to us. And how could money be spent more economically than to promote the further enlightenment of the medical profession? What better legacy can we leave our children, and our children's children, than an illumined Medical Faculty?"

CHAPTER VI

PERSONAL TRAITS; LITERARY LABORS

If the foregoing pages, narrating the public activity of Colonel Lee, have duly fulfilled their purpose, they have shown him as standing out against the background of Boston. When he was in his prime Boston was at her best, a great town, not yet developed into a provincial city; she was in the period of her moral and intellectual efflorescence. Edinburgh, Florence and a few other large towns and small cities have had like periods when their citizens can be "local" without being narrow, because for a while the locality is the scene of strenuous moral and intellectual activities.

Colonel Lee, then, was distinctively Bostonian. Colonel T. Wentworth Higginson says: "He was as typical a Bostonian as could be found since the death of Colonel Perkins." He could have been at home amid no other surroundings, nor in any other society; he would have sickened and wasted away of unfitness in any other place than eastern Massachusetts. Sir Walter Scott said that if in any year he could not set his foot upon the heather, he should die; Mr. Lee might not have been quite willing to say that if he could not very regularly see the dome of the State House, he should die, but those who knew him would have said it for him. He knew all the

old annals of New England, and was saturated with the spirit of the bygone generations; he knew, with much accuracy, the histories of all the old families, not after the dry and accurate fashion of the genealogist, but with a vivid appreciation of the individuals. He knew where still ran the streams of the good blood of the old-time worthies as a sportsman knows the trout streams of the country. He could point out among his fellow-citizens all the descendants of the governors, the divines, the Indian fighters, the soldiers in the Canadian invasions, the ship-captains and privateersmen, the merchants and supercargoes of colonial and revolutionary days, and could tell just what traits ought to be looked for in the offspring, if heredity is a trustworthy science. All the traditions were at his tongue's end. All the old houses and streets and byways were as familiar to his mind's eye as were the newest buildings and the latest avenues about him. He was in ready, natural touch with people of New England lineage, and could drop in a moment into familiar and intimate chat with anyone, citizen, villager or farmer, who was a son of the soil of Massachusetts. This, however, is by no means to say that he always agreed with them; far from it; New Englanders are not apt to be of notably accordant dispositions, and Colonel Lee was true to the blood in this particular. But a moral kinship was easily established, and a fair field was opened for agreement or disagreement, as it might happen. A close diagnosis might show that in points of feeling, of human sympathy, of the emotions, he was broadly in touch with mankind, but that intellectually he often found it hard, sometimes impossible,

to understand an attitude or opinions widely different from his own. His breadth was of the heart, his limitations lay in his opinions. The story of his life is in spirit as much as by geography the story of a Massachusetts worthy. But, though his career brought him thus chiefly into contact with his lifelong neighbors, he was not thereby rendered narrowly local. English literature and history he knew well, of course; more than a little of that of France, and something of that of Italy. On several occasions he travelled in Europe where Italy especially charmed him, and the antiquities of London gave him much pleasure; but beyond all other things, naturally, he revelled in the Parisian and Italian theatres; he spoke French with some fluency, and gathered a good knowledge of Italian; and the recollection of the actors and actresses whom he saw abroad constituted one of his great pleasures at home.

Colonel Lee did not contemplate with that indifference which is called philosophy the infusion of strange bloods into the pure old stock of New England. "There was a time," he said, "and that within my memory, when all the inhabitants of New England, and especially of the old town of Boston, were descendants of those brave, pious men, who quitted pleasant homes in their native land to encounter the dangers of the seas, of savage beasts and still more savage men, to endure the pangs of homesickness, the hardships of wilderness life, the rigors of the climate, for conscience's sake. But now that we have become the asylum of all those afflicted or distressed in mind, body or estate, the dumping ground of the world, it is getting to be diffi-

cult to distinguish between the descendants of those hardy pioneers, . . . the rightful heirs of this goodly heritage, and the new-comers, driven by starvation or by justice hither, luxuriating in the abundance and freedom created by the unceasing toil of head and hand of eight generations of our ancestors. I feel the more sensitive on this point inasmuch as the prevalence of my name among the Mongolian immigrants will probably lead to confusion between my descendants and those of Wang or Ching Lee."

No remarkable achievement has been related of Colonel Lee; he could not sway the crowd of citizens in Faneuil Hall or in the old Music Hall as Wendell Phillips could; he neither sought public office nor permitted it to be forced upon him; he was no politician, nor ever assumed the rôle of the "power behind the throne;" yet, though he did none of these things, his fellow-citizens gave weighty consideration to his opinions. It was chiefly among his own acquaintance that his words were respectfully listened to, and his aid and co-operation often urgently demanded. His friends were the men who led and controlled the community and furnished it with its ideas and its arguments. Thus his direct influence upon the mass of the populace was never great, but he influenced those who influenced others. During the third quarter of his life Boston was still of such size and of such social homogeneity that it it was quite possible for one of her people to fill the peculiar rôle of the leading citizen. To this distinction Colonel Lee could for many years have laid just claim, not an undisputed claim, doubtless, for some other

persons would have had their own favorites to present for the position. As in the case of Miltiades, many individuals (or their friends for them) might have put their own names first, but each would have put Colonel Lee's name second.

The writer asked a gentleman who was as intimate with Colonel Lee as anyone now living, what was his distinguishing trait, which might be supposed to have gained for him his high place in the community. The reply was: "His integrity, — his extraordinary integrity; I have seen nothing like it in any other man." In our business community mere honesty is necessarily a common quality; if most business men did not play their hands with fair regard for the statutes of the State and the rules of the game, the game could not go on. It was not, however, of such merchantable honesty as this that the gentleman spoke, but of something greatly higher, something which may not be described in words, but which everyone must understand. If a man has it, it has come to him in his nature, not as the outcome of his intelligence or his good sense, or even of his respect for the ordinary rules of morality. So, also, if forced in any emergency of affairs to impale oneself upon a direct lie or an inconvenient truth, most Americans and Englishmen will take courage for the truth. But Colonel Lee was born with a terrible propensity for truth, a propensity to which he yielded until it became a passion that completely mastered him. It was so natural to him that perhaps he really deserved no credit for it! It got him into trouble at times, inevitably. For, after all, it is our virtues which we have most

reason to fear. Our evil tendencies we know, and we may, if we choose, combat and control them; but our virtues, unsuspected of evil, steal upon us unawares and treacherously entice us into snares and difficulties. Colonel Lee was never upon his guard against his good qualities. Had he been so, it would have been effort wasted, for he could never have become what by politeness is called "diplomatic." He found it hard even to conceal his feelings, and impossible to dissemble them. It must have been a dull man indeed who could talk with him long without finding out what he really felt.

Of course, having such dangerous traits, Colonel Lee gave offense and made enemies. It was to his credit that he did so; a man who is really good for anything and who is active in public affairs and in business, and constantly touching the community at many points, ought to stir resentments occasionally. What is really astonishing is that one so outspoken and so uncompromising should have brought upon himself so little ill will. But he seemed to claim, and to be accorded, the privilege of free speech, like a prerogative; he was forgiven till seventy times seven, and indeed very much oftener, and enjoyed general popularity and the warm affection of a much larger circle of friends than most persons acquire in the difficult passage through a not always amiable world. This was due to two causes. The lesser was that he never spoke in malice or from any unworthy motive; he never had a secret or selfish purpose to serve; he never sought to depress another in order that he might be exalted by comparison. His

honest assault undoubtedly often wounded deeply, yet did not excite vindictive animosity. The way in which his attacks were taken was in some measure indicative of the character of the man attacked. Thus he was often very severe upon his kinsman, Senator Lodge, to whom he wrote things which the senator must have felt to be unjust and perhaps personally unkind. But Mr. Lodge, while responding with abundant force and spirit, had the magnanimity to stifle personal hostility. The second and more important cause was Colonel Lee's broad and genuine kindliness of nature. His letters could not be illumined by his countenance, but any sting in his spoken words was almost always alleviated by the expression of underlying goodness of heart, and oftentimes the individual who winced under his satire would have felt sure enough of receiving an act of personal friendship from him, had occasion called for it. Moreover, he was well known to have somewhat the April day temperament; shadows drove across the scene; and there were days when he was irritable, — wherein he was not peculiar! Withal he was impulsive, and did not mitigate his feelings in the utterance of them; on the contrary, by his facility in the use of expressive language, he was tempted sometimes to let his words overpaint his opinion. Altogether, the world was very fond of Colonel Lee, and gave him leave to say what he thought, — which it does not do to many of us. Col. T. Wentworth Higginson, in appreciative words, said: "He had his own way many years. He was a unique personage in Boston. Everybody liked him and would stand more independence from him than from anybody else."

It is an easy, pleasant and virtuous action for A to give away the money of B; but if B fails to ratify the gift by his cheque, A is apt to be annoyed, and sometimes utters depreciatory remarks concerning B's liberality. Colonel Lee occasionally vexed our excellent friend A in this manner, for he chose always to exercise his habitual independence alike in giving and in refusing, but at the end of any twelvemonth he had usually parted with a considerable total sum. In fact, his giving was sometimes upon such a scale that it entailed economy in personal luxuries, which he might justly enough have allowed to himself before he began paying for others. As a rule, his benefactions were not such as to be heard of far outside of the persons concerned. It was, indeed, general knowledge that his contributions to Harvard College were large, but it was not equally well known that he paid the expenses of many students. Also those who carry round subscription papers were well aware that he gave freely in those political campaigns where questions of principle were at stake, always, however, accompanying the payment with the emphatic stipulation that no part of it should be spent in any corrupt manner, and never afterward exacting any direct or indirect advantage, in political influence for himself. Individuals were his beneficiaries rather than institutions. Thus, one of his relatives had experienced more ill than good fortune in his affairs, and as years advanced upon him he was doing only a moderately lucrative business as a cotton broker. "I cannot bear," said Colonel Lee, "to see ——— running about the streets with a bundle of cotton under his arm trying to get an order from a

mill treasurer! It must not go on so." Accordingly he went to the gentleman and said: "How much are you making per annum, and is it enough?" Receiving the reply, he said: "Well, if you will retire and live comfortably, I will pay you that sum annually during your life." The offer was accepted in the same spirit in which it was made. After the death of Judge Charles Jackson, whose sister was Colonel Lee's mother, some unforeseen complications rendered it necessary to sell the handsome old house and garden of the judge, on Chauncy Place, — one of the beautiful town houses of the old days. Mr. Lee bought the property for joint account of himself and his brother, and after holding it a very short time, he sold it at a handsome profit. He said, however, that he did not like to make money out of his Jackson cousins, and he distributed between the surviving daughters of the judge his share of the gain. Their notes of thanks for so rare an act of cousinly good feeling are among the papers of Mr. Lee's estate. No one knows much of acts thus privately done, but there is no question that the list was long of those who at one time or another owed comfort and relief from mental anxiety to Colonel Lee. "Humanity, thy name is Lee," said one of his friends to him one day, in well-deserved praise. It was not alone financial generosity that the words signified, — rather it was the observant thoughtfulness which suggested and guided the action, the spirit of friendliness which induced the giving. "His subscriptions," says Col. T. W. Higginson, "were always on a large scale. He would say: 'It is a great deal easier to raise this money in a few large sums than in

many small ones. I will be one of ten to give $1,000.' He had found that an enterprise was much more likely to be carried through in that way."

In conversation Colonel Lee was charming, but unfortunately, as is apt to be the case, the charm can only be brought back as a delightful memory by those who used to hear him; in fact, to-day there are hardly half-a-dozen survivors who can recall it in its best estate, for no man (barring the avowed conversationalist) can talk to others so well as he talks to his friends and contemporaries. Like most men who talk well, he was very fond of talking. Colonel Higginson laments that his long Sunday talks with Mr. Waldo Higginson have left no trace. Not less is it to be regretted that no echo can bring back any words from the long chats which he used to have at Beverly Farms with Dr. O. W. Holmes. "For seventeen summers," he said, "we have been neighbors . . . holding stated meetings every Sunday after church. . . . At these weekly sessions discussion ranged far and wide. . . . There was on each side an eagerness to talk which had to be regulated, after parliamentary usage, by the mistress of the house." At Beverly Farms also he used to chat, in the leisure hours of the vacation months, with Mrs. Parkman, with Mrs. Bell, the brilliant daughter of Rufus Choate, and with Mrs. Whitman, all his neighbors. Such people put him at his best; but he talked well with everyone, and was as neighborly with old "Uncle" John Larcom as with anyone else. He was one of those men whom one would cross a muddy street to exchange a word with, and go away surprised and disappointed if by a rare chance

something keen or picturesque or entertaining had not been said by the colonel. Sometimes such an ill chance occurred, of course; Homer is the precedent, and Colonel Lee was not always in the mood; but, as a rule, it was a wise speculation to cross the street. People used to repeat what "Harry Lee said this morning," and pass from mouth to mouth his "good things," as is the habit concerning witty sayings. One comes later expecting to glean much where there has been such luxuriance; but he gathers hardly anything; he finds a general reminiscence with no memory of particulars; what was said passed with the passing of the incident which called it forth.

Colonel Lee's talk was often of contemporaneous events, and then it was sure to be fresh and breezy, and not unfrequently the breeze was keen from the east. Often it was of the old times and the old places, the people long ago dead, the stories and gossip of bygone days; upon these topics he was rambling, discursive, and would run on as long as his hearer had leisure to listen, while his face expressed the infinite pleasure which he found in such converse. With him perished not only an infinite wealth of knowledge about old Boston and the old families and odd characters of the town and its neighborhood, but also the chance of having this knowledge displayed in a singularly fascinating shape. For there was nothing of the Dr. Dryasdust about Colonel Lee. He may have known a little less, — probably in most cases a great deal more, — than such learned men, and known it perhaps a little more or a little less accurately. The beauty was that he knew it abundantly, in a very picturesque way, and that he had the power of

vivid description to a very remarkable degree. His knowledge was not merely biographical; he seemed to know how our ancestors dressed and walked, how they talked, how they fared in their business ventures, what were their friendships and alliances, their heartburnings and their quarrels among themselves. Few of us see our contemporaries in such lively colors, or can describe them in such gossipy phrase, as he could bring to bear upon these ancient worthies, — or unworthies, as the case might be.

Not less happy was he in his capacity to rebuild the demolished houses, to restore the old ways and byways, to replace the old gardens and trees and fences. Such was his gift of word painting that he seemed to have been a caller in the antique rooms, to have clanged the brazen knockers on the colonial front doors and tasted the sea-tossed Madeira or the native rum, liberally dispensed at all hours of the day at the mahogany sideboards. It was really quite wonderful to listen to him for an hour, — he would let you have two or three hours, if you could, — when he got talking of these things. Every adjective between the covers of the dictionary seemed his servant, and in each instance precisely that one which he needed came at his call. Often it was some rare and ancient word, which came creaking up, dusty with age, as though it had been laid away for generations in order to perform a perfect duty in this especial case. This was a natural gift which also undoubtedly he had carefully cultivated and brought to great excellence.

With like accuracy and picturesqueness he observed and described the contemporaries whom he saw about

him. "His judgments," says Colonel T. W. Higginson, "were often whimsical and often unreasonable, but pungent and telling. . . . I would say in connection with his descriptions of character that he was a man too impetuous and of too strong prejudices to be strictly just, but he was ready to be generous even to opponents." It was rarely a minute analysis of character that he made, he did not delve into the obscure recesses of men's minds and trace subtle influences; but the outward man, with his visible and controlling characteristics, impressed himself dramatically upon Colonel Lee, and what he saw dramatically he described dramatically. To-day he stigmatized the "saponaceous speeches" of Governor Long, to-morrow he spoke of a certain person as "a retired drunkard;" the house of Governor Hancock was for him "the mellow, time-worn, sunny-faced old Hancock house." A lady who, with New England ambition for the good and the intellectual, had somewhat over-trained and over-educated her children, said to him one day: "My son says that he was at your house to-day, Colonel Lee; I hope he behaved well?" "Excellently, my dear madam, excellently;" he replied, "but I thought that I could see the mark of the collar." Of another person he said: "How hesitatingly old, or rather young, T. B. walks! Tall, stalwart fellow, graceful as when he played Gessler,— what a thin film comes between him and society!" Again: "A frozen looking couple! His figure is meagre, his arms hang out stiffly, his nose is red this chilly morning. . . . The two together hardly measure three feet in breadth." And still again: "There goes a

husband nicely, fashionably, dressed; but his recent advancement is betrayed by the tired stoop of generations of heavily burdened laborers."

Concerning a character once well known and much ridiculed in Boston Mr. Lee wrote:

"George Jones (Count Joannes) may have been born in New York, but when I first remember him on the Tremont stage in the late twenties or early thirties, he was son of —— Jones, constable, a stout man (English, I think) with a red wig, who went to King's Chapel; had another son who dragged a hand-cart. He played fops, etc., was a fair actor, but an inordinate thirst for applause led him into all sorts of follies and falsities. He degenerated into a mouldy, shabby-genteel, melodramatic pomposity in perpetual litigation about something or other. He might be characterized as 'spurious'."

Once when one of his young friends was engaged to be married, Colonel Lee said: "Get on your horse tomorrow morning and ride with me, and I will tell you all about the ancestors of your intended; you ought to know such things, and no one else can tell you so well as I can." He was as good as his word; there was a long ride, during which the young man saw all the busts on pedestals as well as all the skeletons in closets, pertaining to the lady's family during some generations.

In this connection, however, justice demands that it should be said that Mr. Lee was no lover of gossip. He liked to observe traits, to study character and to know real facts which were contributory to such observation and study. But idle tales were so distasteful to him that it was a tactless man who offered them for his entertain-

ment; and malicious, uncharitable whisperings found him not only deaf, but hostile.

Colonel T. Wentworth Higginson says that when he undertook to edit the "Harvard Memorial Biographies," Colonel Lee was very efficient in helping him to choose the writers, "often summing up the man's character in advance. . . . I should add that in that hour's talk with me about the 'Memorial Biographies,' in speaking of men I did not know, he would often jump up and say: 'This is the way he would walk down State Street,' and after each imitation I would feel acquainted with the man." He had also an equally vivid power of facial imitation. An instance of his strong habit of speech occurred at one of these interviews with Colonel Higginson: "Put it down," said Colonel Lee, "that it will always remain an uncertainty whether it was the insane vanity of the elder brother, or the drunken insanity of the younger, which utterly ruined the finest regiment that ever left Massachusetts." Thus he said what others knew and liked to have said by some one, though themselves shirking the responsibility. On the occasion of the choice of a new member to fill a vacancy in the Corporation of Harvard University, much preliminary discussion occurred, and many names were suggested. Colonel Lee made a list of these names, and in a few words gave the measure of each man. It was considered at the time a remarkable piece of work, and was handed about with some caution. All the persons named are now dead save one, and that one is highly praised; further, there is really little of severity in any of the remarks; therefore it may be permissible to reprint the paper:

"1827 Edmund Quincy
Spoiled a horn, but never made a spoon.

1829 James Freeman Clarke
Scholarly, interested in the College, known through the state; but a Unitarian clergyman, as is Dr. Putnam.

1829 William Gray
Conscientious, public-spirited, bountiful, clear-headed; but works balkily in double harness, especially with the present Fellows.

1835 E. Rockwood Hoar
Hereditarily fond of the College; strong-minded; but too much like the present Fellows; would swear that black was white, if contraried.

1836 William Minot
An old-fashioned man of excellent judgment and the loftiest character.

1837 Richard H. Dana, Jr.
Sincerely attached to the College, and widely known; not marked by common sense. One of my comrades adds: A happy faculty at making enemies.

1839 Samuel Eliot
A scholar, experienced educator, disinterested, devoted worker, known as a churchman, — but a cousin of the president.

1840 J. Elliot Cabot
The most accomplished scholar among the graduates not connected with the College; a man of very judicial mind and noble characteristics.

William G. Russell

'Mens sana in corpore sano,' interested in the College, sagacious, judicious.

1841 Francis E. Parker

Scholarly, shrewd, friendly to the College; but as his peculiarities are cultivated, his nature dies out.

1843 John Lowell

Very eligible — if an orphan.

William A. Richardson

With a reputation "strictly national;" might be had if wanted.

1844 Francis Parkman

Interested in the College, of extensive literary reputation, of uncertain judgment, but abundant firmness.

1849 Martin Brimmer

No want save that of scholarship.

1855 Theodore Lyman

Spirited, lively, but light-headed at times, and a cousin of one of the Fellows.

Phillips Brooks

A liberal churchman, an affectionate son of Harvard; fancy that his talent lies chiefly in preaching.

Alexander Agassiz

A scholar, level-headed, disinterested, wise man.

1859 Francis V. Balch

Not widely known yet outside his profession; but highly respected where known for his wisdom and perfect integrity."

Other instances of this descriptive faculty are to be found in his account of the Harvard Washington Corps, and his paper on the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, and indeed in many places scattered through his writings. There is no "fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum" in his lists of heroes; each one of them has his own proper distinguishment, done with a quick, clever touch, — half a dozen lively words often making a portrait. In his article on "University Hall" in the "Harvard Book," his somewhat more elaborate sketches of professors and tutors of his day are pen pictures such as many a famous novelist would be thankful to emulate.

His sketch of the members of the Boston Brigade Band, "in the forties," even going back in his "loose reminiscences to the twenties," is as clever a gallery of lively portraiture as one can read anywhere:

"The oldest musician I recollect, never perhaps of the Brigade Band, but leader at one time of a green-coated band, got up to accompany the Rifle Rangers in their new green uniforms under Sidney Bartlett, was Sam Wetherbee, a tall, sturdy man with very big calves which he sometimes dressed in leather gaiters, knee-high. He played the fife, and in the band the French horn, and he had the most wrinkled face I ever saw.

"One of the members of the Brigade Band was Mann, a hooked-nose, cadaverous-faced man, who played the serpent, I think, and at parties the violin. Jim Kendall was the first leader of the band, a muscular, well-formed man, a famous clarinet player and very quarrelsome. I remember at a concert given at Masonic Temple, for some eminent cornet player, Kendall packed up his

instrument and started to flounce away because this cornetist had held up his hand to enjoin more softness. Upon Tom Comer's remonstrance, Kendall made a jingo speech about his rights, etc., but was at last coaxed into submission. He left the band in a huff, I understood, and was succeeded by Fillebrown, a clarinet player and many years leader. Ned Kendall, the fifer and unrivalled bugler, never joined the Brigade to my knowledge, but played in the Cadet Band, formed by Jim when he quitted the Brigade Band. He was a tall, rather fine-looking man, and got haggard from late hours or some other cause.

"In the Cadet Band also was Downes, a dark-haired, handsome Englishman, who played the octave flute or piccolo. He was in the Tremont Theatre orchestra, as was Warren, stark, straight, deacon-looking, who played the violin and belonged also, I think, to one of the bands.

"Another orchestra musician who belonged to one of the bands was Pierce, an oldish man with rounded back and good face. He played the bassoon or bass horn, I forget which. His son was well known as a dealer in East India silk handkerchiefs, prominent in the old Mercantile Library Association.

"In the Brigade Band was another straight, well set-up, soldier-like man, who played the trombone, also Niebuhr, a flat, broad-faced German; and by the side of big-bellied Azel White marched Lem Clark with his French horn. Lem was a crusty customer, and became drum major, the first time in September 1830, on Centennial Day, and afterwards with the Cadets. He wore a scarlet coat, flat cocked hat, and carried a red baton,

which he never knew how to swing, saying 'he was n't going to play any of them monkey tricks.'

"There was a bass drummer, a very straight, showy man, named Stanley, who in his old age, as a fifer, lost all his style, and generally wore a two days' beard; he was a cobbler.

"This unkempt look characterized musicians then as it does now. The drummers and fifers were seldom dressed alike, except that the Cadets, New England Guards and City Guards had them uniformed, the first in scarlet and white, the reverse of their white and scarlet, the others in white with red trimmings."

The chatty, somewhat garrulous, discursive quality of Mr. Lee's talk and of his newspaper writing marked also the speeches and addresses of which he delivered a great number on occasions political and social. The style was not quite so well fitted for formal use, but with his usual shrewd and just appreciation he knew that in a moderate quantity it would be eminently agreeable, and he therefore rarely spoke at great length, and always took pains to illumine his remarks with some of the apt and often humorous quotations and literary allusions of which, as has already been said, he had an endless store. Upon grave public occasions he scarcely endeavored to make weighty speeches, but he was happily able to lighten the tedium of the more stupendous oratory. At gatherings of a more social character he had no rival as a presiding officer or as a speaker.

During his long life he wrote a great deal in the same vein in which he talked and spoke. As he talked better

than he spoke, so he spoke better than he wrote. In his writing there seemed a certain fragmentary character; his thoughts succeeded each other too rapidly; not infrequently a single sentence held too many suggestions and allusions, and so became complex, and had to be re-read. Such was his animation that he never had his pen long in his hand before he found an imaginary auditor before him, and he instinctively allowed himself those liberties which one can properly take in speaking, when aided by facial expression, emphasis and inflection, but which are apt seriously to disfigure writing. He was conscious of these defects and avoided them only by the exercise of some labor. Perhaps it was for this reason that he rarely made any sustained effort in literature. The article in the "Atlantic Monthly" on Mrs. Kemble, the contribution to the "Harvard Book," a couple of lectures on John Winthrop, never published, and perhaps one or two more papers are all which can be called elaborate. Most of his newspaper writing on political and other contemporary matters was of an excellence rare in those days, always with "snap" and "go" in abundance. But such work has to be served hot, read at the time that it is written; it seems but a cold dish when the event which it concerned is recalled with difficulty.

The following, by "Senex," on Labor Day, is a good specimen of his racy style:

"To the Editor of the Transcript: —

"The spirit evinced by the men on Labor Day and their mottoes confirmed my prejudices against this insti-

tution. You may celebrate a Carpenter's Day, a Lawyer's Day, a Merchant's Day, but it is invidious to appoint a Good Man's Day, or a Rich Man's Day, or a Laborer's Day.

"Who is a laborer? Surely you do not confine that universal attribute to the men who come slouching into your house, at say 8 A. M. and depart at 4 P. M., sent hither by the plumber, the mason, the carpenter. By such limitations you set up a distinction without a difference, and the so-called laborers seemed to resent the distinction; the mottoes on their banners evinced not honest pride and satisfaction, but savage discontent. Here were men, many of them translated from starvation to plenty, from a land of restriction to a land of liberty, men well paid for short hours of labor, dwelling in a city provided with schools, parks, play-grounds, churches, hospitals, societies for the distressed in mind, body or estate, supplemented by individual efforts to succor the unfortunate, as the columns of your paper manifest every day of the year; here were men of various callings, showing by their dress and by their banners that they were not proud, but ashamed, of their labors, discontented with their lot; that so far from recognizing the evidences of interest and co-operation upon the part of their employers and fellow-citizens and of the government in provision for their health, comfort, advancement, recreation, and responding in a friendly spirit, they sought to emphasize their bitterness by anarchical mottoes of the French Revolution order, ending with this doggerel:

The downfall of classes
Together with gold
Means the uprise of masses
With blessings untold.

"We wish that the governor or mayor addressing these paraders had denounced severely this baseless talk about masses and classes in a country of equality before the law, and condemned its malign spirit. How would the downfall of gold affect the $416,000,000 deposits in our Massachusetts savings banks, some of which I hope belong to these dissatisfied laborers? and how would the downfall of classes, who manage these institutions faithfully and judiciously, with no reward save that of doing good, affect these swaggerers?

"Parades! I wish we might abolish parades; they entail unwarrantable expense, they promote vanity, poverty and shams. Sham soldiers (I do not include our well-drilled, well-disciplined militia), sham brethren, sham knights, sham patriarchs, sham red men, sham gentlemen, sham noblemen, and why not sham dollars! The shop is a store, the store an office, the apprentice of yesterday is 'connected with the firm,' the returning expressman is tendered a reception by his family, everybody is somebody else, euphony and humbug flourish. The newly rich son of a money-making father, honest or dishonest, has a butler (we used to call him, when he came from New Hampshire, the hired man), a valet, a tally-ho coach and guard who toots humble wayfarers off the road; he talks of his father's old Madeira (which I know his father bought of the grocer round the corner), and speaks of his family so as to make the aged smile; in short, he is a nobleman.

"There are more cocked hats and regalia, a greater profusion of titles in the state of Massachusetts than in all Europe; there are more medals upon the breast of one of our militiamen than upon that of an Austrian field marshal. The papers say that the laborers were all neatly attired, many of the organizations uniformed —all in keeping with their dissatisfaction with their actual condition, out of keeping with their resources. It matters not whether it is a laborer masquerading as a gentleman in broadcloth, or a hoodlum gotten up in a make-believe livery, or the son of old Gradgrind disguised as a sporting nobleman on the box of his tally-ho coach, —they are all equally shams, all tarred with the same stick; reality disappears, distinctions are confounded, pretension quarrels with pretension, the commune is in the distance.

"The men who founded and developed this country were the farmers, traders and mariners of New England; they were, indeed, laborers, diligent in their business; each and every day, from dawn to dusk, was labor day for them; they were industrious, serious, frugal; they indulged in no pretensions, no extravagances, no disguises.

"In all our conversation let us call things by their lowest terms and so keep on the firm earth; in all public arrangements let us seek to compact, not to disrupt, society by wanton distinctions. "SENEX."

When Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lords Chancellors" appeared, the living Lords Chancellors remarked that it added to the terrors of death to think that their

biographies might be written by his Lordship. It might almost have been said in Boston, *e converso*, that it diminished the terrors of death to think that one's obituary might be written by Colonel Lee. This function of an "Old Mortality" toiling in the newspapers may not seem altogether attractive, but it really became so when the writing was done with such a feeling and gracious charm as Colonel Lee was able to give to it. He held a picturesque memory of each old acquaintance; he had a very kindly appreciation of his qualities, and he was animated by sympathy for those who would wish the departed one to be pleasantly remembered. Accordingly he always succeeded in drawing a striking portrait, in uttering praise which seemed just and sincere, and in warming the whole with genuine sentiment. For men and women, for the lowly as well as for the highly placed, Colonel Lee loyally used his rare faculty. For example: there was "old Logan," as he was called, a negro who grew aged in service as a waiter in Boston; he wore his woolly locks standing out at each side of his head in a sort of *ailes-de-pigeon* style, and as these became gray and almost white, old Logan grew into a striking personality; he was a good, kindly, respectable man, and since not many families had "indoor men servants," as they were called in those days, Logan was an aide at nearly every dinner-party at all beyond the ordinary. An English gentleman, well introduced, passed several days in Boston, and one of the things which he observed as noteworthy in the city was that every family seemed to have a negro butler, and that it was surprising to see how closely all

these servants resembled each other in their somewhat odd appearance. At last Logan died, full of years and of humble honors, and Colonel Lee wrote a pleasant, kindly tribute to him which would almost have compensated the old man for the pain of departing, if he had only been able to read such words from such a gentleman. A collection of these writings is gathered further on in this volume, and they will be invaluable in many Boston families.

One of the most caustic bits of writing which came from Colonel Lee's pen was called forth by a matter already referred to, but unfortunately was not given out in the form in which he wrote it. When Dr. Hale's "Story of Massachusetts" was published, the haphazard work stirred Colonel Lee, who resented alike the countless errors and the flagrant omissions. He sent to The Nation a criticism of extreme, but just, severity. It so happened that Dr. William Everett, led by a similar feeling, sent to the same newspaper an article of like tenor. The literary editor of The Nation, as it was understood, took both papers, combined them, inserted some remarks of his own, and published the composite article in the issue of March 3, 1892, under the title of "History Made Readable." It was a most damnatory document, and excited much interest at the time. Neither Colonel Lee nor Dr. Everett, whose names were, by conjecture, associated with the critique, were overmuch pleased, for the interpolations of the editor were not considered by everybody to be altogether in good taste. The first half of Colonel Lee's original paper is devoted to exposing a long list of errors of every possible vari-

ety, so that one hardly knows whether to be more astonished at the ignorance of the reverend author or at the minute knowledge of the critic. Passing over this portion, we find more to interest us in the latter part of the review, dealing with events within the personal memory of both parties:

"'*General Butler called upon Governor Andrew to say to him that he was sure that it was the intention of the Southern leaders to bring the matter to the arbitrament of war. . . . Northern states should not be unprovided for such an emergency. Acting upon his advice Governor Andrew sent a message to the Legislature, asking that it might be considered in secrecy, etc., etc.*' It would be discreditable to any citizen of Massachusetts, old enough to see and hear what was going on in 1861, to make this statement; it is positively disgraceful for one who pretends to write history. Early in December Mr. (not yet governor) Andrew visited Washington, and personally acquainted himself with the aspect of national affairs and with the views of representatives, both of North and South, and after that the Honorable Charles Francis Adams kept him acquainted, from day to day, with the progress of events; a confidential understanding was established with General Scott, also with Montgomery Blair and Edwin M. Stanton. There was a furious snow storm on January 5, 1861, the day of his inauguration. Without waiting for it to abate, his first official act, immediately after the inaugural ceremonies, was to despatch a confidential messenger to the governors of Maine and New Hampshire to acquaint them with his determination to prepare the active militia of

Massachusetts for instant service. The order for this mobilization was issued January 16th, the equipments ordered February 6th, — after a consultation with General Thayer of the U. S. Engineers and some other officers; a constant communication was kept up with General Scott, who informed the Governor when the troops would probably be sent for, by what routes they should come and other conditions.

"Contemporaries attributed these preparatory movements to Governor Andrew and blamed and ridiculed him accordingly; they rightly held him responsible, for it was he, and none but he, who took the wise initiative which placed Massachusetts then in the van.

"'*On the 9th day of April 1861, Fort Sumter was fired upon. Governor Andrew instantly issued his proclamation ordering into service the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Regiments.*' It was not on the 9th, but on the 12th of April that Fort Sumter was fired upon. On the 15th Governor Andrew received a telegram and subsequently a formal requisition for troops. He immediately (on the 15th) ordered the commanders of the Third, Fourth, Sixth and Eighth Regiments to muster them forthwith, and the next day he sent the same order to the Fifth Regiment.

"'*On the 18th of April the Sixth Regiment was mustered on Boston Common, twenty-four hours after the proclamation,*' which according to Mr. Hale was issued on the 9th or 10th, some two hundred hours before. The fact is that not on the 18th, but early in the morning of the 16th, the Third, Fourth, Sixth and Eighth Regiments reached Boston, and because of the howling storm were

not mustered on Boston Common but barracked at once. The Third, Fourth, Sixth all left in the afternoon of the 17th; the Third and Fourth for Fortress Monroe by transports selected and held in readiness from the last of January. The Eighth was despatched on the 18th; the Fifth, together with a battalion of rifles and a battery of light artillery, at dawn of the 21st of April.

"We submit these criticisms in the hope that a second edition may be issued free from these errors, some of which may be called preposterous, none of which are unimportant.

"The minor mistakes of misspelling names are unfair to the reader, who has paid for a perfect book; some of the dates might have been omitted, but if they are given they should be given correctly; the historical mis-statements which only vex the reader to-day will be misleading to another generation, who, knowing Mr. Hale to have been an eloquent preacher and zealous philanthropist, will presume that he must have been a well-informed and conscientious historian, and will adduce his 'Story of Massachusetts' as chronicled by one, who from his acknowledged intelligence and uprightness, and because of his familiarity with men and events about his own time, can be more implicitly relied upon than less famous historians whose narratives conflict with his."

Most characteristic were these closing words. Colonel Lee had meted out justice with rigid accuracy, and it had fallen with crushing effect; but before taking leave of his subject he bethought him of some pleasant words, true enough to contain a little real balm for the victim, and he wrote them out before laying aside his pen.

In the prolonged and desperate struggle waged under the able leadership of Miss E. P. Sohier for the salvation of the Old South Church, Colonel Lee naturally played an energetic and conspicuous part. He acted as treasurer, and undoubtedly helped liberally to fill the treasury of which he had charge. Of course all the usual machinery for stimulating public interest was resorted to, and there was especially one meeting at which the distinguished attendance had evidently not been left to compose itself at haphazard. On this occasion Mr. Lee read the treasurer's report, and as a sort of postscript thereto this appeal:

"To subscribers to the fund for the preservation of the 'Old South Meeting-House,' and to the public generally, I submit the following:

"To avert its immediate downfall, and to give the people, far and near, time to collect and bring in their contributions, a few persons have purchased the meeting-house and the vacant land around it, and have placed it in trust to await for a reasonable time the response of the public. I am able to state that $150,000 have been promised for the preservation of the building, provided that the further sum of $100,000 is contributed before the first day of April next.

"It is hardly necessary to remind the inhabitants of the 'old town of Boston,' or those who look back upon it with affection as their birthplace or the home of their ancestors, of the associations which attach to the building and to the ground upon which it stands. To recount them is to recount the history of the settlement from its beginning. It is the last of the Puritan meeting-houses

upon this peninsula; and here, over two centuries ago, in Madam Norton's pasture, Captain Thomas Savage and his associates built the meeting-house of 'the Third Church.' It was in this building that Chief Justice Sewall, with great Christian magnanimity, supplicated for mercy, on the Lord's day, in open congregation, for having under the popular delusion condemned to death the innocent Salem witches; it was here that Franklin was baptized on the day of his birth, and it was here he worshipped with his parents.

"The present meeting-house is associated with stormy town-meetings of patriots, wrought to indignation by the massacre of their townsmen, or driven by the exacting tyranny of their blind rulers to revolutionary deeds. At its door the band of Mohawks sounded the war-whoop as they rushed to the wharf where lay the tea-ships. Here Hancock and Warren, undaunted, rehearsed 'the horrors of that dreadful night' of the 7th of March, 1770, and here for a hundred years eloquent orators and reverend divines have addressed the dignitaries of town and state, moving hither in stately procession upon the day of the annual election and the day of our national independence. The very ground is historical, the oldest historical spot upon our peninsula, for it formed a part of the homestead of our patriarch, our first governor, the wise and patient and disinterested Winthrop. If, as John Adams has said, the Old State House is the birthplace of American independence, surely this is the birthplace of the Puritan Commonwealth. And in its tower, which we gaze at as we pass to mark the passage of time, were collected the annals of those early days, until

Burgoyne turned the meeting-house into a riding-school for his dragoons, and these precious records were stolen or wantonly destroyed by the ignorant soldiers. It is an ancient landmark, one of our last and most historic. Remove it not; its presence dignifies our city and lends to it a touch of that old-world charm which we New Englanders so admire elsewhere. Its absence would reproach us, and disgust the stranger who comes within our gates. There are sermons in stones; heed them."

Later on, the same evening, he made the following speech:

"In the report just read I have merely glanced at the chief events which have lent historic interest to the Old South Meeting-House, and I think they are as many as are associated with any building. In parting with many of our historic buildings we have met with not only a sentimental, but an historical, loss. The Province House, at the time the state parted with it, was worth, with its half acre of land, about $20,000; and we can easily see that it would have been a wise economy on the part of the state or city to have secured and retained it for their own purpose rather than to have built the expensive building since erected. The Hancock House, which was offered a few years ago to the public, was sold for $125,000, with the large tract of land which still remained around it. Within a year of that time the state expended between $200,000 and $300,000 in torturing the State House, — a most respectable, stately building, — into one of the most intricate nests of ugly confectioners' cells that I have ever seen. The Hancock House, and buildings which could have been

cheaply put up on vacant land around it, would have afforded more room, and at the same time its venerable associations would have been preserved. And so it has been with the other buildings which have passed away. There still remain to us two of the most ancient of our historic buildings, — the Old State House and the Old South, both memorable as buildings can be, marking events all along our brief history. If the Old State House may be fairly called 'the place where our national independence was born,' where James Otis pleaded against the writs of assistance, we can certainly say, without exaggeration, that the homestead of John Winthrop, who was the Alfred of our colony, was the home where the Puritan Commonwealth was born. There is a curious inconsistency in our people. They are very liberal in building new monuments, and do not object to using the state's money or the town's money for that purpose. But they have the idea that the old monument, which has got shabby, is no longer to be preserved. I don't see that trait in our people when they travel abroad. They do not stop in Liverpool to see the new docks or the new buildings. They go up to Chester to see the old buildings. They don't go to look at the recently erected palaces of Belgravia in London; they go to the Tower, which I think is equally shabby with the Old South. Even in Edinburgh, handsome as modern Edinburgh is with its classic architecture, they do not spend time there; they go over to the historical localities of the place to pass their time, — the old wynds and closes, with all their attendant repulsiveness and dangers. It is a curious thing that they don't

find shabbiness *there*, and do not confound homeliness with ugliness. Here they seem to have a different standard. But they say: 'This is a very different thing. The Old South has no such history as those localities have.' I don't know when we shall have history if we keep pulling down our historical buildings as we go along. It will be rather difficult to establish any history without any reminder. It seems to me we should hardly like to resolve ourselves into Communists and destroy our Hôtel de Ville or Sainte Chapelle. (Perhaps the latter name would not be appropriate to the buildings we are now speaking of, as no religious services can now be held there.) We don't want to destroy any of our historic buildings; and if we do, we in reality incur the reproach of communism. I, for one, believe it would be an economic matter to-morrow for Boston to tax every citizen for the sake of preserving these two old buildings. I think the interest which they lend to the city, and the value which they possess in various æsthetic and other ways, would quite compensate for any tax which should be imposed for their preservation.

"I cannot, ladies and gentlemen, expatiate on these matters as some others might do. Fortunately, we have upon our committee both poets and historians. It has been said that Robert Burns and Walter Scott built the roads through Scotland, and it is not too much to expect of our poets and our historians to save the Old South. We have here to-day a gentleman who is identified with the earliest generation of Puritans. I read in Governor Winthrop's narrative of 'John Eliot, member of the Boston congregation, and one whom the congregation

intended to call to the office of teacher, but who was called to be a teacher to the church at Roxbury; and though Boston labored all they could, both with the congregation at Roxbury, and with Eliot himself, alleging their want of him, and the covenant between them, yet he could not be diverted from accepting the call of Roxbury; so he was dismissed.' Now we have a descendant of the Eliot family here, and I should like to inquire whether there is an aristocracy of teachers in this country, — whether all the Eliots are called upon to be 'teachers.' If so, I wish he would teach us how to save the Old South. I don't know of any man more able to do it."

Upon occasions of this sort many persons allow themselves to be urged into uttering "a few appropriate words," without much caring about the matter in hand; but this was far from being the case with Colonel Lee; his whole heart was enlisted in every cause of this kind; he would have held every monument of old Boston as sacred as an altar. The genuineness of his feeling gave to his speeches an unwonted charm and influence, though it may sometimes have lent to his arguments a quality more specious than practical. But the ardor which led a sound-headed man of affairs to speak thus supplied the force which the arguments lacked. His impromptu speech on behalf of the State House, as Mr. Bulfinch designed it, was one of those rare addresses which have exerted practical influence on the preconceived opinions of men. Though uttered without premeditation, it was more often referred to and with more praise than any other thing of the like kind which he did. Apart from

the preservation of the Old South, so far as this was promoted by him, it is true that we see no definite results of his conservative efforts. Monument after monument has gone to destruction, in spite of him. Yet no one knows how much worse the havoc might have been had he held his peace; for such interest as he felt is contagious, and his talk down town and with his friends unquestionably stimulated a reverence for the ancient things of the city. When he wrote or spoke of them, he was listened to with interest, for all knew that his words were poured forth not only from fulness of knowledge, but from fulness of the heart also.

A letter to Miss Jewett, written not many years before his death, is tinged a little with the not altogether reasonable regrets of old age over vanishing days, but it expresses well his pleasing sentiment, his gracious reverence for the past times:

"My dear Miss Jewett: —

"Moving and a slight illness have delayed my acknowledging the receipt of the New England Magazine for July, 1894, containing your pretty history of Berwick, which came back to me as I re-read it.

"When locomotion was limited to the possibilities of the stagecoach or the one-horse chaise, and society radiated no farther, people made themselves busy and happy within this circle; and nothing now corresponds to it in cosiness or heartiness, when the alternative is to go to a concert in Boston or Denver. In Boston in my boyhood the houses were for the most part detached

garden houses; there was no quarter for the rich, they and the poor, successful and unsuccessful members of the same family, perhaps, — at least of the same stock, — dwelt in the same quarter; there were only enough foreigners to exercise benevolence on, not to intrude; families and friends built courts (no thoroughfares) to dwell in together, and there was a personal recognition and co-operation in all affairs, — social, municipal, ecclesiastical, educational, — which was wholesome. We all lived in this little world; all our work and all our play were there.

"We have lost two classes which gave flavor to our society then, which built up this country, — farmers and sailors, — by our stupid Chinese tariff, the men who had seen the wonders of the deep and those who had subdued the forests; and both had seen God. They were the backbone of our society and we have lost them wantonly. It makes me cynical to hear what a beautiful city we have made Boston, what beautiful parks, what a handsome quarter is Back Bay. I shut my eyes and see the lovely old Boston Emerson pictures, —

> The rocky nook with hill-tops three
> Looked eastward from the farms,
> And twice each day the flowing sea
> Took Boston in its arms,

a proud little historic town, peopled by homogeneous *folks* of a marine or rustic flavor, when the town melted into the country insensibly, the old natural country, not the chromo-boulevard-parklike country, which is better than nothing, but which is as like the old as

the wig is to the natural hair. (I have been a Park Commissioner myself.)

"I wanted to say to you how Mrs. Lee and I have enjoyed your stories as they have come out,—none more than the 'Country of the Pointed Firs,' the buxom, hearty, hospitable herb-collector, her relations with her mother and shy, sensitive brother over at the island, a gentlemanly, shy old man who has been a traveler, alas!

"When you are eighty years, my dear Miss Jewett, you will fail to remember what you read only some months since and felt sure of recollecting. I only know that I was so delighted with your story that I was tempted to break through privacy and dwell upon its subtle charms; it seemed as if you must have been the boarder and brought away photographs of some of the scenes so graphically drawn."

When the West End Street Railway Company made its villainous raid to capture Boston Common, Colonel Lee uttered his angry denunciation against a "greedy corporation which, backed by clamorous, unscrupulous suburbans, who desire to combine the advantage of cheap land in the country with cheap conveyance through the city at the expense of those who pay the city taxes, proposes to invade the Common.

"One suburban proprietor states that *immediate relief is imperative, and that a line of electric cars must be run across the Common* for their accommodation; and Mr. Hyde, counsel for the West End Railway, *sees no objection*, meaning, we suppose, that the railway sees no objection.

"One legal gentlemen, paid or unpaid, elicited great applause by stating the question to be: 'Is the Common made for Boston, or is Boston made for the Common?' This was very smart, and calculated to make the unskilful laugh and the judicious grieve. This astute lawyer and his brother Hyde seek to obscure the real question: Is the Common made for untaxed suburbans and a brazen-faced railroad company, or is it intended for the breathing space, the resting-place of tired mothers, pent up children, weary workmen, who have neither time nor strength nor money to travel to Franklin Park or any of the distant pleasure-grounds availed of by the wealthy citizens?

"Is the city government at liberty to alienate this old historic Common field, or does the city charter still except this and Faneuil Hall from the property of the city which they are allowed to lease or sell?

"Mr. Matthews states that while 3,000 antiquarians in Boston would object to using the Common for rapid transit, 500,000 people would vote for it. It seems as if there must be more than 3,000 descendants of the brave founders of Boston and of the patriotic generations who have made its proud history, who would resist the tearing down of the 'Old State House,' or the 'Old South,' or who would forbid the City Council to violate the charter by selling Faneuil Hall, or encroaching upon the Common, or cutting down Bunker Hill, in order to convey some impatient suburbans gratuitously through the breadth and length of the 'Old Town of Boston.'"

Colonel Lee had much liking for the country, but was of course too much concerned in active and social life to

bury himself in remote rural regions; nor was his taste so much for wild and untamed nature as it was for estates which had felt the civilizing hand of man, such as in his day lay within a dozen miles of Boston. He had an extensive knowledge concerning them, especially concerning all which had any claim to what passes for antiquity with us. For a few years, from 1873 to 1885, he occupied a house in Boston during the winter; but most of his life was passed in Brookline, where he first built and occupied a brick house on an estate which had been bought by himself and his father. These grounds lay beautifully on the southerly slope of a hill, with abundance of fine trees and an antique garden. The first reservoir, which was built when Cochituate water was introduced into Boston, lay directly in front of them, at the foot of the hill. The history of the place, in addition to its own charm, was a source of pleasure to Colonel Lee, for it had belonged to one of the old and well-known families. He wrote concerning it to Colonel Marshal P. Wilder, when that gentleman was compiling his book:

"My dear Colonel Wilder: —

. . . . . .

"In the year 1850 my father and I purchased a portion of the old Boylston place opposite the Brookline Reservoir. The old mansion house in which was born Susannah Boylston, the mother of President Adams, was taken down and the present house built in 1738, and is a fine specimen of the country houses of the provincial era, with its ample fire-places, well-wrought panelling, arched and pilastered alcoves, wide and easy staircase, carved

balustrades, etc. The present house was the house of the famous Dr. Zabdiel Boylston, who was first mobbed and nearly killed, and afterwards honored in this country and England, for introducing inoculation for small pox; he was the uncle of old John Adams. Some of the great elms under which John Adams played as a boy still cluster about the old house, and I have a letter from him to his 'Cousin Boylston,' written when he was about ninety years old, expatiating upon the beauty of the old place, its extended views, etc., and begging Boylston to buy it back from Mr. Hyslop, who then owned it.

"My father lived here half the year from 1850 till his death in 1867, gathering and distributing his crops of cherries, pears and apples, keeping off the canker worms, nursing his plantations of deciduous and evergreen trees with as much interest as if his livelihood depended on his success. It is a most attractive old country seat sloping to the south; the trees were always in blossom a week earlier than elsewhere; a large old-fashioned garden with fruit and flowers lay east of the house, the lawn sloped gently down to the road. The rest of the grounds were covered with apple trees, some of which were gradually cleared away to make room for ornamental planting. My brick house stands upon the site of the old barnyard, with two broad terraces connecting it with the rapidly sloping ground in front.

"The hill-side above and below my house is quite densely planted with evergreens intermingled with shrubberies, as I lived here only during the winter months, spending my summer at my sea-side house at Beverly Farms. My trees grew so rapidly that I have

been obliged to thin out constantly, and to shear my evergreens into masses, as I do my evergreen hedges.

"'Old Thomas Lee,' to whom you refer, was my father's brother, who for forty or fifty years spent his summers at his place near Jamaica Pond, which, in my opinion, was the best piece of landscape gardening near Boston. The park-like wood, the well grouped plantations of shrubs of every variety with their constant succession of flowers, the vistas, the lawn for many long years unrivalled, the footpaths winding about naturally, as dictated by obstacles or the undulations of the ground, the insertion of native or foreign shrubs and plants in their appropriate places, as if springing up spontaneously, — in short, the art of concealing art has never been carried so far by any of his contemporaries.

"It seemed an act of ingratitude to allow this place, upon which he had bestowed so much thought and love, to be sold, — but every one of my uncle's six nephews and nieces had country seats of their own to which they were attached; so this rare bit of landscape was sold to Mr. Dwight, and by him to Mr. Sargent, who has united it with his grounds and changed it altogether."

After the death of his wife's mother Colonel Lee occupied her house, about half a mile from his former place. This property was already well cared for; but he so improved it that it became one of the most attractive suburban estates in the neighborhood. At Beverly Farms, also, on the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay, he had a fine headland which he bought in 1845. Colonel Lee used to tell, with his amused smile, how the native owner thought that the city greenhorn who came

to him to buy that gravel bank and parcel of rocks had been sent, as it were, by the thoughtfulness of a good God, and how he joyously delivered the deeds in exchange for a small sum of the colonel's money. The fisherman-farmer lived to change his mind when Mr. Lee, by his skill and patience, by his loaming and planting, in the lapse of time made these barren acres one of the most beautiful points in the whole length of that famous coast.

He had a natural aptitude for landscape gardening, with a good knowledge of trees and of horticulture. He knew and loved the native wild flowers, and always noted them in his wanderings. When he travelled abroad his diaries indicate that proper interest in the pictures and the churches, which, of course, always inspires a cultivated gentleman making the "grand tour," but in every trip from one town to another he notes, unprompted by the guide book of Mr. Baedeker, every variety of flower blooming by the wayside. So when he went to New Berne during the Civil War, amid all the excitement and novelty of the panorama of a real campaign, having his brother, his relatives and his friends as active dramatis personæ, he yet mentions in nearly every letter to his wife the flowers and shrubs and trees which he finds there. Only once, and not for a very long time, his taste and knowledge were utilized for the public service. He was one of the three or four fit men who have ever been appointed upon our various Park Commissions. It was quite a matter of course that a new Mayor, "fulfilling the purpose for which the ring nominated and elected him," set aside Colonel Lee and Mr.

Gray, and in their places appointed "two Democratic politicians, whose knowledge of parks was not of the greatest."

In 1893 Colonel Lee thought that the enthusiasm for parks had been somewhat overdone. In the course of an article in which he strenuously opposed the scheme for the Charles River Embankment, he said:

"The benefit of parks has been demonstrated, and a certain acreage, well selected and distributed and sufficiently opened up with walks and frugally embellished with trees, shrubs and vines, should be provided.

"But we have gone mad upon the subject. We have laid out too many parks, and have tormented the grounds out of their pristine beauty, and on these superfluous earthworks and on imported and rare plants have lavished money until the maintenance of these parks and parkways will impose an annual tax of millions.

"Setting aside the problem of expense, these parks are all beautiful, beneficial; but this new project of a prolonged Charles River Embankment is the maddest of all; it would not only not be beneficial, but destructive of one of the most precious relics of the old town of Boston."

The disastrous advent of Mr. Doogue into the Public Garden aroused Colonel Lee's ire. He hastened into print, as usual:

"I am glad to see a sensible protest against the vulgar bedizening of the Public Garden, many thousands of dollars spent every year to lessen instead of to increase its charm. The French have an expressive phrase for overdoing in architecture, which applies to Mr. Doogue's

injudicious elaborations, *trop tourmenté*, and while the public purse would be repleted, the public eye would be rested by the substitution of well-shorn, well-wet, well-fed sod for ribbon gardening, or misplaced, profuse beds of brilliant flowers. Grass, trees, flowering shrubs and sparse perennials are the proper ornaments of a public garden; these, arranged with reference to habits of growth, time of flowering, harmony of color, would gratify the eye more than this crude gorgeousness.

"We regret to say that Mr. Olmsted sins as well as Mr. Doogue; he spends vast sums in too much intervention, too much fussing, too extravagant planting."

The next day he condemned "the crowded, bedizened beds of discordant-colored tulips," complaining that "such an excess of gorgeousness begets satiety."

These protests, however, seemed to act, as such protests so often do, rather as stimulants than as deterrents in respect of the evil complained of.

In Brookline he conducted a desperate and prolonged defence against the widening of Boylston Street for the accommodation of the electric cars. The counsel for the destroyers said with beautiful eloquence that "the tide of humanity which is advancing over Brookline" required the widening, but Colonel Lee was successful in staying the project for a time. It is only since his death that modern civilization has won its usual fatal success, and that the once beautiful road has become a hideous "boulevard." "The word boulevard," said Colonel Lee, "like all unintelligible words, supposed to stand for something magnificent, has misled our people into building most unreasonably wide roads with expanses of gravel

never driven over; costly to make, more costly to keep, and an eyesore to the lover of landscape." Apart from the special mischief plotted against Boylston Street, and incidentally against his beautiful place thereon, he always held electric cars in especial odium, as many another worthy citizen has done and still does; and frequent were the hostile screeds which the detestable machines called forth from him. In the course of this struggle in Brookline Colonel Lee made an appeal to sentiment which, though it seemed a feeble pellet with which to bombard an electric railway corporation, yet had an effect which quite astonished the opposing counsel:

"Mr. Chandler says that my opposition is sentimental. It is partly so. My affection for my place and its value to the town are enhanced by the antiquity and history of the old Boylston House, as I have endeavored to show. It is sentiment that has moved me to plead for the preservation of the Old State House, though its removal would replenish my purse. It is sentiment which has kept me for sixteen years treasurer of the fund for the preservation of the Old South, which induced me to work hard eleven years as treasurer of the Harvard Memorial Fund, and it is sentiment which makes me cherish the old trees and historic house which has passed into my possession."

An amusing story is told of him in connection with the extension of Commonwealth Avenue beyond Massachusetts Avenue. When that highway was still a mere expanse of freshly dumped gravel, Mr. Olmsted was engaged to furnish a scheme for rendering it beautiful. After duly pondering the problem he produced a

plan in the usual style of landscape garden work, streaked with meandering dabs of green paint indicative of anticipated foliage. Colonel Lee, who had his reasons for being interested in the matter, possessed himself of one of these expansive documents with its dreams of umbrageous forest trees, glades and dells and general boskiness. It was impressive, yet it failed to commend itself to his skilled eye. Thereupon he had recourse to his favorite game, played with bits of pasteboard cut upon a scale and representing trees, groves and shrubs of the average size; these he laid upon Mr. Olmsted's plan, with the result that they so overlapped each other, and so encroached upon walks and roadway, that it was obvious that the park must be at least two stories high to accommodate such a sylvan display. The consequence of this demonstration was the abandonment of the romantic scheme and the adoption of the present system.

CHAPTER VII

ATTITUDE TOWARDS RELIGION — SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS — DEATH

In his amusing and extravagant way Colonel Lee used occasionally to allege that any New Englander who was not a Unitarian must have some defect in his intellectual make-up. Of course he himself was of that creed; indeed, how could he have been otherwise amid the entourage of all those Lees, Jacksons, Cabots and Higginsons, pillars of that faith, absorbing with reverence every word spoken by the apostolic William Ellery Channing, and most ingenuously bigoted in their revolt against bigotry. He was puzzled and indignant that anyone should still accept the stern and hateful doctrines which the old-time divines had bequeathed to New England. On the other hand he was not at all disturbed that one should cast aside all creeds and almost all beliefs. It was the only instance in his life when he seemed careless of dramatic proprieties, for a man of his personal appearance ought to have been seen regularly every Sunday performing all the obeisances and genuflections demanded by the Anglican ritual; he would have been a fine and striking figure in a congregation of High Church Episcopalians; the only excuse for him is that in his early days the churches of this creed were in a very embryonic stage in Boston,

having not yet been taken up by the fashionable set. In his way, however, he was really devout, at least as devotion goes among Unitarians; he was a church-goer, and often of a Sunday, when kept at home by some cause, he would read a sermon to the family circle, and read it so well, too, that they listened with some pleasure. Obviously he would have emphatically denied any assertion that he was not as believing a Christian as the most strict of his orthodox neighbors. At a dinner given to his friend, Frederick H. Hedge, D.D., December 12, 1885, he said:

"Timidity and disingenuousness are not the characteristics of Unitarian divines, rather of those who are unfortunately hampered by a creed. But something more than freedom from disingenuousness; a bluff, downright utterance of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, characterized Dr. Hedge's preaching.

"The sight of a huge, soft-wooded, open-grained, rapid-growthed silver poplar with its pale bark, its sprawling grandeur, asserting its place among the slow-growthed, close-grained, hard-wooded hickories and beeches and oaks, — irritates me and I long to have it felled. So, when I am constrained to listen to the well-turned sentences of a comely, flabby, sonorous utterer of commonplaces or of borrowed thoughts, I am tempted, as was a humorous friend of mine, impatient of the preternaturally soft and solemn talk of her minister, to say 'devil! devil! devil!' But when a man who has read and thought and felt much pours out for me the lesson of his sweet and bitter experience, in words which burn

that lesson into my mind and heart, then I am instructed and refreshed."

It was largely through the efforts of Mr. Lee that the use of the Music Hall was secured for Theodore Parker, when that quasi-divine was preaching on Sundays a sort of secular sermon which shocked the good Unitarians about as much as they themselves shocked the good orthodox. The story cannot now be recovered in exact form, but the purport was that a majority of the proprietors of the hall, then newly constructed, were strongly opposed to permitting it to be used in this manner. Prominent in this majority was Mr. Lee's own caustic and formidable uncle, Mr. Thomas Lee. But Mr. Lee, who owned only one share, by a speech in which he ridiculed the idea of managing a hall on sentimental grounds, routed the majority, and thereafter the people of the "new light," the "come outers," gathered regularly on the sacred day to listen to the profane addresses of a very good and a very eloquent man.

So also in the early days, when Ralph Waldo Emerson was still anathema for all Christians save the most advanced Unitarians, Mr. Lee had anticipated the feeling of later years towards him. He once delivered at Divinity Hall an address on "The Ministry as Viewed by a Layman," in which he said:

"The gradual transition from liberalism to conservatism is as natural, as inevitable, as the gradual transition from spring to fall, from the strength and freshness of youth to the feebleness and dryness of age. The Unitarian clergymen, who a few years before had been

denounced by their Calvinistic brethren as radicals and skeptics, were now presiding over parishes filled with the wealthiest and most eminent citizens.

"The attitude of the church on slavery, temperance and other social and political questions, was more calculated to win the approval of their prosperous and prudent parishioners than to raise it in the esteem of sincere and enlightened Christians. They had moved the old fences further along, so as to include their own followers among accepted Christians, and were now, as boundary commissioners, resting from their labors and contemplating with serene self-satisfaction the excellent worldly and spiritual condition of the community enfolded within their liberal domain.

"Suddenly roused from their placid, not to say drowsy, condition by the attempts of some young presumptuous persons to move or climb the fences so carefully fixed by themselves, they assumed the old position of their Calvinistic brethren, and became rebukers instead of defenders of freedom of thought, confident that they had established the scientific boundary between liberty and license, between well-considered and ill-considered reform. This movement forward would have taken place had Emerson never lived. It was as irresistible as the movement of the glacier. But Emerson's influence in promoting and regulating it was very great.

"Combining hereditary piety with openness of mind and rare common sense, his outlook was that of a poet, and at the same time of an acute, practical New Englander, steering with unerring instinct between stupid

conservatism and impracticable reform. And his brief, pregnant sentences, his modest serenity amid ridicule and adulation, his sweet charity to those who followed and those who turned away from him, gave him an ascendency over his fellow-men.

"He was our Moses. Early had he heard and answered the voice of the Lord from out the burning bush. It was he who, guided by the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, for forty years led the people through the wilderness. It was he who, when they were famishing, fed them with manna from heaven; who, when they were dying of thirst, 'smote the rock twice, and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank.' Stigmatized as a skeptic, he rallied the fugitives from pew and pulpit, driven off by that worst form of materialism, that unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, — the worship of forms and dogmas, — and brought them to see God face to face.

"'And when Moses' father-in-law saw all that he did to the poeple, he said, "What is this thing that thou doest to the people? Why sittest thou thyself alone, and all the people stand by thee from morning until even?" And Moses said unto his father-in-law, "Because the people come unto me to inquire of God."'

"Which of the Beatitudes did he not exemplify? Poor in spirit, meek, merciful, pure in heart, a peacemaker, reviled and persecuted and falsely accused, this child of God, the heir of earth and heaven, the light of the world, passed to his great reward. 'And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him.'"

There is also another paper of his which, on March 15, 1886, was "Spoken at a Social Meeting of our Brookline Church," and which in his copy is entitled: "Why we go to Church." The introductory paragraphs contain not unfamiliar history; after these, he continues:

"John Adams, in a letter to a French abbé, who desired material for a history of the American Revolution, writes that there are four institutions which he hopes will be preserved as the foundation of the liberty, happiness and prosperity of the people. These four institutions are, — first, the towns; second, the churches; third, the schools; fourth, the militia. He might have added that in the beginning there was but one institution, for our government was at first a theocracy, — the church dominated the town, the school and the militia. No man who was not a member of the church could hold office or even vote; none save members of the church could be freemen; the schools and colleges were founded and directed chiefly by the clergy; and as to the militia, the heretical followers of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and the Reverend Mr. Wheelwright were disarmed because of their heresies. The laws, and the penalties for their violation, were drawn up by the clergy from the cruel code of the Old Testament. How little they were imbued with the spirit of the New Testament, — these autocratic clergymen, — may be judged by their treatment of Roger Williams, Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and others, and their scourging and hanging of the Quakers. Think of a married woman of excellent repute compelled to stand on her feet for two whole days, and this, too, when in a condition to

be harmed by fatigue or excitement, to be badgered and cross-examined and insulted by a dozen or more magistrates and clergymen because, forsooth, she had dared to differ from said worthies on points of theology, and to hold meetings of women at her house to discuss these points and to criticise some of the clergy. And this ordeal was followed by a prolonged inquisition and then by banishment to the wilds where the pagan Indians, no more cruel than the Christian clergy, massacred her and her children. Yet these men had the heroism of the early martyrs, — tearing themselves away from pleasant homes, they had endured the pang of parting, the homesickness of exile, and ventured across the seas to settle in a cold and barren wilderness full of savage beasts and still more savage men, that they might worship God in spirit and in truth; — 'thus saith the Lord' was their watchword, but they were more saturated with theology than with charity; and fear of schism, together with spiritual pride and the remembrance of their past sacrifices, had hardened their hearts against dissenters. They magnified their office, they confounded the things which be Cæsar's and the things which be God's. They were, little by little, stripped of their temporal power, as has been the Pope of Rome in our day, and the schools emerged from their thraldom.

"If, in the early years of this century, the temporal power of the clergy was well nigh gone, the cruel creed of Calvin still prevailed. Dr. Channing relates the awful impression made upon him when a boy by one of these gloomy discourses, so that he sat anxiously

watching his father on their drive home, unable to utter a syllable, until at last his father's whistling and his subsequent serenity convinced the poor, terrified boy that he did not believe the preacher. But while a sturdy, clear-headed lawyer might reason himself free from this hideous creed of man's devising, many sensitive, devout women were crushed by morbid anxieties.

"I am asked why I go to church. I cannot conceive what pleasure or profit could have been derived from attending church up to this period in our history. At the best it was unprofitable, at the worst it was maddening. Fortunately for me I was born after the Unitarian movement had taken place, when the men most capable of reasoning and of enduring the disapprobation of their brethren filled the pulpits of the new sect. Thacher and Buckminster were dead. They and Channing had, according to Dr. Kirkland, 'introduced a new era in preaching.' It was a new era, a return to the preaching of our Saviour, subordinating or rejecting theological dogma as a superstructure of questionable truth or unquestionable untruth; substituting a conviction of man's possible elevation for a belief in his total depravity, representing God as a just and merciful and ever-present Father instead of a distant and offended Deity only to be reconciled by the blood of the Lamb; rejoicing in the beauty and goodness of this world pervaded by sweetness and light, instead of moaning over it as a vale of tears shrouded by gloom; picturing the world to come as the sequence of this with its record of good and evil, and not as the heaven and hell to which erring mortals were capriciously con-

signed to endure everlasting torment or to enjoy never-ending felicity. Whoever reads the biographies of the founders of Unitarianism will think better of the human race, — so brave, so patient, so strong-minded, so disinterested, so true to their convictions were these men. The correspondence of the Buckminsters, — father and son, — reveals the distress caused by these divergences of belief between persons closely bound together by love and kinship. Born into a family on friendly relations with most of these clergymen, I naturally regarded them with respect and interest, within and without the pulpit. President Kirkland's sententious sagacity and benignity, Dr. Lowell's fervor and brevity, Dr. Walker's logic and weighty matter, Mr. Greenwood's poetical strain, his look like John the Evangelist, his solemn musical reading of the liturgy, and last and greatest of all, the eye and voice of Dr. Channing, his atmosphere of holiness as, burdened with the gravity of his mission, he struck awe into the hearts of his hearers; — all these and many more among the younger clergy, each with his own peculiar angle of incidence, impressed and interested me. Then the music, the hymns, had great power over me. There were some that I could hardly bear to hear sung, so affecting were they to a boy dependent for his happiness on his parents and near relatives, and inconsolable at the thought of their possible loss. One great delight to me was, and always has been, the ritual of the church, with its prayers for all conditions of men, its chants, and above all, its responses, — all beautiful and hallowed by the use of generations; and much as I have enjoyed the services

in our Brookline church for thirty-four years, I still long for the Chapel liturgy.

"It seems to me that when we assemble together to worship God in the bond of love and in unity of spirit, we should all take part in the hymns and in the reading of the Psalms and in the prayers, and not devolve the duty upon the minister alone. Lastly, the church, or more properly the meeting-house, in which I worshipped, the first Episcopal and the first Unitarian church in Massachusetts, — the old King's Chapel, — was to me from my earliest years an object of affection. I remember the impressions it made on me, a boy three years old carried into the venerable building in the arms of my father's hired man. How far it is well to burn the lamp of sacrifice in building our churches, I am not prepared to say. The old Puritan meeting-houses were bare, but they were dignified and characteristic; but there were, and are, temples most pretentious and inappropriate for worship. Truth compels me to admit that there were, in my youthful days, some dry and to me wearisome preachers, some whom I dreaded to see mount the pulpit stairs. I remember one poor country clergyman who boarded in a house with me, one room serving for study as well as for chamber for him, his sweet, delicate wife and perpetually crying baby. Emerson says that where there is cinder in the iron, there is cinder in the pay; and so, inversely, where there was weariness in the study, there was weariness in the sermon. There were in those days more predestined clergymen, predestined by their earthly father, and hence more indifferent, incapable preachers than now.

"I went to church when a boy as everybody, young and old, went, as a matter of course. Such was the universal custom, and it was an age of authority, of conformity to custom, few questions asked, — none of the young. It would not be fair, however, to infer that the community was more interested in religion because the attendance on church was more universal. We lived then in walled towns; the walls were not very near, nor were they any more visible than the horizon. The radius of the circuit of the walls was the accomplishment of a one-horse shay; society was restricted by this primitive locomotion; within this compass they must find their resources. Hence an interest in local occasions; — Commencement Day, Election Day, Independence Day, Fast Day, Thanksgiving Day, were the regular holidays; their ceremonies and exercises were attended, and college and school exhibitions and ministers' ordinations were included. One has only to go back a few generations further to find that Judge Sewall found great refreshment in funerals. There might have been meagreness and provincialism in such a limited circle of existence, but there was also much heartiness, much co-operation, much warmth. To me those days of familiar intercourse with everybody, of identification with and interest in every member of a homogeneous native population, of knowledge of and participation in every event, — private and public, — seem in retrospect far pleasanter than life under the present amorphous, alien and inverted conditions.

. . . . . .

"But in comparing the past with the present I am sure that among the preachers of to-day is a more manly, thoughtful and independent tone than then prevailed. I say prevailed, for no preacher of to-day has surpassed the leaders, some of whom I have enumerated. The change in the position of the clergyman since the day of our Puritan ancestors marks the steady progress of humanity. No longer an autocrat, no longer a lawgiver, no longer disputing endlessly about a covenant of faith and a covenant of works, about justification by sanctification, no longer hanging witches or denouncing heretics, his mission now is, according to Phillips Brooks, to bring spiritual influence to struggling humanity, — filled with reverence for God and love for man, to be a mediator between God and man, devoting himself to matters of vital importance, to charity, temperance, political reform rather than to theology, and working in concert with men of other creeds, but with the same end in view. The glacier seems to lie as motionless as the rocky walls which enclose it; nevertheless it moves, and the Puritan of the first generation has been slowly evolved into the Unitarian of the present generation. The churches of Boston and of the old towns, with hardly an exception, have become Unitarian. It has been alleged that Unitarianism has not spread, for it has not compassed sea and land to make one proselyte. This is true nominally and false virtually; it has modified all creeds, liberalized all sects; it has enjoined and fostered practical Christianity. If questioned as to their work, the Unitarian pastors might well reply, in the words of their Master: 'The

blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them.'

"I have endeavored to explain why I go to church:

"1. I was brought up in the days of the Jewish Sabbath, when attendance was enjoined on all, sick and well, old and young.

"2. Eleven Puritan clergymen among my direct ancestors infused into me the habit and the enjoyment.

"3. I happened to grow up at an interesting period, when the churches were very much alive, and I have since been very fortunate in my pastors.

"4. I believe, with John Adams, that it is one of four institutions to be preserved as the foundation of our liberty, happiness and prosperity, and that it is the part of a good citizen to support them all.

"Why young people do not attend church as their fathers did is partly explained by larger liberty of action and locomotion, by greater weariness after the work of the week, by the increased resources of books, etc., etc.; and I can only further account for it by remembering that every generation is born and bred under new influences not easily analyzed; that the books in which we delighted bore our children, that their habits of thought, their views of life, differ from ours, and that among these differences is this of church attendance. But notwithstanding this apparent indifference to religion, as at times we complain of an apparent indifference to politics, what generation could manifest a greater reverence for and attachment to the four institutions John Adams hoped would be preserved than did this

generation, when our militia, true to the teachings of the church and the school, rallied in every town in our Commonwealth, marched to the defense of their country and for four long years battled for freedom and humanity?

> Their fathers' God before them moved
> An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.

> If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life, also, he cannot be my disciple.
>
> Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

What with business and the Safety Vaults, Harvard College and public affairs, as serious occupations; with studies genealogical and antiquarian, matters dramatic and matters military, and the care of his country seats, as pursuits more purely pleasurable, the list of Colonel Lee's occupations seems longer than that of most of us. Yet he found time for many other tastes. When he was in College the Med. Fac. made him professor of "Miscellaneousness and Gout." The "gout" symbolized his aristocratic tendencies, which in later years remained quite visible, though always in tranquil subjection to his sound sense and good taste; the "miscellaneousness" abode with him, in luxuriant development, all his days.

He was very fond of music, and had a fair knowledge of it. When a young man he played upon the flute; he also had a good voice and sang very well. His strong feeling for hymns, as sung in the churches, to which he alludes as affecting him in his boyhood,

stayed with him all his life. During his earlier days, in every parlor of the United States or the United Kingdom, the graceful versicles of Tom Moore were warbled or sung, according to the capacity of the young lady performer; while the songs of Burns fascinated a smaller but more discriminating circle. For many years after these had passed out of fashion the Italian Opera continued in possession of the stage. To all these melodious forms of music, entwined with the delightful memories of youth, Colonel Lee remained warmly loyal all his life; and indeed he was very fond of singing these airs. Later the innovation of the noisy and clangorous German school he received with sarcastic hostility, and used derisively to pronounce the name of Wagner in the broadest English fashion, as an ingenious indication of his crushing contempt for that composer. Military music naturally pleased him, and at one time, when some reminiscences of the old Boston Brigade Band were called up in the newspapers, "Senex" wrote: "I remember some of the tunes they used to play. In those days there was slow time, common time, and quick time, and all escorts marched at slow time in keeping with the dignity or solemnity of the occasion.

"There were the Nahant March and the Cadets' March, much played, and of quick-steps there was Otis' Quick-Step (named for William F. Otis, captain of the New England Guards after William H. Gardiner), also Willis' Kentbugle March and his Quick-Step, then Russell Sturgis' Quick-Step by Rieff. Russell Sturgis was captain of the Boston Light Infan-

try, the handsomest man in uniform I ever saw. There was a very popular quick-step called *pas redoublé*.

"All these tunes, and others not known to me by name, I can whistle to-day, so firmly are they imprinted on my memory; in fact I induced Burditt to play the Russell Sturgis Quick-Step, long ago laid aside, by whistling it again and again. These marches expired in the thirties and were followed by Wood-Up, and many more marches that I never knew, or have forgotten.

"There was a charm in the wood and reed and bugle music not conveyed by the brass bands, in my opinion."

He had also a fancy for amusing his leisure hours with domestic architecture, and often worked quite hard in drawing designs. Some of these were never used; but many others took actual shape, for in the course of his long and busy life he several times had occasion to build or to remodel houses. But whether he was practising this art with a view to actual use, or simply as a pastime, he was more thorough than architects for hire are wont to be in their work. He used to cut out the pieces of furniture for the several rooms, in cardboard, upon a scale, and try them in their places upon his plans, so that the real or imagined occupants should not find that they had paid their money for a house wherein there was a dining-room with no possibility of a sideboard, or a bedroom with no place for a bed. A further illustration of his skill in the building art was furnished when his brother-in-law, Edward C. Cabot, was chosen as the architect for the Boston Theatre. Mr. Lee was abroad, and he

visited many theatres, and studied carefully their plans and all the details of equipment. The knowledge which he brought home proved highly useful, but by no means exclusively as furnishing models for imitation; for the Boston Theatre was long admitted to be far in advance of European standards, alike in construction, in general plan and in details.

In drawing, otherwise than architectural, he was not without facility; he found much amusement occasionally in sketching faces and figures of persons about him. But this was a mere amusement, not to be taken too seriously. It may, however, be safely believed that there were other and more worldly reasons than his skill with the pencil which led to his being made one of the trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts.

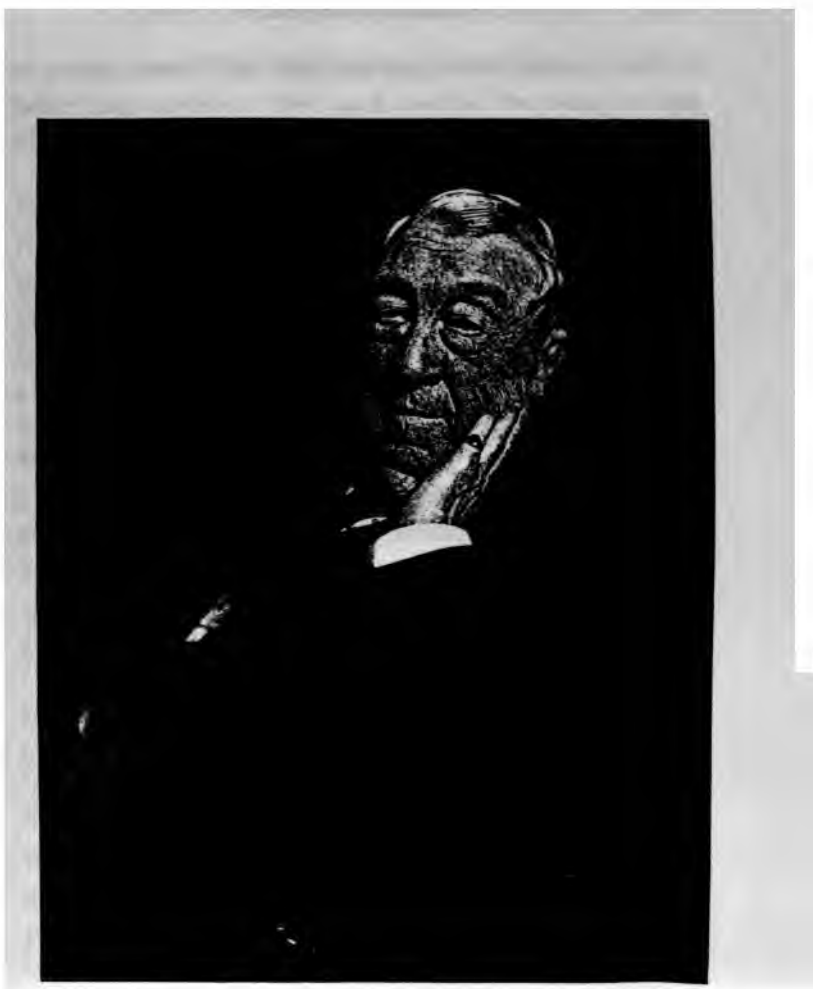
Still another resource for leisure hours lay in his fondness for literature. His conversation, his writings, his speeches all show how wide was his field of reading and especially how marked were his tastes; for in attaining such familiarity with his favorite authors, he must have re-read them many times. Foremost should be named Shakespeare, or rather some of the plays of Shakespeare, for he had decided favorites and there were some for which he cared little. For Scott also he had that fondness which is felt by every gentleman sturdy of body and mind. Emerson he regarded with reverence, as most New Englanders have done for several years past, though they did not all gain light so early as Colonel Lee did. He liked to read aloud; and his family and friends were as glad to give him opportunities as he

was to avail of them. For he read very well; if he had not versatility for the presentation of all parts, he at least gave intelligence and feeling to all, and rendered many to admiration; his voice was flexible and agreeable, and his manner and intonation were those of a cultivated gentleman, never disfigured by the slightest touch of that terrible rhetoric which makes most reading aloud a thing to shudder at; so his reading gave pleasure, not pain, which is rare praise indeed. He was further a careful student of the history of the United States, and had in his mind's eye not less vivid pictures of the national statesmen than he had of the old New England worthies.

Biographers often find it wise to forget to mention the personal appearance and the manners of those whose career they are recording. But no such embarrassment attends the memoirist of Colonel Lee. In his famous review of Rev. Dr. Hale's "Story of Massachusetts" he cited, among that gentleman's unfortunate errors, this sentence: "Very remarkable personal beauty has, for at least a century, been evident in the immediate descendants of her [Anne Hutchinson's] blood;" as to which he wrote: "A large number of her direct descendants (including the present writer) have not been co-heirs of this comeliness; but as she is only one of two hundred and fifty-six ancestors, they do not hold her responsible, as it may have been some other of the crowd *qui n'était pas si bien.*" He had, however, no need to disparage himself. He was a very fine-looking man, — tall, of vigorous form and carrying himself well. If he fortunately escaped too great regularity of

feature, and if the statuary would not have selected him to be perpetuated in marble, the painter certainly would have desired no better subject for his canvas. His features were strong and manly, and his face was full of expression, varying in sympathy with the mood of the moment; sometimes he was thoughtful, but more often in conversation humor enlivened his face; nearly always one saw plainly a mingling of shrewdness which might not easily be deceived, with kindliness which would be readily moved; yet he was quite capable of sterner aspect under provocation. His bearing was simple, but very distinguished. No one ever looked more fully the gentleman, and his manners were those of the born aristocrat, — unaffected, but of a certain courtliness, — what is commonly described as of the "old school." He looked as the best type of English gentleman ought to look, according to the ideal cherished by readers of Addison, Walter Scott, Thackeray and Washington Irving; — "an English gentleman in America," as used also to be said of George Washington, — without prejudice to the entire Americanism of either General Washington or Colonel Lee. His cousin, Colonel T. Wentworth Higginson, said: "His manner and bearing were exceedingly English, without the slightest effort to be so. When I was in England last year I saw a half-dozen persons who had Colonel Lee's air and bearing."

The ways of little children pleased his kindly sense of humor, and he liked to read or to sing to them, to joke with them and lead them to be saucy to him, when he would pretend to be shocked. Even when he was



a young man, "he liked to play with babies; and in later life, however tired and worried he was, he was always happy with the baby in his arms."

He had also the English love of horses, and always had good ones in his stable for riding and driving. He rode well; and when in the saddle, upon one of his mettlesome animals, he looked more English than ever. One of the family warns that Colonel Lee would not forgive one who should write of him without a word also for his horse, "Tom Tug," and preserves this tribute: — "The name, taken from the play of 'The Waterman,' described Tom's way of going; for he pulled up hill and down, especially up; whirled round corners; and stood like a lion-rampant at the door. He had great courage, which never failed; though after the age of twenty-five or thirty he was often too feeble to be gay. The Colonel talked to him a great deal, and declared that Tom liked to be praised, and that he enjoyed terrifying timid people. Tom never hurt anyone, and on some important occasions was as sedate as a hearse-horse. He was older than any of the Colonel's children, who felt much respect for him as well as affection; indeed, one little boy had a way of standing in the stall and embracing Tom's hind leg, while the animal stood perfectly still watching him."

A word should be said as to the colonel's habits of dress, even at the risk of the charge of triviality; indeed he himself would have been very indignant if an unappreciative silence should leave him without a compliment in this matter. "He was a great dandy," said one of his intimate relatives; but "dandy" is hardly the word which

is wanted: rather, he was a very well-dressed man and punctiliously neat, for he was not one of those who conceive that the descendant of a line of gentlemen takes thereby the privilege of being a sloven. Moreover, he had the good sense to know that to be "well set-up" conveys a practical advantage in one's relations with others. But the interesting fact, which makes it proper to mention such lowly things as frieze and broadcloth, is that his costume was always remarkably well conceived; it evinced his dramatic skill; he appreciated his own appearance, manners and character, and happily adapted his clothes to them; he dressed his part in the world to perfection, and it is a noteworthy and characteristic fact which should be recorded.

The last subject upon which he evinced his interest in public affairs was the recent "war," so called, with Spain. There is among his papers what seems to be a rough copy, in pencil, of a note as follows:

"I am lying ill, not allowed to use my pen, — my illness being partly caused by my extreme distress at our precipitation into an inexcusable war. Why should we attempt the solution of an impracticable problem? Spain offers a cessation of hostilities and to have the question of the Maine left to an impartial tribunal. What more could we ask at the end of a successful war?

"Ought we not to meet and protest in a most solemn manner against this armed intervention, a measure contrary to justice, contrary to our best traditions and directly opposed to the fervent wishes of a majority of

our people? Might not such meetings here and in New York bring Congressmen to their senses, even at this hour?

"Yours anxiously,

"HENRY LEE."

His son-in-law, Dr. Frederick C. Shattuck, was calling upon him at this time, and Colonel Lee said to him: "So you are an Imperialist! Pray, how does that happen?" and then continued, answering his own question: "I remember that when I was a Free Soiler in the days before the Civil War, my uncle, Dr. Jackson, then an aged man, an old-time Whig and conservative of course, said to me one day: 'Harry, how, under the sun, can it be that you are a Free Soiler?' and I replied to him: 'Well, sir, you see I am a young man and you are an old one.'"

In December, 1897, Colonel Lee severed his connection with the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., having the good sense to apply the quotation which he had prematurely made to the Tavern Club: — that it was

— time to be old
To take in sail.

In fact, it was evident that he was breaking. He had, however, the happy fortune to escape the physical and mental distress of senility. His mind retained its force, and while his bodily strength waned, he suffered no prolonged illness of body. He died at his house in Brookline, November 24, 1898. Naturally, at his funeral in the stone church on the hill there were few

contemporaries, but there was a more impressive gathering of personal friends and of eminent citizens than often comes together at the burial of one who has led the life of a private individual, and who dies at the age of eighty-one years.

After Colonel Lee's death Major Henry L. Higginson wrote, in his memory, the following admirable and eminently just and discriminating pages:

"AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN

"We perhaps too often say of a valued friend that he is a man apart from the rest of men, yet of Henry Lee it was true.

"His father, a man of large intelligence and enterprise, was absorbed in political-economical ideas and forgetful of ordinary rules and cares; so from early youth the son, while admiring his father's good points, was forced to supplement the weak points by taking up cares and responsibilities unusual for so young a man.

"Perhaps from early memories he hated business in the ordinary sense, that is, buying and selling, borrowing and lending, and always declared himself a wretched business man. Yet he well understood the great laws of trade and enterprise, and when he determined to build his safety-deposit vaults he prepared himself for the task with the utmost care, and therefore he succeeded. This venture was quite in keeping with the workings of his mind, which did not permit the constant change of attitude, the presentation of only one

side to himself or to others, that a purchase first and then a sale of an article or an investment requires. He saw the entire propriety of the transaction, but did not like it.

"He gladly acquired money in the regular fashion, but under no pretext could he be induced to accept one penny that he had not fully earned — either by work or by venture of capital. He gladly spent money for generous and healthy living, for friends, for education, art or benevolence. Yet here he also asked full value for his expenditure, while insisting that it should not be immoderate, for he asked measure and fitness in all things.

"He liked place and honors such as in his opinion were due to him; but he flatly refused the degree of LL.D. from Harvard University, although he admired and trusted the men who offered this distinction only less than he loved and venerated the University. His sense of justice and of fitness told him that it was not his due, and no matter who else of lesser merit had received the honor he would none of it.

"This sense of justice, of truth, was strong and abiding and showed itself in other ways. With a keen sense of humor and great insight into character, united with this love of justice, he felt the good and bad points of men and women, and often mentioned them, — sometimes with a caustic tongue. No man treated his true friends more liberally to criticism and praise, to reproof and love, than he.

"The life in which he delighted and of which he had a full share was in the woods and garden, which he

with his own hands tended; in his library or in his dining-room, surrounded by his family and friends, whom he entertained with his humorous stories and remarks. Wherever he might be, there was society in a high sense.

"Of books he read the best and highest and knew them well — history, genealogy, essays, poetry. Shakspeare and the Bible he revelled in. Not a scholar himself, he was good company for scholars, or at least for men of ripe culture, and he highly prized education of a simple, healthy nature. With his death the old town shrinks and dwindles for us. We lose the picture which he could call up of its sober dignity, its "sunny-faced" old houses set in terraced gardens, its colonial traditions. To-day nobody can tell so many curious and characteristic traits and tales of by-gone days and generations as he. His accurate and powerful memory could recall the Boston of three-quarters of a century ago, and it retained in its proper sequence and in its due place each event of public moment since then, each change for gain or loss in the rapidly growing town.

> Love thou thy land with love far-brought
> From out the storied Past and used within the Present.

Nobody will replace him.

"In affairs of the nation he always from his youth took a deep interest and a vigorous, independent, thoughtful part — being a respecter of true morals and laws rather than of men, for these last must meet his standard of life or sink in his estimation. He criticised unsparingly

wrong or low public acts of public men without regard to personal relations, past or present. Few men have oftener irritated their near friends, few men have held them faster.

"Of his own strong and weak points he spoke frankly, but he never thought to change them, for he was content to live his own life in the sight of all men, freely, kindly, consciously, — to make his comments, do his deeds and take the consequences. It was a life animated with a clear, humane, noble purpose and guided by courage and high ideals without asceticism.

"In fact, he seemed not to be a man of great parts, but of a singular quality springing from unusual purity and nobility of character, — from high aims, high thinking and living. The truth held for him a foremost place in the universe, because it was the truth and because it was simple and beautiful.

"One would not say of him that he was heavenly minded, for he liked the world well; but lofty-minded, pure-toned, he certainly was.

"These qualities and these aims, purposely cultivated with care, gave us a true gentleman of charming manners and thoughts, a delightful companion, a trusty, loyal friend, always ready to stand up in church and testify to his beliefs, — possessed with a full sense of his duty to his country, to man, to God.

"Men and women of all degrees trusted, respected, enjoyed, loved him in unusual measure; for he had words and thoughts of service and of affection toward them all, — the boys and girls, the old men and women, — the unfortunate and the prosperous.

"We could always count on his coolness and courage in a storm, but when the sun came out once more, he chided us and bade us make ready our sails for another storm, which was sure to come, — another instance of his balance and judgment.

"It was a true, humane, warm nature, which bore the great troubles of life well and made much of the simple joys.

"Lastly, as he grew older, like a noble, healthy fruit, he ripened and grew mellow year by year. Was not this a proof of true quality?

"'T is well that he died quietly (as he had for some years foretold), and at the end of this changing century, for of late he was not always in touch with the eager, modern world, and he might have suffered from the virtues and the sins of the next century.

"There has passed to another world a rare gentleman and friend, — a public citizen without reproach.

"His figure and his life tell us that, if we choose the noble path which he has trod, we also may live in his high, pure atmosphere, may meet our fellows on the same frank, kindly footing, and may brighten their lives as he has done.

"Let us try."

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF COLONEL HENRY LEE

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GOVERNOR ANDREW

I HAVE been requested to draw a sketch of Governor Andrew, and as thirty-seven years have passed since my service to him began, and absorption in private affairs has dimmed my remembrance of the events of the war, I avail myself of some reminiscences written years ago at the request of Mr. Whipple, who was then engaged upon his biography. I avail of these, as a foundation for my sketch, in spite of their necessarily egotistic character, because of their superior vividness.

Although I was in daily attendance on Governor Andrew several years, I do not believe I can throw any light upon a character at first so generally misapprehended, at last so universally understood.

Meeting the Governor just after his election at a political levee I refrained from joining in the congratulations generally expressed, because I distrusted his fitness for the office at such a critical period. . . .

I had known the Governor for some years as secretary of the Boston Port Society, of which I was a director. I had noted what was said of him and by him as a legislator and public speaker. I believed him to be zealous, disinterested,— a fearless advocate of liberty for men of all shades and races, but I was afraid he

might be one-sided and indiscreet, deficient in common sense and practical ability. So when, in the first days of January, 1861, I unexpectedly received a summons to a position upon his staff, I was agitated by my desire to perform some little service for my country in the approaching crisis and by my reluctance to attach myself to a leader whose judgment I distrusted. After a frank explanation of my embarrassment, finding that the Governor still desired my aid, I reluctantly accepted the appointment.

If I, a Radical, regarded Governor Andrew with distrust, what was the horror and indignation excited in the hearts of Conservatives at his accession to office? You remember their wailings and lamentations. . . . I recall the personal expression of surprise and regret from friends and acquaintances at my connection with this supposed foolish fanatic. The whole community was dismayed at the imminent conflict. Conservatives did not believe it would have been irrepressible but for the fanaticism of leaders like Andrew and they hated and reviled him accordingly. They were right, and still more right were the Republicans who elected him Governor. If the *vox populi* was ever the *vox Dei*, it was then. Governor Andrew was one of the very few who saw clearly through this day's business, who anticipated the awful duration and dimensions of the conflict, and yet dared to go forward and encounter the certain perils, privations and anguish involved, rather than endure peace and prosperity purchased at the cost of self-respect. The conflict would not have been irrepressible but for Andrew and such as he, the sober,

steady, country-loving, God-fearing Puritans of New England.

A peace man, his first charge was to prepare for war. South Carolina had seceded, other Southern States had called conventions to consider similar action. He had visited Washington the previous December to gather information, and convinced by what he had observed there and by his conferences and subsequent correspondence with General Scott, Mr. Adams, and others, that war was inevitable and imminent, he sent trusty messengers the very day of his inauguration to the Governors of the other New England states to lay before them the information he possessed and to counsel them to follow his example of putting the militia on a war footing, ready to go to the defence of Washington at a day's notice; for the War Department had been for eight years under the control of Jefferson Davis and of Floyd successively, arms and equipments had been transferred to Southern arsenals, the bulk of our little army was at the Southwest under the traitor, Twiggs; Toucey had scattered our navy over distant seas, and our treasury was depleted. Buchanan, the abject creature of the South, feared to act with decision; indeed, so far as he was capable of feeling, he sympathized with the South.

The Governor at once sifted the militia, ordering the discharge of every man unable or unwilling to go into immediate active service; he visited armories and inspected companies; he applied to the federal government to repair and arm the forts in the harbor of Boston and elsewhere. At Fort Winthrop there were no guns;

at Fort Warren one gun; at Fort Independence twenty guns. He despatched Colonel Sargent to visit the President elect and confer with him. On the 2d February by my suggestion he summoned the venerable General Thayer (for many years superintendent, and practically re-creator of West Point), Lieutenants (now Generals) Gordon and Andrews (both graduates of that Academy and officers in the Mexican War), to advise him as to preparations. A memorandum of clothing and equipments needed was submitted to and approved by them and the articles were at once ordered by the Governor without the advice or knowledge of General Butler, to whom Mr. Parton attributes this provision. This erroneous assertion having been called to my attention by the editor of the Daily Advertiser, I inserted in that paper the following contribution: [See *ante*, p. 58].

Colonel Ritchie was then sent to Washington to consult as to the probable date of the call for troops, the routes they should take, the equipment they would need. To all these inquiries Colonel Ritchie brought definite replies and much information besides from General Scott and other soldiers and lawmakers to whom he was accredited, confirming their advice to the Governor during his own visit to Washington in the previous December.

Through me, a quondam merchant, the Governor ascertained the names, capacities, whereabouts and ownerships of the steamers plying to and from Boston, which might be used for transports, and it would mortify

some of their owners if I should expose their reluctance to impart information or furnish transportation. In this work Mr. John M. Forbes was the agent; from this early date until the close of the war his devotion to the State was absolute, and "his purse, his person, his extremest means lay all unlocked to her occasions."

By the second week in February all these inquiries and preparations had been made and the Governor sat awaiting the summons he knew must soon come from the beleaguered capital, enduring with apparent indifference the daily jeers in the Conservative and Democratic journals at the "two thousand overcoats." You had only to mention the word *overcoat* or speak of "kissing the musket" (you remember, of course, the presentation of the old Lexington King's Arm to the State), to excite the risibles or call down the objurgations of any of the scoffers, to whom these timely acts seemed the height of folly or wickedness.

In the eyes of the scoffer the "kissing the musket" especially looked ridiculous, almost hysterical, and was made much fun of by the newspapers, among others by the Boston Post. At this exciting time of dread expectation, those who were by their position obliged to act were subjected to ridicule or censure, and I availed of an editorial in the Post to plead for more considerate treatment in that journal. The editorial was a rebuke to the Republican papers for their abuse of President Buchanan, reminding them of the respect due to the dignity of position, and I applied the reasoning in behalf of the Governor. I remember as if it were yesterday that I scratched this hasty note to Colonel Greene

just as I was going up to the Governor with a supposititious list of clothing and equipments needed for the militia to be sent to the front. Upon my return from the State House I found this reply:

"Boston, Feb. 4, '61.

"Henry Lee, Esq.:

"Dear Sir, — I thank you kindly for your friendly note and shall endeavor to be governed by its advice.

"Your obliged and obdt. Servant,

"C. G. Greene."

I have often expatiated upon this courteous and magnanimous acceptance of my remonstrance by an editor whose satire was very effective, and lately I had begun to think that I must have invented the whole transaction when upon an old file I pounced upon this note. I desire to record this act and to add that it was only one of many of the same tenor during the war, as I shall have occasion to show.

Old acquaintances ceased to bow to the Governor, or, what was more cutting, conveyed disapproval by austerity of manner. At Salem, whither the staff accompanied him for the first visit of ceremony to witness an exhibition drill of the Salem Light Infantry, their old aristocratic company, the past officers and members, leaders of society, though proud of their corps and eager to figure in the few festivities of the decaying town, sternly fasted, absented themselves, to express their extreme disapprobation of the Governor and all his ways. It was characteristic of the old town as it would have been of Little Pedlington.

At last, after six weeks of sickening suspense, on Monday, the 15th April, came the appalling summons in a despatch from Senator Wilson, for twenty companies of infantry, followed on Tuesday by a formal requisition. Before noon of Monday the Governor had agreed with the adjutant general what regiments should be ordered, halls had been engaged, and all necessary preparations made for lodging and feeding the troops, and early Tuesday morning four regiments reported, marching through Boston in a driving storm of sleet and rain. I should not dare to say what regiment, what company, first reported, what man first enlisted; there are so many conflicting claims. From that hour till the dawn of Sunday, the 21st April, we all had to work night and day, and, assuming the rôles of armorers, quartermasters, commissaries, to obtain from raw officers the lists of arms, clothing, equipments and rations required, to collect and distribute or pack and forward and invoice these, to organize a Medical Board, to examine surgeons and provide them with their instruments and supplies, to engage steamers and railroads to transport the troops, and finally to accompany the Governor as he presented to them the standards under which they were sent forth and spoke words of encouragement and thanks. In looking back I wonder that these preparations were so complete, considering the rawness of those who made them; but what you can get out of a man depends only on the pressure you subject him to; and the weight of responsibility on the Governor and, to a less degree, on those who were striving to assist, heavy indeed, developed vigilance and circumspection.

About a week after the despatch of the three months' troops, when I was in the Governor's office writing for him, a distinguished Senator burst into the chamber, fraught with advice, and began catechising the Governor as to this and that measure of preparation, surprised that they had been already adopted. At last the enumeration was exhausted and the Senator took leave, but striding in again, — "Oh, by the bye, Andrew, you will need to organize a Medical Board to examine surgeons and provide them with their instruments and supplies." While I was musing the fire burned. I could stand it no longer and, regardless of propriety, I tartly informed the statesman that this matter had been fully attended to a fortnight before. He gave a snort of surprise and again departed. As he closed the door I could not help exclaiming, "Teach your granny to lap ashes," and the Governor and I had a good laugh at this well-meant super-serviceable visit.

In the midst of this unceasing work and turmoil came the news of the attack upon the 6th Regiment in Baltimore, maddening to fury the whole community, already excited by the unwonted scenes of that memorable week. The war had begun, and Massachusetts, that denounced State, which was to have been left out in the cold, had despatched within one week *five Regiments* of Infantry, *one Battalion* of Riflemen, and *one Battery* of Artillery, armed, clothed and equipped. Behind every great movement stands the man, and that man behind this movement was the ridiculed, despised fanatic, John A. Andrew. As the least backwardness on the part of Massachusetts, whose sons had done more than all others to promote the

"irrepressible conflict," would have endangered the Union and exposed us to the plottings and concessions of the Conservatives and "Copperheads," so her prompt response in consequence of the courage and foresight of her Governor strengthened the timid, rebuked the disaffected, cemented the Union, fused the whole country into one glow of patriotism. Saint Paul was not more suddenly or more thoroughly converted than were many of those who had up to that week been loudest in their lamentations or denunciations of the Governor. Rich men poured in their gifts, which were placed in the keeping of some good bankers for a "Massachusetts Soldiers' Fund." Conservatives and Democrats rushed to pay their respects and to applaud the very acts which they had so deplored and ridiculed; men of all ages and occupations and opinions proffered their services in various capacities; companies were organized in every town, funds were lavishly contributed for the formation of new regiments. The whole community from that time forth, with occasional relapses, owned Governor Andrew for their leader.

Still there were a few exceptions to this loyalty: aged men remembering the trying times of 1812 and the traditions of the Revolution; old Whigs who looked proudly back to the days when "sixteen aristocrats from Beacon Street in cowhide boots" marched in a good old Whig procession, and who loathed the obscure, base-born leaders of Free Soil and Republicanism; perverse men, who, cultivating perversity in lack of other distinction, sneered at this fuss about the "damned niggers;" kindly men, loyal to old friends at the South, who accepted their

version of the issue; sordid men, exasperated at the interruption of their business; fashionable people, annoyed at the interruption of their festivities and priding themselves on their indifference. "We are not a war family," she said, with a toss of her head, and yet the only claim the family had to social distinction it derived from a Revolutionary martyr.

It was amusing, sometimes exciting, to follow the Governor, after he became a lion, into certain circles, knowing that their invitation was due to curiosity more than to admiration, and to see him tarrying not in the ante-chamber of ceremony, but blissfully unconscious of the condescension implied and honor conferred, march briskly and salute cordially and heartily his hostess, routing her from her preconcerted formalities. This apparent or real (I never could tell which) unconsciousness, this frankness and heartiness of manner, this evident sincerity, won him real regard among men of very antagonistic opinions. "Your Governor is a good little fellow, though I don't agree with him," was an observation constantly made. One gentleman of aristocratic feeling, but thoroughly appreciative of character and intellect, was so captivated by the Governor and so desirous to introduce him to some brother Conservatives, that he invited him to meet the two most irreclaimable Copperheads in the town, and he reported to me "that they plied the Governor with questions and arguments, to all of which he replied so frankly and fully that they parted with prejudices dissipated and esteem inspired." That this sincerity and earnestness attracted those who from afar had known him only through his speeches and

writings was attested by the following interesting and unexpected visit:

"Colonel, who do you think has been here this afternoon?" asked the Governor, as I entered his office one day some months after the beginning of the war.

"You have such a number and variety of guests I could not hazard a conjecture."

"Well, as I was writing, a knock at the door and in came a gentleman, a stranger to me. 'Governor,' he said, 'I am Mr. Horatio Seymour. We are Governors of contiguous States. I have read everything you have said or written; I don't agree with you about anything, but I like you because you have convictions. I can't get along with Seward because he has no convictions.'"

Then followed a long interview, during which these two Governors, Democrat and Republican, exchanged views on the burning questions freely, and at parting Governor Seymour said:

"Well, Governor, you are going to and fro a good deal; the next trip take me on the way and let us continue our talk."

"I hardly know what to make of Governor Seymour," said the Governor, "he seemed very sincere. I think he is carried away by his own subtlety, perhaps."

The want of arms, owing to Secretary Floyd's treachery, was anticipated, and Mr. Crowninshield, offering, was at once despatched to England, with an armorer from Springfield, to procure them. The Governor provided arms not only for Massachusetts, but aided Maine to get three thousand, New Hampshire two thousand; he also procured for Maine three thousand more from

Springfield, and furnished West Virginia with two thousand.

The Governor wrote, telegraphed, to everyone from the President down, sent successively Governors Clifford and Boutwell, Judge Hoar, Atty. Gen. Foster, Mr. Blair (senior), and went himself to Washington to implore the government to accept three years' regiments, but it was not until the 22nd May that permission was reluctantly given for recruiting six regiments, rather less than more.

The Governor called attention again to forts along the coast, urging the President and General Wool to furnish guns and teachers of gunnery, we to garrison them with 2,000 militia. He ordered the State schoolship armed. He bought for the State and for underwriters two steamers to be used as armed transports. He appointed an examining board for officers, which sat from April 25th to May 24th, examined 641 applicants, rejected 39. He asked the banks to loan the United States $5,000,000, and the banks took that amount. He appointed Charles R. Lowell, Jr., Massachusetts agent to look after our three months' militia.

The contrast between the Governor's prescience and activity and the supineness and optimism (or idiocy) of the War Department was most marked. The Governor's incessant appeals were ignored or rejected; arms were refused; guns for the forts refused; volunteers refused. Baffled in his endeavors and alarmed at the supineness of the Secretary of War, Cameron, an extra session of the Legislature was called and leave obtained from it to organize and place five more regiments in a camp of

preparation. At that date one hundred and ninety-two companies, equal to nineteen regiments, had reported, their representatives besieging the State House for acceptance. Only one hundred and ten companies, or eleven regiments, had been authorized by the State and Federal Governments. It took Colonels Ritchie and Wetherell three weeks to collect the statistics of these one hundred and ninety-two companies, compare their claims and merits and resolve them into the number allowed. Just as this tedious work was completed and every *town*, every *company*, every *man* was disaffected by the rejections and combinations, came a pressing request from the Secretary of War for all the troops we could raise, and from that time the cry was for more and more. Four companies had already left the State tired and disheartened by these delays, to join regiments forming in New York, and hence a long, vexatious, fruitless negotiation by letters and ambassadors to restore them to our service and secure for them the privileges of Massachusetts soldiers.

Nor was this the only fruitless, wearisome task imposed upon the good Governor by the vacillation and incompetency of the Federal Government. From the departure of three months' regiments to the close of the war, the work at the State House was overwhelming. An army was to be created, organized, provided with arms, accoutrements, clothing, camp equipage of every sort, officers to be selected, not so much for what they knew (as the Governor said), as for what they were capable of learning, with a due deference to local claims and partialities; graduates of West Point to be looked

up, inquired about, negotiated for, and in most instances refused; the country to be explored for large and healthy camping grounds, these to be bargained for and prepared.

For West Point graduates and old army officers the country was scoured and some twenty procured, most of them of great use, knowing, as they did, not only how to teach the drill, but also how to care for the men in camp and on the march, and how to steady them and spare them in the field, and, what was difficult to learn and essential to know, how to fill out papers and comply with Army Regulations. As to the rest, the Governor selected from the never-ending files of applicants; and, as a general rule, their capability, their leadership, their intelligent care of their men, as well as their conduct in the field and their fortitude under wounds and imprisonment and trials innumerable, were all in proportion to their social and moral elevation. Clerks from counting-rooms, young merchants and lawyers, boys from college, the sons of the wealthy, fresh from comfortable or luxurious homes, marched away through the rain or snow, bore the exposure of camp or bivouac and the weariness of the march better than the stalwart lumbermen of Maine. The "shoulder-hitter," as a rule, did not go to war, and the rough, loud, lusty fellows, "spoiling for a fight," were soon satisfied and retired. I remember two lieutenants of artillery of this valiant outside, full of "war's fierce delight," waiting impatiently for conflict, and in the meantime sneering at a delicate young Harvard graduate of 1860, a lieutenant in the same battery, whom they nicknamed "Pussy." The longed-for occasion came, the Peninsular campaign tested the newly

trained soldiers, and at its close "Pussy" and a manly whaleman from New Bedford were quietly discharging their duties, as they continued to do so long as the war lasted, but these boastful swaggerers had incontinently disappeared.[1]

Many excellent officers were culled from the militia, spirited young men in the ranks, or company officers, who were natural soldiers, but as a rule those high in rank were imposingly absurd. A bit of uniform, an unnaturally stiff carriage and rectangular movements when off duty, were deemed soldierly characteristics, and supposed by many to denote a commander, especially if further emphasized by a hoarse voice and peremptory speech. We had one regiment officered chiefly by men of this class, famous train-band captains, from whom much was expected. Seven companies had been organized, and after waiting, the Governor decided to complete the regiment by adding three companies recruited in the country and making their commandant, a whole-

[1] **The enrolled militia of Massachusetts, "liable to be called into service by the President, the Commander-in-Chief, to execute the laws of the Union, to suppress insurrection and repel invasions," consisting of all able-bodied white male citizens between 18 and 45, with a few exceptions, numbered in 1860, 155,389; of which number the active or volunteer militia, who, by the State law, were first to be ordered into service, numbered 5,593, arranged into three divisions, six brigades each, composed of**

9 regiments	Infantry.
3 battalions	
3 battalions	Riflemen.
8 unattached companies	
1 battalion	Cavalry.
5 unattached companies	
2 batteries	Artillery.

some, sturdy, patriotic citizen, major. At once the dyed-bearded captains and subalterns of crack companies of city modes came successively to the State House to warn the Governor of his mistake.

"Oh! yes, Major —— was all very well, but not of their sort, had n't the snap (this was the quality deemed essential); he might suit some country regiment, but, etc."

The Governor was obdurate, fortunately for the regiment and the service. The snappy colonel had the rheumatism, the lieutenant colonel was drunk, and the only leader was the rustic major who had n't the snap, but who at last lost his leg and eventually his life on the battle-field, while the colonel, cured of his rheumatism at the close of the war, became a Massachusetts brigadier, and some of his invalid officers prominent in the Grand Army. The only brigadier who entered the service drove all his best officers out of the regiment which he mismanaged. One of the three major generals, after bustling about aimlessly, sought a command, but soon sickened of his colonelcy and retired to the more congenial position of sutler.

John Hancock was disgusted when he, Colonel of the Independent Cadets, was not elected General of the Army of the Revolution; and our militia chiefs displayed similar indignation, as the Governor, oblivious of their experience as men-at-arms, commissioned youths fresh from college or the shop. "Had not they trained at many a muster, did not they know all from the 'School of the Soldier' to a dress parade, and behold these mere boys, who never even donned a uniform, are preferred!"

The Governor had to contend, first with the fatuity of self-satisfied veterans who when taken had to unlearn their old lessons and be taught to distinguish between the essential and the unessential; then with the overweening estimate of parents; last with the mendacious endorsement of aspirants. A lady whom I had known all my life, reviving a somewhat faded friendship, summoned me to inquire why her son had not been promoted, expatiated upon his qualifications, his drilling under Salignac, etc., etc., and informed me that his father was surprised and felt ill treated, and that he never would have allowed Benjamin to join the regiment but for the assurance of his early promotion. I told her that the Governor had left the arrangement of his roster to the colonel, an accomplished army officer, and would not interfere, and so left her unappeased.

A father kept complaining that his son, a most admirable youth, remained a lieutenant. I explained that the Governor recognized his son's worth and had offered him promotion in one of our new regiments; his own had not been much exposed and promotion there was impossible. This the son had declined, his attachment to his own regiment being stronger than his ambition. He was killed, while only a captain, at the second attack on Fort Wagner, and his poor bereaved father could never accept the explanation.

What constituted fitness was not clear to some applicants; what constituted a fraud not clear to their mendacious endorsers. A man presented himself, wished to be appointed quartermaster of a regiment then organizing. Upon being asked his qualifications, he said, (1)

he had trained "some" as a member of the band, (2) no one had been commissioned in their town, (3) he had a paper recommending his appointment signed by their State Senator, etc. As he spoke in walked the Senator.

"There 's my friend," said the petitioner. "Yes! I am his friend," responded the Senator, expatiating somewhat; and then he and the applicant retired. I carried the papers to the Governor, remarking that neither his having played in the band nor his town having been passed over constituted a recommendation; there remained the references. I had hardly returned to our room when in crept the stalwart Senator, who, finding himself alone with us, said: "That fellow is what we call in —— *a poor devil*," and then narrated his chequered, discreditable history. "But you announced yourself his friend; you signed his recommendation." "Yes! he came to me with his paper and I said, 'Well! if you want my name, there it is.'" The applicant did not reappear; the Senator figured subsequently as the president of a failed bank.

The men who steadfastly endured to the end were the sober, discreet, responsible citizens, and the alumni of our colleges — they to whom much had been given; they fulfilled all and more than all expectation. Throughout the colleges the number was in proportion to the number of alumni, and the moral quality was uniform.

In time men developed more or less talent as officers, some who had never found their vocation in civil life were in their element; some curiously changed places with each other and at the close of the war changed back

again, the civil superior becoming the military inferior and *vice versa*. Of course, "we saw in part and we prophesied in part," and some of our prophesies were not fulfilled. Appearances are deceitful. I recollect several delicate youths who were sent to regiment after regiment to be rejected, but who, commissioned at last, proved themselves real heroes. Foreigners with military credentials were generally failures. One Prussian of undoubted experience and instruction was a sorehead, never contented; one of his countrymen studied his music instead of his battalion; one Italian was neglectful of his command, another proved dishonest; one German was a brave soldier, wounded badly at Ball's Bluff, eventually killed in battle, but was always jealous of his better-bred, better-educated brother officers, absurdly suspicious. But these were striking exceptions; men who by merit rose from the ranks earned their promotion and the warm regard of their comrades.

The officers of the three months' men were elected, as are all militia officers; the officers of the volunteers for the war were appointed by the Governor. On the return of the three months' regiments the Secretary of War gave some of the officers (presumed by this time to have acquired a military education) authority to recruit a regiment; but in September, 1861, the Governors of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania recalled the Secretary to his senses and obtained an order from the War Department putting the organization or reorganization of all regiments under the authority of the Governor of the State where they were recruiting.

Senator Wilson, chairman of the military committee of the Senate, proposed that the President of the United States should fill vacancies, but the protest of Governor Andrew prevailed against this foolish and unconstitutional proposal. General Butler's importunity wrested from the President a commission as General of the Department of New England, with "liberty to raise six regiments, and as many more as he sees fit, and to equip and uniform them," an order extorted by fear or fatigue, very costly and derogatory to the United States, very insulting to Governor Andrew. We had at the time in process of formation six regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, four batteries of artillery, one company of sharpshooters, all assigned by the Secretary of War, except two regiments of infantry, which the Governor offered to Butler. But, not satisfied, he established two camps in the State, where, like Absalom, he promised to right the wrongs which any man had suffered from the Governor, and he forthwith agreed to commission several men who had been already refused commissions. After five months, during which he put a stop to recruiting, these distracted volunteers wandering from camp to camp unable to decide among so many, after he had ransacked the language for terms of abuse and vituperation of the Governor, to whom he had a few months gone professed boundless gratitude, after exhausting his men and the treasury of the United States by his preposterous delays and corrupt management, Butler misconducted these poor devils, already rejected at the State House, down to Ship Island, whence, uncommissioned, they had to find

their way back, and all his bluster and pompous pronunciamentoes went for naught.

One charge has been brought against Governor Andrew, viz: that he kept forming new regiments while the old regiments with their strength of frame and experienced officers and well-earned credit were left decimated. That new regiments were organized while old ones dwindled is painfully true, but whoever reads Governor Andrew's correspondence will learn how hard he labored in a contrary direction, and how his efforts were countervailed by town magnates, selectmen and others, who desired to give commissions to the men who would bring the most recruits. There was, too, an invincible repugnance to entering old regiments, partly owing to the rough reception of recruits by these old soldiers, hazing and ridiculing the recruits who had entered the service from patriotic motives and did not relish such treatment. Compelled as the Governor was to hasten enlistments, and very desirous of avoiding a draft, he had to get his recruits on the terms imposed by the towns which raised them. Statesmanship is limited to accomplishing the best practicable, not the best ideal, results.

The State has been charged with enlisting foreigners and freed slaves from slave States, and getting credit on paper for men who never appeared. The United States Provost Marshals fixed the number of men that each should furnish and the town selectmen were sometimes imposed upon by knavish brokers and paid bounties for recruits who never reported, or who deserted soon after enlisting. The whole number of men contributed by

Massachusetts to prosecute the war by sea and land was 159,165.[1]

One flagrant act of injustice to Massachusetts was the refusal to consider the enlistments in the navy, which entailed great hardship upon maritime towns which had been depleted of their young, serviceable men by this enlistment. It was not until July, 1864, near the close of the war that the Federal Government credited us with 22,360 in the navy, equal to 16,181 three years'

[1] 3 months' service .	4 Regts. Infantry		
	1 Battln. Riflemen		
	1 Battery (Light)		3,736
3 years' service . .	40 Regts. Infantry		
	5 " Cavalry		
	3 " Artillery (Heavy)		
	16 Batteries (Light)		
	2 Cos. Sharpshooters . .	54,187	
	Re-enlistments	6,202	
	Drafted Recruits . . .	26,091	
	Regulars, etc., etc. . .	9,790	96,270
1 year's service . .	2 Regts. Infantry		
	2 Cos. "		
	1 Regt. Artillery (Heavy)		
	8 Cos. " "		
	7 Cos. Cavalry		4,728
9 months' service .	17 Regts. Infantry		16,685
100 days' service .	5 Regts. Infantry		
	9 Cos. "		5,461
90 days' service . .	13 Cos. Infantry		1,209
			128,089
Men in Navy.			
3 years' service		13,929	
2 years' service		3,204	
1 year's service		8,074	
. . . . .		956	26,163
Enlisted from Dec. 1864 to Aug. 1865			4,913
Total			159,165

men. Our contributions to the army and navy completed the contingent of every town in Massachusetts, and left a surplus over all calls of 7,813, of which 1,214 were colored recruits from slave States, 907 were foreigners, leaving a surplus of native recruits of 5,692. To this should be added 500 men who, vexed with the refusal of the Federal Government to accept them, went to New York in 1861; also recruits for the 99th N. Y. Regt. in 1861 — in all nearly 1,000 men; and this from a State where the proportion of men of arms-bearing age bears a very much smaller proportion to the population than in the Western States, to which our youths have emigrated.

Of the whole number who enlisted in the military service of the State during the war, there were killed or died during the service: 442 officers, 12,534 men — just over ten per cent., besides a much larger number wounded.

It would be an interesting and sad inquiry as to how many of these 13,000 men were sacrificed in consequence of our criminal refusal to keep a sufficient army or well-trained militia in time of peace, how many sacrificed by political generals, and how many by drunken generals and colonels.

To recapitulate the impediments encountered by Governor Andrew:

The fatuity of the Federal authorities at the beginning of the war, their persistent refusal to accept the volunteers urged upon them by Massachusetts, through every channel, disaffected and cooled the ardor of many. This confidence in the speedy termination of the war was fol-

lowed by an hysterical appeal for help faster than it could be furnished, and, against the judgment of the Governor, regiments were sent forward imperfectly equipped, at the urgent entreaty of the War Department, which straightway neglected to supply the deficiencies.

There was a plentiful lack of United States mustering officers, in spite of prayer and of exposition of their indispensableness; then no company could be mustered in until the last man had been secured, consequently there were many delays and desertions. The United States officers detailed to transact business with the State were the fossils of the army, and their rigidity, timidity and idiocy obstructed and exasperated our officers, — accustomed to Yankee gumption and co-operation. Secretary Stanton's crankiness not only maddened the Governor, but seriously disaffected patriotic citizens.

We had sixteen batteries of light artillery, one of which had been in the field since April 19, 1861; a majority of all the other batteries had entered near the beginning of the war. They had served everywhere with honor, their officers had been used to command brigades of artillery, to act as chiefs of artillery, but were superseded by officers from nine other States privileged to appoint artillery field officers, — States, some of them, with fewer batteries and those of more recent date than ours. It was an outrageous act of injustice, as outrageous as Stanton's injustice to our colored troops, and as unaccountable.

Although favoring colored enlistments, he refused for eighteen months to pay the colored soldiers more

than $7 per month, while the regular pay for white soldiers was $13; and it was only when forced by the decision of the United States Attorney General that he discharged the debt to these spirited men, who decided to suffer rather than receive pay provisionally from the State.

These are specimens of a crankiness and arbitrariness which was manifested in many other matters: the thoughtless grant of authority to importunate applicants to recruit regiments in the State, instead of leaving that power with the Governor, to whom it had been conceded; and what was far more inexcusable, the unlimited authority given at a later period to Butler, authority already lodged with the Governor and therefore not divisible or transferable, inflicted an insult upon the Governor, caused a delay of several months in recruiting, and reflected upon the good faith and good sense of Secretary Stanton and the President.

The coast of Massachusetts, especially of Boston, was in imminent danger of an attack, and an appreciable fraction of the Governor's time and of the State's money was spent in repeated and fruitless endeavors to provide an armament.

An immense throng of people crowded the Governor's chamber from morning till night, with petitions, applications, schemes, — personal, political, military, some of public importance, many more frivolous or impracticable; all to be listened to, discussed and disposed of; a huge pile of letters received each day to be answered with deliberation; besides these replies a constant corre-

spondence to be kept up with the President, Secretaries, Members of Congress, in addition to the official communications to and from the War Department.

The work at the State House, which at first devolved upon the Adjutant General and his clerks and the four Aides, was now distributed and systematized, — a Quartermaster General, a Commissary General, a Master of Ordnance, a Surgeon General, all constantly occupied with raising, officering, arming, clothing and equipping a large army. Colonel Reed was appointed Quartermaster General, and under the order of the Governor and Council, set to work energetically to procure clothing and camp equipage. Colonel Brigham made a most efficient and honest Commissary General. Colonel Charles Amory, appointed Master of Ordnance, distributed arms and accoutrements. Surgeon General Dale devoted himself to the Surgical Department. The Adjutant General and Colonel Ritchie conducted the correspondence with the War Department and organized the regiments.[1] Colonel Wetherell and I were chiefly occupied with receiving, recording and arranging applications for commissions, investigating and reporting the

[1] Before the 25th July we had drilled and despatched six (three years) regiments, fully manned, uniformed and equipped, organized like the United States regiments.

1,000 men in ten companies, 1 Captain, 2 Lieutenants each company.

Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Major, Adjutant, Quartermaster, Assistant Surgeon.

Sergeant Major, Quartermaster Sergeant, Commissary Sergeant, Hospital Steward.

2 Principal Musicians — 24 in band.

Before the year 1861 closed we had sent forward —

24 regiments Infantry, 5 light batteries, 2 companies of Sharpshooters, of three year troops in addition to our three months militia.

qualifications of the applicants. Colonel Browne, the Governor's Secretary, bore the weight of the correspondence, in which labor we all assisted with much less ability.

The ignorance of all, high and low, in this matter of organizing, arming, equipping, drilling and disciplining troops for service, was, of course, very great and was frequently veiled, not concealed, behind a great display of military knowledge.

The Governor's gayety of heart helped to sustain him; he was easily provoked to mirth, sometimes at the expense of his assistants. Some of the letters written by me for him were complained of; others (I remember one in particular where I had written to the Major of a Regiment: "Your Colonel insults the Governor and oppresses his officers; he thinks that he wields a two-edged sword, whereas in fact it is a boomerang," etc.) were returned as not acceptable. The Governor dubbed me the "unfortunate correspondent," and enjoyed my discomfiture heartily, as he did the idiosyncrasies and misadventures of all his numerous subordinates. Like many able men he could more easily perform the task than lay out the work for others. His levee lasted from morning to night, and for want of abstracting one half-hour daily in which to assign our work, we were left alternately overworked and under-worked, and the long hours offered to him were more or less wasted. And all this office work of the Governor's was frequently interrupted by journeys to Washington, official visits to camps, and to public institutions: colleges, prisons, schools of reform, the railroad tunnel, almshouses, hospitals, asylums, etc., over which

he watched with as much vigilance as if no war existed; and upon most of these expeditions some members of his staff necessarily accompanied him.

Whatever the Governor's success with city society, he was country bred; he loved the plain people and their ways, and knew just how to appeal to them, however his language and actions might strike the more fastidious. A lady once told me "that the reason I did n't get along better with Governor Andrew was that he was a poet while I had n't an atom of poetry in me." The Governor was a mute poet of the Whittier type, a New Englander with all the instincts and tastes and attachments of a New Englander. So while he grew daily and his sway over all increased, he was peculiarly the idol of the plain people. On his various tours to college commencements and public institutions he would sit and chat and tell stories, and shake himself free when dull men called on him from sheer curiosity or self-importance.

"How can you shake hands with those men? They never saw you before; they will never see you again; they care nothing about you. The more I see of them, the colder I grow. 'There is where I buried my first wife,' pointing to a white headstone. This was almost the only remark made by my guide of yesterday. It is a waste of life to tarry among such people." But the Governor was interested and interesting. Now and then he was well entertained. One country host availed of a stop of an hour between trains when the Governor passed his way, to invite us to a "spread eagle," cooked by his wife herself as only a New England housewife can broil

a chicken, and with it a comforting glass of milk from his favorite cow, which tasted for all the world like the best milk punch. But in the almshouse not far off, where the Governor and some of his staff lodged one night, one of the party had cause of complaint.

I believe that he was the first governor to attend the commencement of the Catholic college at Worcester. At Williams College the exercises were prolonged after dinner, and one year when we had travelled the previous day and night, two of us, tired to death, in spite of our efforts to resist, sunk into blissful repose, looking, as a brother officer remarked, like two owls guarding the stage. But, worse than that, at Harvard, in 1863, the Governor himself, wearied by preparations to put down the Draft Riot just broken out, began to doze and nod as the Salutatory Orator was turning to address him, which Ritchie seeing pinched his arm, when he awoke with such a start that the poor orator was startled in his turn and faltered and stumbled in his compliments.

I have no means of knowing how much prompting and assistance the Federal Government received from the Chief Magistrates of other States, but I can testify to the many important measures suggested and urged by Governor Andrew by letters, deputies and in person, which the government adopted, whether *in consequence* of his advocacy I know not. President Lincoln is reported to have exclaimed, upon Governor Andrew's leaving his room after one of his many visits: "There goes the Governor who gives me the most help and the most trouble."

If the work which could be trusted to us subordinates absorbed all our time as it did for years, if the endless rivalries and jealousies of officers and regiments, the complaints of soldiers, the disappointment of rejected applicants, the indignation of their friends — and as time went on, the inevitable hardships, imprisonments, wounds and deaths suffered by these men who had eagerly sought service, — worried and afflicted us,[1] if the long-deferred hopes made our hearts sick, what must have been the load of labor and anxiety and sorrow and responsibility upon our chief, whose words and acts might influence the fate of the whole country. Yet, while we were often moody and vexed and dejected, he always seemed cheery and confident. The wise but maddening slowness of the President, the apathy or arbitrariness of officials at Washington, the lukewarmness or negligence of our Massachusetts delegation to supply his needs or further his views, the incapacity of generals, the consequent losses and defeats where he looked for victories, in addition to the annoyance and calamities before enumerated — all fretted and enraged and distressed, but did not dishearten, the good Governor. The Lord helped his unbelief; he maintained

[1] The agitation was sometimes increased by exaggerated, preposterous reports made by credulous or dissatisfied men who purported to have had exceptional opportunities for learning the facts concealed from the public. I remember such an one reporting in the Council Chamber the drunkenness and treachery of General ———, abused and mistrusted by the "On to Richmond" brawlers. At the second battle of Bull Run he was very drunk and around one arm he wore a handkerchief, a sign to the Rebels of his co-operation with them. Knowing the man to be an exasperated Ishmaelite, I listened incredulously. How his positive assertions affected others I know not.

his own hope and faith and encouraged his weaker brethren.

That this prolonged strain upon heart and head eventually killed him, I feel as sure as if I had seen him fall from visible wounds. This hopefulness extended to persons as well as events. His belief in the redemption of the fallen was not deferred to another life. His optimism was wonderful. His craving for championship caused his occasional injustice; when he was unjust, he was persistent in the defence of his *protégés* against the weight of evidence, and impugned the character of the adverse witnesses. There were, in my opinion, several flagrant instances of this partiality during the war, which were only palliated by the disinterested motives of the Governor. He was so eager to manifest his confidence in men who had betrayed their trusts before that he seemed sometimes to have no place in his heart for the firm and upright.

"Colonel, what do you say to my appointing Z quartermaster of the —— Regiment?" he asked on one occasion. "I say you shan't do it, Governor." "Well, why not?" "You know why not as well as I." "We are none of us perfect." "No, I suppose not, but some more so than others. That man is a damned thief and you have no business to put him in charge of Uncle Sam's property." He yielded as to the quartermastership, but appointed him lieutenant. The fellow's dislike to gunpowder, however, prompted an early resignation, so that the harm was confined to the discredit of the Governor's judgment and the brief affront to the gallant officers of the regiment.

Some of these probationers were employed at the State House to our annoyance and sometimes injury. During one of my absences in Virginia I had a coat and a sword abstracted, and I regret to say that his Excellency was not especially moved by the circumstance. Once a friendly editor sent for me to say that the Governor had asked him to promote the appointment of Mr. X. to the collectorship or postmastership (I forget which), and he wanted to know my opinion of him. My answer was: "A few days ago, Mr. Greene, I said to the Governor: 'My time is yours; my character is my own, and unless you drive off some of these scallywags, I shall leave you. You are so concerned about the wicked, you have no heart for an honest man.' I do not know anything about this candidate, but I mistrust him and would n't vote for him if twenty Governor Andrews asked me."

Although the Governor's sagacity as to men was sometimes questioned by us, unless he was carried away by his merciful impulses or captivated by some brilliant act of gallantry, he gauged them very well.

As to his political sagacity, it seemed to me marvellous. He had a passionate love of his country and of its people; he had but to look into his own heart to read theirs; his eye was single, his whole body full of light; he scouted all schemes of party, all passing popular impulses, and boldly advocated measures which would receive the ultimate and permanent approval of the people; hence his death was a great relief to scheming and petty politicians and a great grief to unpartisan, patriotic citizens.

The Governor's pecuniary generosity, not to call it recklessness (for it was a deliberate subordination of a lesser to a greater duty and interest), was admirable; he was wearing out his life fast, he was liable to be suddenly called away, as he well knew before he subjected himself to these extraordinary toils, and yet he went forward gaily, apparently without a thought for the morrow. Intent upon the salvation of the Republic, he trusted his family to the justice and gratitude of his fellow citizens.

His farewell address to the Legislature surprised even his friends by its breadth of view and its boldness; he laid down the conditions, the only conditions, upon which peace and good will could be established, the conditions which, after ten years' floundering and theorizing, were finally adopted. He had that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin; his cordial frankness disarmed prejudice and inspired confidence and friendship, so that when he died, among the men who first came forward to the relief of his family were some who had regarded his accession to office with dismay and contempt. The most pathetic and heartfelt obituary of him was in the columns of the Post on the day of his funeral:

"Post, Nov. 2, 1867.

(Editorial.)

"The mortal remains of the late John A. Andrew will this day be consigned to kindred dust. The grief at his untimely death is universal. Not an insincere tear has been shed for his memory. He dies, as indeed

all men of noble aspirations would wish to die, his name embalmed in the affections of a grateful, admiring, and sorrowing people. There is no human heart in this Commonwealth to-day but feels the strong pressure of the common affliction. It is a melancholy reflection that death loves to snatch such men from us in the midst of their usefulness, and at the height of their promise, but the reflection is tempered by the grateful recollection of their resplendent lives. At the grave of the deceased patriot, statesman, ex-magistrate, and citizen, the Commonwealth stands a mourner. His public life is incorporated with her history. His services she will never cease to recall with gratitude, and publish with praise. As a patriot, no man ever thought to question his whole-souled sincerity; as a statesman, he had manifested large abilities; as chief magistrate, he possessed an executive force that continually surprised by its development; and as a citizen, a man, and a Christian, he was faithful in all his relations, conscientiously observant of his duties, and an example for all men around him. He leaves what is better than great riches, — a name which will never be spoken save with admiration, gratitude and honor."

He was in the habit of visiting New York and conferring with Southerners at the New York Hotel; had he lived, his mediation would have been important.

The grave closes over most men as the waves close over the wake of a passing ship; the places that knew them know them no more, but Governor Andrew has

been and will continue to be sorely missed. He would have comprehended our situation, he would have divined the measures needed and he would have so set forth their necessity as to have secured their adoption by the people. He was not only wise and disinterested, but he was felt to be so, and we still await his successor.

HENRY LEE.

Late A. D. C. to Governor Andrew.

SPEECH ON THE STATE HOUSE: 1895

THE VALUE OF SENTIMENT

[*From the American Architect of March 9, 1895*]

[Colonel Lee would have protested against this title; he would have thought it hardly just to him to dignify with the name of "Speech" remarks which he made with little, or no, premeditation, in addressing on short notice a legislative committee. He spoke, however, though practically impromptu, with such abundance of knowledge and such depth of feeling that no other effort of his, however labored, ever produced greater effect, was oftener recalled or more praised. Everyone has always called it a "Speech" and the word is therefore retained, with this explanation.]

Mr. Fay. — I have great pleasure to introduce one of our most eminent and able fellow-citizens, Col. Henry Lee.

Colonel Lee. — The adjectives might have been left out. I am sorry Governor Rice does n't know how to speak. I heard it said when the first library was dedicated on Boylston Street: "What a good speaker that young Mayor Rice is." He stood between Mr. Everett and Mr. Winthrop, and he held his own; made as good a speech as either of them. He must have degenerated

since then. That is a good while ago. I rather regret the adjectives which were applied to me. I can say nothing to fulfil them.

This is a matter of sentiment, as Governor Rice said. He who does not value sentiment ought not to be here. John Winthrop valued sentiment, or he would not have come here; so did his companions. They had nothing but sentiment and piety to preserve them and keep their courage up, as had the Plymouth Fathers. It seems to be rather late in the day for us of Massachusetts to abandon sentiment. It has money value as well as its moral value. When I first remember Boston, it was filled with sentiment. The buildings, which stood mostly apart with their gardens, were Provincial, some of them going back to Colonial times. As the city grew — as the town grew, for it was not a city then — as the town grew and room was wanted for the population, these old buildings came down gradually and gave way to blocks of buildings; but many of them might have been preserved, and in looking back, we see that if the sentiment of the time had inspired people to their preservation, there would have been money value in it. There stood the old Province House, a proud old building, one of the remains of Colonial magnificence, built in 1679 by Peter Sargent, — for many years the vice-regal court of this Province, the abode of nine Provincial governors, one after another, from a testy old colonel of Marlborough's army down to Sir William Howe, who left it at the time of the evacuation of Boston. That might have stood behind its oak trees on its terraces, a grand, stately old building, and would have

been much handsomer in my opinion, than our new City-hall — I suppose Mr. Cook would have preferred the new City-hall; I don't. There was the house of Sir William Phipps, that old buccaneer, to fulfil the dreams of his boyhood; and when I was a boy, it was used as the Boys' Asylum; that stood down on Charter Street, a grand old building. There was the house of Governor Hutchinson and his father, which house was so fine that after Hutchinson was made governor he said he did n't want to go and live in the Province House, because he had a better one down at the North End; that and the house of Sir Harry Frankland stood side by side in Garden Court Street. That house I have seen in my boyhood, and am one of the few now living who ever saw it — a most remarkable specimen of Provincial architecture; but pulled down ruthlessly. It would have been well to have preserved it. There was the beautiful Hancock House, well remembered; and Governor Andrew did all that he could to preserve it. It would have been most appropriate for the official residence of the Governor of Massachusetts, and could have been bought for less than you paid for an ordinary house on the other side of the way a few years afterwards; and there sentiment, if it had ruled the hour, would have been found in the end to have been profitable. There were long lines of houses; all Pemberton Hill was covered with them; Peter Faneuil's house, the giver of the hall; there was the house of Sir Harry Vane, afterwards Rev. John Cotton's house; there was Governor Bellingham's house; and these with their grounds would have made a beautiful park for the city,

and we should not have had to go out five or six miles to find our park. It would have been well to have preserved them.

There were fortifications. Some one — ex-Senator Blanchard — spoke here as if there had never been any associations in this country, no other associations but the Revolutionary associations. I think there have been a great many associations, but if you come to Revolutionary associations, there was the fortification on the Common — that was levelled when I was in College; there were the fortifications at the South End; there were the fortifications on Mystic River, where afterwards the convent was built, and a cordon of earthworks from Mystic River through Somerville, Cambridge, Brookline, Roxbury, ending with Dorchester Heights; memorials of the Siege of Boston and of Washington's trials. And I think a beautiful parkway could have been made and these fortifications preserved for a very small amount of money, and sentiment would have been found to have been economy in the end. But those were the interesting monuments of my boyhood and youth.

A monument — what is a monument? There were some rich men who thought a monument ought to be something new; they had Mr. Cook's idea about it, that it ought to be something new, something in the present style. — I don't know whether the dome of St. Peter's has been changed to the modern style to attract people, or not. They thought this monument ought to be something new, something pretty fine — finer than the earthworks which were there. When my father

took me over to see Bunker Hill, there were the earthworks; one could see the redoubt in which Prescott stood; see the breastwork; see where the rail fence ran. One could see all the way down to the Navy Yard, to Moulton's Point, where the British landed. That was something like a monument; it was not a mere record which the monument afterwards was; it was a reminder of the scene, and that is what a monument should be. You stood there, and all the sentiment of the battle came to you. Now you go there, and you stand upon a hill, nicely graded and all the redoubt and breastwork filled up and erased and you have the pleasure of seeing an Egyptian obelisk! Well, it is a matter of taste; to me the old earthworks would have been more inspiring, more suggestive, without the Egyptian obelisk. Mr. Cook has a different mind. It is a free country; we all have a right to our opinion.

If you want to save the State House, you want to save it as a matter of sentiment: it is easier now that they have built that remarkably exaggerated building behind.

During the war, when Governor Andrew worked night and day, when war as well as peace were carried on, the State House was sufficiently large. What they want a building seven times as large for, I don't know, unless every legislator is seven times as big as he was in those days. I was today guided through it; I went to the further end. I was told you were to be in No. 29. Then I came to No. 8. I could not come without a guide. What you want such a building for, I don't know; but it is built — I suppose you want it, as Mr.

Cook says, to advertise the State; or it was wanted for some other purpose. Well, I think it is a great pity.

A great many years ago, my father bought a house in Brookline. It was an historic house; it was, part of it, two hundred and thirty years old. In that house had been born Susannah Boylston, the mother of John Adams — the first John Adams. I have a letter of John Adams, saying that he has not been there since he was a youth and brought his mother on horseback on a pillion behind him. The carpenter told me when I wanted him to make some repairs for my father: "I tell you, Mr. Lee, the cheapest thing you can do is to pull that house right down." He found that there was some dry-rot in it, that there were some of the studs worn off at the bottom, and some other things; and that carpenter was of Mr. Cook's opinion, that a new house was wanted; that it would advertise my father better than the old house. And I did not do it; I kept the old house in spite of its being powder-posted; I have kept it, it is now forty years, and I can say that I never go to that house, for I don't live in it — one of my sons lives in it — I never go to that house without an active sensation of pleasure. Why? Well, when you go abroad, what do you go to see? Do you go to see the new houses in London? Do you go to see the new Law Courts? Do you go to see that griffin that they put up where Temple Bar stood? No, you go at once, the minute you can dust your clothes, out you go to see Westminster Abbey. I have no doubt there is rot in Westminster Abbey. I have no doubt

some stones have crumbled, and I think it would advertise London if they built a new one. But what should you think when you came to London and asked for Westminster Abbey, if they should say, "Well, you can't see the Abbey, but you can see a model of the Abbey; it was thought in the way and that we ought to have something new, something to advertise London, and we have taken down the Abbey."

Now, is it healthy? Perhaps that is one reason they took it down; took it down because it was too old and too much dry-rot in it, and they wanted something new, something up to the times, Mr. Cook. And the Tower, — "Well, yes, you can see the Tower, but who wants to go and see the Tower?" Why, you do, the American, who is going to pull down the State House. You go abroad on purpose to see the Temple, the Tower, and the Abbey, and all the antiquities that you can find in London, not looking at anything else.

Then some say this State House is only a hundred years old. Governor Long found that out last year; only a hundred years old! Well, I have seen the Abbey and I have seen the Temples of Paestum, and Augustus Caesar stood and looked at them and knew no more about who built them than I do; but his feeling of antiquity and association was just the same as mine when looking at the Abbey.

The first visit I made to Plymouth I asked to see Plymouth Rock. I walked around and could not see anything. I asked a maritime man: "Where is Plymouth Rock?" He brought me to the end of Hedge's wharf; I saw a stone, a pebble about as large as a

paving-stone. Spitting on it, he said: "Why, this was Plymouth Rock; that is what they tell me." Well, this was Plymouth Rock, sunk in the dirt. Above it was Cole's Hill. There were buried in the graves that were made smooth over the dead lest the Indians should discover their losses, those who perished the first winter, half the little shivering band of Pilgrims. Had they preserved them? Not at all. The field was full of burdocks and thistles and dead cats, and other articles of that kind. Had not been preserved, no! They went — two or three miles — out of Plymouth and put up a monument; thought they were doing the right thing. The rock they had blown up — blown up the rock and carried it up to Pilgrim Hill! Why? Well, to have it "more convenient." And that was their sentiment. My sentiment was to leave the rock where it was; and it is so now. They have put it back; they have thought better of it. They have got over Mr. Cook's state of mind and gone back to the old, the more antique. And I suppose they have repented of their far-off monument by this time; — I don't know.

You want a reminder, if you come to the State House. You don't want a new building to recall that there was the old State House once, built by Bulfinch, and which had witnessed the first hundred years of the history of the State. It is all the history there is. Governor Long does n't seem to think there is any history. Now he has been one of the Governors: — there have been thirty-five governors since this building was built, and they have all been good governors, and it is hardly to be supposed that there is no record,

that we have had no history all these hundred years. There have been many interesting events. He said there had been no war, excepting the War of the Rebellion. That was rather a mistake; we had the War of 1812, which was a very distressing war, too; it robbed us of most of our property and was one that we were averse to. We had the victories of 1812. Up through the streets marched Commodore Hull and Captain Dacres. They lived together in the Exchange Coffee House, and came to the State House to pay their respects to the Governor. There was the fight between the "Chesapeake" and "Shannon," — the women were witnessing from the dome with anxious eyes that terrible defeat.

There were many events I remember: the coming of Lafayette in 1824, who was received here as he was the next year when he came to the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument; that was something of an event. President Monroe came here in 1817; that was something of an event. There have been four or five presidents here since then.

We come down to the Civil War. Why, he said, Governor Andrew? — Yes, he believed there was a war — but he thought Governor Andrew was on the steps; it was not *in* the State House; he was on the steps; he gave the flags and he took the flags on the steps. Well, if you should be inclined to save your father's house and somebody should say to you, "Why, I saw your father bid you good-bye in the stage-coach on the steps." Yes, but I saw my father in the house, too. There was something done in the State House in those

long, tearful years of agony and weariness, heart-breaking disappointment and losses; the procession of young men coming to offer themselves for service, saluting the governor, as the gladiators did the emperor, "We, who are about to die, salute you."

Do you suppose there is no feeling connected with the rooms where the governor sat for those four years? — a man of peace called upon suddenly to prepare this State for a fearful war, and preparing it in spite of ridicule, in spite of denunciation, and preparing it so promptly that Massachusetts was the first State — the first men who were sent properly equipped and armed for the war were the men of Massachusetts. The whole world wept for Lincoln's death; are there no tears for Andrew, who fell, after the war, as much as Lincoln? Lincoln was killed by an assassin, but if he had not been, he would soon have died from head and heart-weariness. Do you suppose Governor Andrew could have sat here those four years, night and day — for he was here much of the time night and day — working and enduring, and feeling that he had been, more or less, instrumental in bringing about the deaths of all the flower of Massachusetts, without any emotions? Was there no association? You have the association with Bunker Hill — for what? A battle of four hours. Has a battle of four *years* no association for this building? The agony of those four years! Men haggard with anxiety and grief, and the mourners going about the streets from every house: Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they were not. Is there no association for this building, where

the headquarters of the whole government of the time were? It seems to me absurd.

I should like to read a small sentence from William Morris on this subject: "No man who consents to the destruction of an ancient building has any right to pretend that he cares about art; or has any excuse to plead in defence of his crime against civilization and progress save sheer brutal ignorance."

Now I have only one word more to say. In 1870 the Commune in Paris pulled down the Tuileries. I was there the next year; I saw the destruction. They pulled down the column on the Place Vendôme, of which they had been so proud. Now the whole of France is all alive with admiration for Napoleon. They destroyed the Hôtel de Ville with its priceless treasures. What was it? The work of brutes. Now we are proposing to destroy not our Hôtel de Ville, but our State House, and to do it deliberately in cold blood. If any of you should be haled up for killing a person, the judge will make a distinction whether you did it in hot blood, whether you did it under provocation, or whether you did it in cold blood. If you did it in cold blood, he will hang you; if you did it in hot blood, he will let you off with imprisonment for life. So, we are to be more brutal, more culpable than those brutish Parisians who destroyed their monuments? We do it in cold blood. In this case there is no excuse; you are doing it in cold blood.

THE OLD NORTH END

FIFTY years ago the "Old North End," as it was affectionately called, was a most attractive quarter of the town, — quaint, historical, romantic, — a region of old shops, old taverns, old dwellings, old meeting-houses, old ship-yards, old traditions, its antique flavor preserved by its isolation. The narrow streets and narrow alleys followed the tortuous shore or twisted about the former boundaries of marsh and headland, lined with old shops and houses, some of colonial date, with their many gables, their overhanging upper stories, their huge panelled chimneys, interspersed with aristocratic mansions of greater height and pretensions flanked with out-buildings and surrounded by gardens. The ancient Ship Tavern, or "Noah's Ark," with its walls seamed by the earthquake of 1663, where Sir Robert Carr, Charles II.'s commissioner, beat the constable and replied cavalierly to Governor Leverett's summons, carried one back to the colonial days. The mansion of Sir William Phips, "the fair brick house in the Green Lane of North Boston," of which he had dreamed while he tended sheep, recalled the romantic story of that stout-hearted, irascible adventurer, the first governor under the new charter. The "Two Palaverers," rendezvous of the North End Caucus, where John Hancock made his grandiloquent annunciation, "Burn Boston and

make John Hancock a beggar"; the more famous Green Dragon, with its emblematic sign, — "Headquarters of the Revolution," as Daniel Webster named it, and early home of the Free-Masons, where treason was hatched, and the "Tea Party" planned by Otis and Molineux, Adams and Hancock, Warren and Revere, and the treacherous Dr. Church, and where the North End mechanics declared in favor of the Federal Constitution, — these, with the homes of the youthful Franklin and Warren and Revere, and of many more, patriots and refugees, still stood to remind one of the actors in our Revolutionary struggle.

The "Old North" of the Mathers had been pulled down for firewood by the British soldiers, but the adopted Old North peered up with its revengeful cockerel, a visible monument of the piety or the malignity of the "aggrieved brethren" of the New North (a mooted point with North Enders); and in Salem Street, upon the eastern slope of Copp's Hill, stood Christ Church, with its graceful steeple, where hung Paul Revere's lantern, and whose tuneful chimes were wafted through the Sabbath stillness of the sparsely built town,—

> Chasing all thoughts unholy
> With sounds most musical, most melancholy.

Copp's Hill, the burial-place of the Mathers, and of all the generations of North Enders, high and low, still faced Bunker Hill, though the battery from behind which Clinton and Burgoyne had beheld with consternation the slaughter of British troops had been levelled. Clustered around the base of the hill were the old ship-

yards, associated with the invincible "Old Ironsides," and a series of "argosies of portly sail," of earlier and later date, that had ploughed every sea on peaceful or warlike errand for two hundred years. The sound of the mallets and of the broad-axes was still to be heard; the smell of tar regaled the senses; you could chat with caulkers, riggers, and spar-makers, and other web-footed brethren who had worked upon these "pageants of the sea"; and you could upon occasion witness the launch of one of these graceful, wonderful masterpieces of human skill. One of the most interesting localities was North Square, or, of old, Clark Square, with its ancient overhanging houses, in one of which had been quartered the gallant and genial Major Pitcairn, of Lexington memory; in another dwelt the family of Commodore Downes, and by its side Paul Revere had lived, and in his windows exhibited his patriotic transparencies. Here was the narrow alley through which Governor Hutchinson reached the "Revenge Church" by a private door opening into his pew. At the head of the Square had stood the Old North, and in its place stood the parsonage of Dr. Lathrop, the last of the big-wig clergy. In Moon Street, just off the Square, was an ancient house, once the habitation of the Reverend Samuel Mather, in which his brother-in-law, Governor Hutchinson, had taken refuge the night of his house-sacking; and here in parallel Garden Court Street still stood the unfortunate governor's mansion, from which he had been driven.

As a boy the instinct of heredity had drawn me to the North End, as the home of an ancestor, one of

the founders and long a ruling elder of the "Revenge Church," whose tomb on Copp's Hill and sundry estates scattered about that neighborhood were stations in my pilgrimage, more especially his ample mansion in North Bennett Street, from which the "aggrieved brethren" rushed into the New North on learning that the Rev. Peter Thacher and his friends had stolen a march and were proceeding with his ordination, notwithstanding their protest. This old house I haunted so persistently as to awaken the suspicion of the then proprietor, who, after my profuse explanations, remained doubtful whether to consider me a burglar or an imbecile.

It was in one of our rambles through this fascinating region in the pleasant days of spring that some of us schoolboys found our way into a deserted house, whose pictorial and architectural splendor so captivated us as to induce repeated visits, interrupted only by our summer's rustication. Returning in the fall, what was our dismay to find our enchanted castle gone, and upon its site and over its garden a block of modern brick houses. An anxious visit of inquiry to "honest Foster," the silversmith, who, in his long coat, knee-breeches, and silver buckles, dwelt with his spinster sister in an impracticably low-jettied house in Ann Street, one step below the narrow sidewalk, and, as old-fashioned housekeepers believed, beat his silver to a superior whiteness, while he regaled us schoolboys with traditions of a past age, confirmed the evidence of our senses with the added information that the paintings and other decorations had been destroyed or hopelessly dispersed.

Thirty years went by and I had almost come to the

conclusion that I had been indebted to my imagination for the seeming facts of its sumptuousness and heraldic effulgence, when, upon the purchase of the Winslow Lewis estate, I came across two of the painted and emblazoned panels, so far corroborating my recollections; which, after another twenty years' interval, have been again revived, and this unique mansion of provincial Boston, with its improbable inhabitants, remanded from the realms of romance and dreams by the unexpected apparition of its last owner in the flesh, and the inspection of various relics he has preserved.

The Clark house (the deserted mansion) and Hutchinson house formed the west side of prettily named Garden Court Street, a short thoroughfare running from the north end of North Square to Fleet Street. There they stood, these rival mansions, festooned with Virginia creeper, behind their green court-yards, placidly as if their inmates had never been disturbed by French wars, Boston mobs, or Lisbon earthquakes.

The Hutchinson house was built by Colonel Thomas Hutchinson, a descendant of William Hutchinson and his famous wife, "that woman of ready wit and bold spirit," more than a match for her reverend and magisterial inquisitors. He was a wealthy merchant and councillor, who made his native town a sharer in his prosperity by founding the North End Grammar School. His son, the future governor, was born in this house, which, upon the death of his father in 1739, became his, and here he remained while in office, the only one of the provincial governors who did not inhabit the Province House, alleging that he had a better house of

his own, an assertion amply justified if we can believe Mrs. Child's account of its interior. Here he surrounded himself with his books and works of art; here he collected precious manuscripts and compiled his interesting History; and here, on the night of the 26th August, 1765, he was sought by an infuriated mob, and would have been assassinated but for his daughter's devotion; his house was sacked, his rich furniture of all sorts destroyed, and his priceless manuscripts scattered to the winds, some of them picked up and restored by his neighbor, the Rev. Dr. Eliot.

A few years more of contention, and this courtly representative of an ancient and honorable family, this sincere lover of his country, this patient student of her history, this skilful man of affairs, this persuasive speaker, this upright and merciful judge, once so beloved, unable to discern or unwilling to adopt the course of a wise patriot, hindered perhaps by his great possessions, fled from his native land and died a broken-hearted exile, moralizing possibly like Wolsey upon the consequences of ambition, and looking back fondly to his birthplace in sunny Garden Court Street.

After Hutchinson's departure, the estate was confiscated, and purchased for a song by Mr. William Little, a respectable merchant, whose family remained there till its downfall. General John P. Boyd, a brother of Mrs. Little's, was a member of the family for some years, a soldier of fortune who early in life had served the native East Indian princes with a force raised by himself, and brought home his pay in the concrete form of a cargo of saltpetre, as tradition reported, and later

distinguished himself in the War of 1812. A tall, showy, handsome man, with his war-paint on, his red wig, and face of the same color artificially heightened, who strutted through the streets with a military swagger, and slightly military costume, and performed the duties of naval officer to the satisfaction of President Jackson.

The Clark house was erected by the Hon. William Clark, — like his neighbor, a wealthy merchant and a councillor, — to outshine the house built by Colonel Hutchinson. It was a well-proportioned house, built of brick, of three stories in height, looking down upon its two-storied neighbor, *an intentional oversight*, with a gambrel roof crowned by a balustrade. The front was relieved by a row of dormer windows, by a modillioned cornice, by string courses between each story, and by the richly carved pediment and pilasters of the doorway.

Passing through the door you entered a hall of hospitable width, running from front to rear, spanned by an arch midway. The front hall, lighted by windows on either side of the door, gave access to the front parlors; the real hall, leading to the sitting-room and kitchen, was lighted by a tall, arched window over the stairs, up and down whose gentle grades his pony scrambled with the gouty Sir Harry Frankland. The hall with its balustraded staircase, the parlors and chambers with their panelled walls, their deep window-seats, their chimney-pieces flanked by arched and pilastered alcoves, — all were in the just proportion and with the classic details handed down from the days of good Queen Anne or Dutch William. So far, the house,

within and without, was only a fine specimen of the mansions of wealthy citizens of the provincial period in and around Boston. The feature which distinguished it from its neighbors was the rich, elaborate, and peculiar decoration of the north parlor on the right of the entrance hall.

Opposite the door was the ample fireplace with its classic mantel-piece, a basket of flowers and scroll-work in relief upon its frieze. On the right of the chimney-piece was an arched alcove lighted by a narrow window; on the left an arched buffet with a vaulted ceiling. The other three walls were divided into compartments by fluted pilasters of the Corinthian order, which supported the entablature with its dentilled cornice. The flutings and capitals of the pilasters, the dentils of the cornice, the vault and shelves of the buffet, were all heavily gilded. So far, as I said before, it was only a rich example of the prevalent style. The peculiar decoration consisted of a series of raised panels filling these compartments, reaching from the surbase to the frieze, eleven in all, each embellished with a romantic landscape painted in oil colors, the four panels opposite the windows being further enriched by the emblazoned escutcheons of the Clarks, the Saltonstalls, and other allied families. Beneath the surbase, the panels, as also those of the door, were covered with arabesques. The twelfth painting was a view of the house upon a horizontal panel over the mantel, and beneath this panel, inscribed in an oval, was the monogram of the builder, W. C. At the base of the gilded and fluted vault of the buffet was a painted dove. The

floor was inlaid with divers woods in multiform patterns; in the centre, surrounded by a border, emblazoned in proper colors, was the escutcheon of the Clarks, with its three white swans.

The mere enumeration of the details fails to give an idea of the impression made by this painted and gilded parlor, not an inch of whose surface but had been elaborated by painter, gilder, carver, or artist, to which the blazoner had added heraldic emblems; so that as you looked round these walls, the romantic ruins and castles seemed placed there to suggest, if not to portray, the old homes of a long line of ancestors, and the escutcheons above to confirm the suggestion, thereby enhancing the splendor of the present by the feudal dignity of an august past.

The Hutchinson house is said to date from 1710. The Clark house may have been built three years later, as the land was purchased 10 December, 1711, of Ann Hobby, widow, and several others, daughters and coheirs of John Winsley, deceased, of Boston, for 725 pounds current money. If so, Councillor Clark lived for many years to enjoy the sumptuousness of his new house and the envy of his neighbors. His death in 1742, attributed by some to the loss of forty sail of vessels in the French wars, may more naturally be accounted for by his having reached the ripe age of seventy-two years. He was one of the original worshippers at Christ Church, although his sister Elizabeth was married to Cotton Mather. He was buried in his tomb at Copp's Hill, marked by a tablet bearing the family arms.

He was seemingly a consequential man, vain of his wealth and of his ancestry, more anxious to rival his neighbor's magnificence than his public spirit. His family pride would have been wounded had he foreseen that a granddaughter should die in the almshouse, and more than healed had he known that among his many highly respectable descendants he could have reckoned the Duke of Argyle, and his heir, the present Marquis of Lorne, the husband of the Princess Louise, his lineal descendant in the sixth generation, through his daughter Sarah, wife of the wealthy and enterprising Christopher Kilby, for a long time agent of the Province of Massachusetts Bay and generous benefactor to his native town.

Soon after the death of Mr. Clark, his estate was conveyed to his son-in-law, Deacon Thomas Greenough, for 1,400 pounds, old tenor, and was by him sold in 1756 to Sir Charles Henry Frankland, Bart., for 1,200 pounds sterling.

Sir Harry Frankland, as he was familiarly called, heir to an ample fortune, and, what adds to his interest here, a descendant, in the fourth generation, of Oliver Cromwell, came to this country in 1741, as Collector of the port of Boston, preferring that office to the Governorship of Massachusetts, the alternative offered him by George II. The story of his life and that of the lovely Agnes Surriage has been told in prose and verse, and hardly needs repeating. Upon an official visit to Marblehead, he was struck by the radiant beauty of a young girl of sixteen, maid-of-all-work at the village inn, barelegged, scrubbing the floor; he inquired her name, and

upon a subsequent visit, with the consent of her parents, conveyed her to Boston and placed her at the best school. Ten years later, the connection between this high official and his fair protégée causing scandal, Frankland purchased some five hundred acres of land in Hopkinton, which he laid out and cultivated with taste, built a stately country-house and extensive farm buildings, and there entertained all the gay companions he could collect with deer and fox hunts without doors, with music and feasting within doors, duly attending the church of his neighbor, the Rev. Roger Price, late of King's Chapel, Boston, of which Frankland had been, from his arrival, a member. Called to England by the death of his uncle, whose title he inherited as fourth baronet, he journeyed to Lisbon, and there, upon All Saints' Day, 1755, on his way to high mass, he was engulfed by the earthquake, his horses killed, and he would have perished miserably but for his discovery and rescue by the devoted Agnes. Grateful and penitent, he led her to the altar, and poor Agnes Surriage, the barefooted maid-of-all-work of the inn at Marblehead, was translated into Lady Agnes Frankland.

It was upon Sir Harry Frankland's return from Europe in 1756 that he became the owner of the Clark house, lived in it one short year, entertaining continually with the assistance of Thomas, his French cook, as appears by frequent entries in his journal; was then transferred to Lisbon as Consul General, and so, with the exception of brief visits to this country in 1759 and 1763, disappeared from our horizon. After his death at Bath, England, in 1768, his widow returned here with Henry Cromwell, but not until she had recorded her husband's virtues

upon a monument "erected by his affectionate widow, Agnes, Lady Frankland," — dividing her year between Boston and Hopkinton, exchanging civilities with those who had once rejected her, till the contest with England rendered all loyalists and officials unpopular. Defended from molestation by a guard of six soldiers, Lady Frankland entered Boston about the first of June, 1775, witnessed from her window in Garden Court Street the battle of Bunker Hill, took her part in relieving the sufferings of the wounded officers, and then in her turn disappeared with Henry Cromwell, leaving her estates in the hands of members of her family. She lived a few years with the Frankland family in England, married a second time in 1782, and died in 1783.

She is described as altogether a very lovely creature, with a majestic gait, dark lustrous eyes, clear melodious voice, and a sweet smile, graceful and dignified manners, readily adapting herself to her rapid change of position, winning the affection of her husband's well-born relatives, while she never forgot nor forsook her own humble kindred.

One gets a very favorable impression of Sir Henry Frankland from his journal and from the transmitted facts of his life. He was a liberal giver, as the records of the King's Chapel attest, a lover of hospitality, a warm friend, constantly remitting to a large circle at home tokens of his affectionate remembrance, living in friendly relations with his more Puritan neighbors in town, helpful to those in the country, courteous and considerate to all, independent in judgment, as his comments upon the policy of the government manifest. The errors of his

youth, for he came here as Collector at the age of twenty-five, he sought to repair. His natural son, Henry Cromwell, he brought home to be cherished by his wife, had him educated, and provided for him handsomely in his will.[1] Penitent for his betrayal of the young girl who had trusted in him, he made her his wife, welcomed all her family, sailor brother included, to his hospitable home, treating as his own two of her sister's children;[2] was a considerate, loving husband while living, and at his death divided his fortune between her and Henry Cromwell.

A strange, eventful history, facts too improbable for fiction, to be told only by a poet, who should conjure up the thoughts that entered the mind, the feelings that agitated the heart, of this fair, sweet Agnes, as she sat at the window of her painted parlor in Garden Court Street, gazing by turns at the Old North Meeting-House and into the great buttonwood by its side, while the diorama of her life passed before her mind's eye.

Upon Lady Frankland's death the town mansion, which had escaped confiscation, passed by her will to her family, and was by them sold in 1811 for $8,000 to Mr. Joshua Ellis, a retired North End merchant, who resided there until his death.

Upon the widening of Bell Alley in 1832, these two

[1] Henry Cromwell became an officer in the British navy, had a creditable record, and finally left it rather than fight against his native country.

[2] Among the interesting relics in possession of Mr. Rowland Ellis is a well-painted picture of two children left in a panel over the mantel of one of the chambers when the house was sold by Isaac Surriage to Mr. Ellis. Circumstances tend to the belief that these are portraits of John and Sally M'Clester, the two children here mentioned.

proud mansions, long since deserted by the families whose importance they were erected to illustrate and perpetuate, objects of interest to the poet, the artist, and the historian, alike for their association with a seemingly remote past, their antique splendor, and for the series of strange, romantic incidents in the lives of their successive occupants, were ruthlessly swept away.

BROAD STREET RIOT

THE extracts from the "Boston Almanac," given by Scituate in your paper of the 21st, recall many events, among others the great riot in Broad Street, June 11, 1837. It was Sunday. I was at Dr. Channing's church, Federal Street, that afternoon, when the fire bells rang. Brooks No. 11 came clattering and jingling down Franklin Street and by the church. I concluded it was one of the false alarms firemen were in the habit of giving Sunday afternoon for the amusement of getting out the engine. After church I walked out to Brookline to tea at my uncle's, and on my return, at nine o'clock, found a notification to appear at the armory of the Cadets, which I obeyed; but no one was there. The next morning I learned that one of the fire engines sluing round the corner on East Street had broken into an Irish funeral procession with or without malice prepense; a running fight had ensued, which culminated where Sea Street became Broad Street, near the head of India Wharf. Here some of the Irish houses had been despoiled because of missiles from windows, and the broken glass and wrecked furniture strewn in all directions indicated a prolonged fight.

Mayor Eliot had been apprised of this combat, and with surprising promptness arrived upon the scene on horseback, accompanied by Colonel Henderson Inches

of the Cadets, and other gentlemen, and supported by troops hastily summoned. The Lancers, just organized, made their first appearance and led the force, the New England Guards, Captain (afterward Chief Justice) Bigelow, with charged bayonets, and other companies of the Boston Regiment following. The riot was suppressed; the Volunteer Fire Department, organized by Mayor Quincy some ten years before, and now infected with rowdyism and bumptiousness, was broken up; the engines manned for the time by respectable loyal citizens, who rallied round the mayor, and whose somewhat senile efforts were jeered at by the lusty, profane, irreverent ex-firemen. A new force of men who could be paid, as volunteers never can, was soon organized by the brave mayor. Thirst for blood instigated the formation of an Irish company, the Montgomery Guards, whose captain was one Baxter, a swarthy, bow-legged man, once member of the City Guards, then sergeant-major of the regiment. On muster day, September 12, as this inopportune company in Irish green wheeled into line about opposite to Mason Street, every other company in the regiment, save the New England Guards, the Boston Light Infantry, and Rifle Rangers, the most select companies, wheeled out and marched away under sergeants. Some of the old citizens, with a liberal creed, deprecated this insult, and spoke encouraging words to the Irishmen. I recollect seeing Mr. Harrison Gray Otis, one of the old Federal leaders, addressing them; but the company, as it left the ground in the afternoon, was hooted and stoned by a mob composed chiefly of the members of the mutinous companies, and the Mont-

gomery Guards were intimidated from parading again. For two years the regiment was reduced to a battalion. In 1839 the offending companies, under somewhat altered names, but with the same uniforms and officers, were allowed to reappear by the too lenient Governor Everett, and the regiment was reorganized with a new field and staff, Charles Russell Lowell colonel.

Two more events helped to make this year memorable in the military annals of the State: June 14, the National Lancers, whose soldier-like conduct in the riot had commended them to the community, made their first parade. I can see them now, mustering and forming line on the Common, parallel and close to the mall, opposite Walnut Street. Their coming had been hailed, as the Light Horse, the only cavalry company for some years, had so dwindled that the governor's escort on Commencement Day consisted at last of Captain Cambridge, two buglers and two troopers. The Lancers appeared with full ranks, under Captain Thomas Davis, who in the ward company days had commanded the First, or North End, Regiment. He was a florid-faced man with well-cut features, short body and long legs. The helmet and green uniform, with red facings, and the avoirdupois of the members of the company would have suggested heavy dragoons, but they had adopted the name and weapon of jaunty, wasp-waisted lancers. Louis Dennis, who had figured on the regimental staff and at the head of several companies; Peter Dunbar, handsome, burly head-truckman, once line officer of the First regiment; Forristall, another heavy, handsome, head-truckman; Samuel K.

Bayley, horse auctioneer, equally stout and tall; Gardner Greenleaf, mason; Cummings, blacksmith; Heath, carriage-builder; Guild, dentist, with Punchinello face; Braman of the Swimming School; Jepson, once handsome coachman of Governor Gore, and many more whom I cannot name, would have turned the scale at not less than two hundred pounds. They spent the day riding through the town, being reviewed by Governor Everett near the great elm, and there was issued a lithograph depicting the scene.

The last parade was October 30, the occasion the reception of Black Hawk, Keokuk, the Prophet, and thirty or forty chiefs of the Sioux and the Sacs and Foxes. The governor received them in the State House and bestowed on them his eloquence and presents to suit their tastes. We Cadets guarded the entrance to the State House, and in the afternoon escorted the governor and his guests to a corner of the Common near Park Street and the Brewer fountain, guarded by the Lancers. The savages danced a war dance, and we were obliged to lie down that the people might see the antics of the Indians, an unwelcome attitude on a cold October afternoon.

SENEX.

THE SHAW MEMORIAL

[In the autumn of 1865 Colonel Lee was one of those who started the movement for erecting, in memory of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, that monument which now stands opposite to the State House in Boston. The sculptor stipulated for two years, and took twelve. When at last, after this weary and anxious waiting, the day for the unveiling and presentation came, Colonel Lee, whose feelings had been deeply engaged in the business, had the gratification of finding the ceremonial to be "perfect." His own part therein, which fell to him as Chairman of the Committee, consisted in a brief address[1] to the Governor at the moment of the unveiling, and later in the reading of the following Report:]

You are too partial in calling me chairman of the committee. I wish the chairman, John M. Forbes, were here, — a man identified with Governor Andrew from the cold, chilly morning of preparation to the last review of the army in Washington. I say deliberately that there was no citizen of the Commonwealth who rendered more varied, more continuous, more valuable service during the war than John M. Forbes. To the State "his purse, his person, his extremest means lay

[1] Not preserved.

all unlocked to her occasions." Unfortunately, old age has arrested him and prevented him from taking his place as chairman this morning.

Friends, more than twenty years ago the subscribers appointed a committee with full powers to procure a fitting testimonial to Col. Robert G. Shaw and his brave black soldiers. That committee has completed its task. It has invited the subscribers, the family and friends of the hero, with the remnant of his followers, some of his old comrades in arms, and all others interested, to listen to its final report, to look upon the memorial they have procured, to discharge the committee from further labors, and, if so minded, to crown them with approbation.

We ask your Excellency to preside on this occasion as the chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, and especially as the successor to our great "war governor," — the governor who was the first to prepare for war, the first to prepare for peace, the first to urge the policy of emancipation as a war measure, the first to insist upon the right and duty of the colored men to bear arms, feeling that not only the liberties of the colored men, but the destinies of the country itself were involved in this question. When, after two years' delay, the official sanction was granted he hastened to organize regiments, to watch over them and contend for their rights, — promised and withheld.

"The monument," said Governor Andrew in his call for subscriptions, "is intended not only to mark the public gratitude to the fallen hero, who at a critical moment assumed a perilous responsibility, but also to commemo-

rate that great event wherein he was a leader, by which the title of colored men as citizen soldiers was fixed beyond recall."

Time is wanting to detail the labors, anxieties, and disappointments, the weary delays encountered, the antipathy and incredulity of the army and the public at the employment of colored men as soldiers even after the bloody assault on Fort Wagner; and the final triumph of the governor only after a long legal struggle, and after he and his colored soldiers had passed through great anxiety and misery.

"I was opposed on nearly every side when I first favored the raising of colored regiments," said President Lincoln to General Grant; and no one can appreciate the heroism of Colonel Shaw and his officers and soldiers without adding to the savage threats of the enemy the disapprobation of friends, the antipathy of the army, the sneers of the multitude here, without reckoning the fire in the rear as well as the fire in front. One must have the highest form of courage not to shrink from such dismaying solitude.

As to the fallen hero who "had put on the crown of martyrdom," the governor had selected him, after deliberation, from a family consecrated to patriotism; had admired his heroism and was heartsick at his loss.

To express the universal grief at that loss and the appreciation of the great event in which he was a leader, this monument has been erected.

The State, through Governor Long, generously offered to the committee an admirable site for the monument, but upon examination this was declined lest the State

House grounds should be disfigured. In this emergency the city came to our rescue, and not only furnished the ground, but made a liberal contribution of the terrace and framework of the monument. We therefore must turn to you, Mr. Mayor, and transfer to your Honor this precious memorial.

A generation has passed since this great work was contemplated. It is over twenty years since it was entrusted to the committee which I represent, and twelve years since it was confided to the sculptor, Mr. St. Gaudens. Two years was the time allotted for its completion. These two years have lengthened into twelve, a period of great anxiety for the committee lest they should not survive to accomplish their task, or, what was more important, lest the sculptor should be taken away, with his work unfinished. Those twelve years have been improved by the artist, whose inexorable conscience compelled him to prolong his labors at all hazards until his ideal should be realized.

Your Honor has witnessed the unveiling of the monument, and will, I am sure, congratulate us that, thanks to the sculptor, we have builded better than we knew.

No sweeter praise could be craved by any artist than the eulogy pronounced upon his work by the mother of the hero:

"You have immortalized my native city, you have immortalized my dear son, you have immortalized yourself."

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE

BORN IN LONDON, NOVEMBER 27, 1809; DIED IN LONDON, JANUARY 16, 1893

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MRS. KEMBLE, whose death in London has been lately announced, had many friends of long standing in Boston, one of whom offers this memorial.

Ever since Fanny Kemble burst upon the world, at the age of twenty, she has been an object of interest to the English race in both hemispheres. After a childhood of varied freedom and discipline, tending rather to develop than to regulate her capacities, this young girl was suddenly summoned to the stage, to rescue her father from impending ruin. It was a hazardous venture. The success was immediate and marvelous. A *succès d'estime* naturally awaited the advent of another Kemble; but the public, drawn to Covent Garden by mingled motives of curiosity to see a fresh *débutante*, of regard for the family, and of sympathy for their shipwrecked fortunes, were taken by storm, and continued to crowd the theatre for one hundred and twenty nights to weep over the woes of Juliet.

Mrs. Kemble lacked the stature and perfect symmetry of Mrs. Siddons, but she had the noble head, the effulgent eyes, the sensitive mouth and flexible nostrils, the musical voice, the dignified and graceful gestures, which

distinguished her aunt; and, in addition, the sense of humor, the mobile temperament quick as flame, the poetic sensibility, which characterized her mother. Three weeks was the ostensible term of preparation, the interval between her summons and her appearance; as to the rest, the poetry to feel and the dramatic faculty to represent, she had imbibed or inherited. So endowed, she soared at once to heights reached by others only after years of toil, substituting feeling for simulation, spontaneous action for studied gesture and movements, the intuition of poetic and dramatic genius for the training of talent; and this abandonment of herself to inspiration, "letting her heart go, while she kept her head," gave a vividness and pathos to her personations never equaled on the English stage in our day.

Mrs. Kemble, in her Records, dwells much upon her ignorance of the details of her profession, and quotes with glee Mr. Macready's remark that she did not know the elements of it; but the readers of the life of that irritable actor will remember that he praises no contemporary, and her own criticisms must be taken with allowance for her extreme frankness and her exalted standard. That she fully comprehended the requirements of her calling, and devoted herself to it industriously, her letters manifest. That she might have arrived at greater perfection and uniformity, that she would have become more independent of her passing moods, of her fondness or aversion for her part, had she liked and pursued her profession, no one familiar with the art of acting as perfected on the French stage can doubt. But, as a critic truly says, "the greatest artist is she who is

greatest in the highest reaches of her art, even although she may lack the qualities necessary for the adequate execution of some minor details;" and no one who witnessed Mrs. Kemble's personations of Mrs. Beverley, Belvidera, Bianca, Julia, Portia, Katharine, Ophelia, Juliet, has ever had her image effaced from his mind's eye, or has ever enjoyed a glimpse of her successor.

That she exercised this fascination, that she electrified audiences in the Old and New World by her acting, rests not upon the assertion of any one admirer; it is recorded in the annals of the time. That she numbered among her admirers not only the thoughtless many, but the judicious few, — Sir Walter Scott, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Rogers, Campbell, Sterling, Christopher North, Barry Cornwall, and their kindred on this side of the Atlantic; that she achieved two fortunes, winning independence for herself and for those she loved, are historical facts. Sterling, who saw her when she first appeared, says: "She was never taught to act at all; and though there are many faults in her performance of Juliet, there is more power than in any female playing I ever saw, except Pasta's Medea." Sir Walter Scott said that she had great energy mingled with and chastened by correct taste, and that, for his part, he had seen nothing so good since Mrs. Siddons. Charles Greville, skeptical at first, is converted. "'The Hunchback,' very good and a great success. Miss Fanny Kemble acted really well; for the first time, in my opinion, great acting. I have never seen anything since Mrs. Siddons (and perhaps Miss O'Neill) so good." Christopher North is most enthusiastic: "Her attitudes, her whole personal demeanor, are

beautiful. They are uniformly appropriate to the character and the situation, and in exquisite appropriateness lies beauty. But not only are Miss Kemble's attitudes, her appearance, her apparition, beautiful; they are also classical. Miss Kemble is a girl of genius." Of her first night the "New Monthly Magazine" writes: "The looks of every spectator conveyed that he was electrified by the influence of new-tried genius, and was collecting emotions in silence, as he watched its development, to swell its triumph with fresh acclamations. For our part, the illusion that she was Shakespeare's own Juliet came so speedily upon us as to suspend the power of specific criticism."

It is sixty years the 16th April, 1893, since Fanny Kemble made her début at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston, and the glamor of her apparition has not yet vanished. The ecstasy of that season comes back at the sound of her name. I scarcely ever go by the Tremont House without gazing once more at the windows of her room, in the superstitious hope that her radiant face may shine forth. It seems but yesterday that we were all, youths and maidens, hanging round Tremont Place to see her mount Niagara, — a horse I rode thenceforth, on holidays and in vacations, because she had been upon his back, — or scouring the country to catch a glimpse of her as she galloped past. Every young girl, who could, sported Fanny Kemble curls. To be thought to look like Fanny Kemble was their aspiration. I remember making a long pilgrimage on horseback to gaze upon a young lady whose attraction was a fancied resemblance to Fanny Kemble; and only a few years ago I visited a

matron, living near the Hudson River, who, in her youth, had been the more admired because she resembled Fanny Kemble; and she had not forgotten it. One young girl, more fortunate and more venturesome than her fellows, while hanging her daily offering of flowers upon the handle of the actress's door, was heard, captured and caressed, and accepted as a friend from that bright day.

As for us Harvard students, we all went mad. As long as funds held out, there was a procession of us hastening breathless over the road to Boston, as the evening shades came on; then a waiting in the narrow entrance alley, packed like sardines in a box, until at last we were borne along, with peril to flesh and raiment, into the pit, where we sat on the unbacked benches, absorbed, scarce knowing when and where we were, and regardless of our sometimes *sans-culotte* condition.

Charles Kemble opened with Hamlet, Ophelia being played by Mrs. Barrett, whom Mrs. Kemble pronounced "perfectly beautiful, with eyes and brow of an angel, a mouth chiseled like a Grecian piece of sculpture, with an expression of infinite refinement; fair round arms and hands, a beautifully moulded foot, and a figure that seemed to me perfectly proportioned. Altogether, I never saw a fairer woman; it was delightful to look at her." The next night Miss Kemble made her début in Bianca; and we went out, transfixed with horror and fascination, into uttermost darkness, as when one passes an arc light on the road. We were all stricken, and only counted the hours and the cash which would bring us back again.

I remember one night when, as Belvidera, shrieking, stares at her husband's ghost, I was sitting in front, in her line of vision, and I cowered and shrank from her terrible gaze. How we all wept with her as Mrs. Beverley over the frenzied despair of her gamester husband! — with this difference, that her tears were staining her silk dress, while ours were mopped by our handkerchiefs. How we all enjoyed her shrewish outbursts and humble penitence as Katharine, and her father's assumed violence and real good breeding as Petruchio! — a delightful performance, vainly essayed by actors since, in the fond belief of my friend John Gilbert and myself. Who has played Portia with such sweet dignity; who has so filled out the part of the whole-hearted Beatrice, with her pride of maidenhood, until surprised into love by the sincere warmth of Benedick's confession; and who ever personated that brave gallant as did Charles Kemble?

"Oh for something of the fire, the undying youthfulness of spirit, now so rare, the fine courtesy of bearing, which made the acting, with actors of this type, so delightful!" Helen Faucit thus eulogizes Charles Kemble, and his masterpiece, Mercutio, and Fanny Kemble's Juliet, which held Covent Garden for one hundred and twenty nights, and made lovers of all the youth of London! "We were all of us in love with you, and had your portrait by Lawrence in our rooms." So said Thackeray to Fanny Kemble twenty years afterwards.

Of all her parts, Julia, written for her by Sheridan Knowles, was the most perfect; and the scene with

Clifford, when, love and fortune lost, he comes, as secretary to Lord Rochdale, bearing a message, was so affecting as to call forth from Rachel, "C'est bien, fort bien;" and we certainly shed abundant tears over her desperate misery. In a conversation with Mrs. Kemble one day, when each enumerated the great actors we had seen here and abroad, I said: "There is one you have omitted." "Myself, I presume. I never was a good actress." "Were n't you? Did n't you play Julia well?" "I did."

Upon the authority of her mother, who was her most solicitous and most competent critic, it seems that the lack of preparation for the stage caused Mrs. Kemble's acting to be unequal, though, so far as my observation went, it was, as an Irishman might say, never worse, but sometimes better, actually inspired. As the painter who was asked with what he mixed his paints answered, "With brains," so could Fanny Kemble have accounted for her unrivaled power by saying that she threw her whole soul into her work.

Fanny Kemble's career as an actress came to a sudden close in June, 1834, by her marriage to Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia.

She has expressed her thankfulness that she was removed from the stage before its excitement became necessary to her. The vacuity of Mrs. Siddons's last years, her apparent deadness and indifference to everything, she attributed to the withering and drying influence of the over-stimulating atmosphere of emotion, excitement and admiration in which her aunt had passed her life; and she believed that her own power

of endurance of the sorrow of her later life was lessened by the early excitement and the prolonged exercise of the capacity for superficial emotion upon the stage.

There can be no doubt that in Mrs. Kemble's case, where the emotion excited was more than superficial, the nerves were weakened, the atmosphere was too stimulating; but what alternative would have protected her from the rash nature which her mother gave her, and which the home education had developed? And as to the vacuity and indifference in the lives of Mrs. Siddons and of Mrs. Kemble's father, they had neither her brains, her temperament, nor her education. Moreover, I feel quite sure that, had she turned governess, or had she remained in her father's house, the dramatic and theatrical instinct derived from her progenitors, and which impelled her sister Adelaide upon the stage, would have drawn her thither, or, if suppressed, would have left her dissatisfied as not having fulfilled her mission. Mrs. Kemble's objections to the profession would hardly apply to the actors of comedy, whose work is rather intellectual than emotional; nor would she extend them to French or Italian actors, whose demonstrations, on and off the stage, are not acted, dramatic as they are, but perfectly natural.

In connection with this subject, I must give an instance of her prompt rejection of undeserved praise, and hearty championship of her humbler professional associates. Hearing a sermon which condemned the profession of actors, and reflected upon their moral character as a body, with the notable exception of the Kemble

family, she wrote a spirited reply, disclaiming any moral superiority of her own family over the average, and testifying to the respectability and worth of many humble members of her profession who never had been and never would be cheered by public notice, while her family were distinguished from those faithful unrewarded laborers only by the favor of the public; adding that her objections to the profession were based upon its unwholesomeness, not upon its looseness of morals.

After a few years of married life, passed partly in America, and partly, to her great relief, in England, Mrs. Kemble returned to her native land, and, after a refreshing year in Italy as guest of her sister, resumed her profession.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the forlornness of her situation at this time. Separated from her children by the ocean, wider then than now, her communication with them infrequent and indirect, heart-sick with sorrow and anxiety, no longer young, her bloom gone, her prestige gone, incompetent to bargain with shrewd provincial managers, often sick from the exposure incident to this nomad life, she toiled on for a scant pittance, earned by the abhorred simulation of griefs akin to those gnawing at her heart.

"The step I am about to take," she writes, "is so painful to me that all petty annoyances and minor vexations lose their poignancy in the contemplation of it. My strength is much impaired, my nerves terribly shattered. I am now so little able to resist the slightest appeal to my feelings that, at the play, the mere sound of human voices simulating distress has shaken

and affected me to a strange degree. Judge how ill prepared I am to fulfill the task I am about to undertake. But it is an immense thing for me to be still able to work at all, and to keep myself from helpless dependence upon any one." "The whole value and meaning of life, to me, lies in the single sense of conscience, — duty." True to her principles, rather than request or accept a share of the fortune bestowed, in her days of prosperity, upon her father, she struggled on in this dismal drudgery; buoyed up by her faith, cultivating an interest in passing events in society, politics, and literature, communing with nature, and cheered by the loyalty of old friends.

This pilgrimage lasted for a year and a half, when at last, her father retiring from the field, she felt at liberty to give readings, which were less distasteful to her than acting; in fact, such was her enthusiasm for Shakespeare, they were sometimes enjoyed by her as well as by her audience. While the remnant who witnessed Fanny Kemble's acting in Boston might be packed into a box, a pitful of those who enjoyed her readings here survive. Whatever criticisms have been made upon her acting, there has been but one verdict as to her readings. In these were made manifest not only her dramatic inheritance, the range and quality of her voice, the grace of her gestures, the mobility and eloquence of her face, but also the underlying foundation of her power as an actress and reader, her comprehensive intelligence and her deep feeling. She approached her work with humble reverence for and appreciation of her divinity, Shakespeare, whose priestess she was; and

thus dedicated, she was transfigured in her imagination and to the eyes of the spectators.

As her friend, jealous of her welcome, I have often looked around as she entered and announced her reading, knowing that some present were gazing skeptically at the stout, middle-aged woman who was to present to them the lovelorn Juliet, the crazed Ophelia, the innocent Miranda. My fears were soon dissipated, for, as the play proceeded, not only were the voices clearly and finely distinguished, but the expression of each was miraculously infused, so that she really looked, successively, like Prospero, Miranda, or Ariel. I must make an exception of Caliban, Bottom, Falstaff, Sir Toby, and Dogberry; her attempts to personate these were, naturally enough, disagreeable and unsuccessful.

While her readings, for which she made thorough preparation, were uniformly excellent, I remember one remarkable instance of inspiration. It was near the close of her last season in Boston — about 1867, perhaps — that I went with two companions to hear her read Richard III. From her entrance-soliloquy to the shrieking of the ghosts over the sleeping Richard, her reading was so inspired that we were all electrified; and the next morning I wrote: "What was the matter with you last night? You never read so in your life. Compared with your usual readings, it was flying instead of walking. I don't know what, but something extraordinary must have happened." In reply, she said: "I waive your compliments, but you must have noticed that I tripped twice in my dialogue, — a rare occurrence; but the fact was that I was beside myself, for

just as I was going to my reading I received a note from the executor of my cousin, Mrs. George Combe (Cecilia Siddons), announcing that she had left me by her will five family pictures, — one of my grandmother, a venerable lady, whom I am said to resemble; and what was more, a pair of gloves that once were Shakespeare's." This unexpected revelation confirmed my belief in the justice of my observation. I had seen the flame; now I had discovered the fuel.

The great success of the readings, especially in America, placed Mrs. Kemble in comfort, — save when, in behalf of herself, or more frequently of her children, she was guilty of extravagance, — and enabled her thenceforth to spend her time alternately in England and America, with a summer visit to Switzerland.

Emerson has said that poets put all their poetry into their verses, and leave none in their lives. Actors as well as authors are apt to disappoint one who is led by the art to interest himself in the artist. Nine times out of ten one finds a commonplace person who has this one talent, and there an end; that his delineations are mere surface work, divined from the outside, with no penetration into or conception of the full scope of the character he is representing; sunflower costumes, artistic scenery, calcium lights, do the rest. Mrs. Kemble says: "Few things have ever puzzled me more than the fact of people liking *me* because I pretended to be a pack of Juliets and Belvideras, and creatures who were *not* me." Still she recognizes the fact that the popular theatrical heroine of the day always is the realization of their ideal to the youth, male and female, of her time.

She certainly was so, and in her case her admirers were not disappointed.

Her great nature was manifested in her acting and reading as in her writing, and still more in her being. "She has far more ability than she can display on the stage," said Sterling. "The Kembles are really a wonderful race. Who that has ever seen Fanny on the stage, or heard her read, or perused her plays and poems and journals, or her philosophical analyses of Shakespeare's characters, can deny her genius?" says Julian Young, a lifelong friend, only child of her old friend, the eminent actor Charles Young. "Finished the reading of Mrs. Butler's play, — full of power, poetry, and pathos. She is one of the most remarkable women of the present day." So spoke the jealous, irritable, but really high-minded Macready, who tickled or stung Mrs. Kemble by affirming that she was ignorant of the rudiments of her profession.

Fanny Kemble had doubted whether she ought to marry, and perhaps she was correct. I cannot picture to myself a union mutually satisfactory. An experienced gardener experiments upon foreign plants with watchful distrust, for he has learned that their acclimation is not a simple question of heat or cold, of wet or dry, but an intricate problem; nor is he beguiled by seeming success until time has been given to exhaust their imported vitality, any more than the experienced physician is encouraged by his patient's seeming improvement until the fever has run its course. So an experienced social philosopher looks with misgivings upon the future of the young girl who has linked her

fortunes to a foreigner, unaware how much married happiness is buttressed by the support of family and friends, and by the environment of familiar scenes and associations. Fanny Kemble was peculiarly unfitted for a transatlantic alliance. She was intensely attached to her own soil, with its history and its poetry, as also with its social structure and customs. She had been brought up from childhood among bright artistic and literary people. Besides her own family circle, her brother John's classmates and cronies, who frequented her father's house, included Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson and his brother, Frederick Maurice, John Sterling, Richard Trench, William Donne, the Romillys, the Malkins, Edward Fitzgerald, William Thackeray, Richard Monckton Milnes; and after her brilliant début she came into familiar intercourse with all that English society could offer for her entertainment.

While she rather eschewed general society, unless there was dancing, to which she was addicted, she was very dependent upon this social and literary refreshment. She had been from childhood a great reader and a great thinker. She had been in the habit of writing poetry and prose from early girlhood. One of her plays, written when she was seventeen, was brought out with success, even Macready declaring it "full of power, poetry, and pathos." "A very noble creature indeed. Somewhat inelastic, unpliant to the age, attached to the old modes of thought and conventions, but noble in qualities and defects." So comments Mrs. Browning upon Mrs. Kemble; and

this inelasticity made it impossible for her to abandon old, and adopt new and, to her, strange conventions.

Just fancy the hunger and thirst of a human being so constituted and so habituated, in an American city, in the former half of this century, where the best substitutes for her lost companions, the clergymen and other professional men, were too busy and too tired to circulate; the few men of leisure and business men were too uneducated to furnish any nourishment; and the women, unlike her regretted British sisters, were disabled by poor health, engrossed in home cares and local interests, and incapacitated by want of education. "You can form no idea," she writes, "of the intellectual dearth and drought in which I am existing at present." "All the persons whom I should like to cultivate are professionally engaged without intermission, and they have no time, and, it seems, but little taste, for social enjoyment." "No one that I belong to takes the slightest interest in literary pursuits." This dearth, or utter solitude in her country home, were the possible alternatives. Then there was the climate, which debilitated her in summer and dismayed her in winter, and which throughout the year combined with the dust and mud to deprive her of that exercise on foot and in the saddle which she could not do without.

She gives a laughable account of her kindly but abortive attempts, as the lady of Butler Place, to school the children who were already schooled, to fête the laborers on the Fourth of July with wine and beer which they would not touch, to visit the poor who did

not exist; and we can see her bustling about with her keys, measuring out supplies for the household, tormenting herself with details, disaffecting her servants with foreign customs, and crusading generally, with great fatigue and little or no avail.

When she learned that her husband's inheritance consisted chiefly of slaves and plantations, her heart was deeply touched with pity and a sense of responsibility to the enslaved laborers, and she wrote a "long and vehement treatise against negro slavery," which she was deterred from publishing for fear of public indignation. Looking back upon her life at this time, Mrs. Kemble says: "The ideas and expectations with which I then entered upon my Northern country life, near Philadelphia, were impossible of fulfillment, and simply ridiculous under the circumstances." "Those with which I contemplated an existence on our Southern estate were not only ridiculously impossible, but would speedily have found their only result in the ruin, danger, and very probably death of all concerned. I am now able to understand and appreciate what I had then not the remotest suspicion of, — the amazement and dismay, the terror and disgust, with which such theories must have filled every member of the American family with which my marriage had connected me; I must have appeared to them nothing but a mischievous madwoman." "It is a strange country and a strange people; and though I have dear and good friends among them, I still feel a stranger here, and fear I shall continue to do so until I die, which God grant I may do at home! — that is, in England."

I have often heard Mrs. Kemble lament that Americans and English should continue to regard themselves as one people, despite the essential differences wrought by the influence of two hundred years' separation. She thought that this mistaken notion of identity led to unreasonable expectations, and consequent misunderstandings and disappointments; and her position was, I think, well taken, — that we should better our relations by respecting one another's strangeness. In her case, the incompatibilities were both generic and individual; her marriage was entered upon rashly and unwisely. And, paradoxical as it may seem, this marriage to an American, while it did give her, as it were, two homes, and friends in both hemispheres, ended by rendering her homeless; for, on whichever side of the ocean she sojourned, she was homesick for the other. If in England, she yearned for her children, and, next to them, for the Sedgwicks; if in America, she was anxious about her family, longed for the sight of the friends of her youth, and felt herself an exile from her beloved native land.

"Oh, vainest quest of that torment, the love for the absent!" she writes. "This being linked by invisible chains to the remote ends of the earth, and constantly feeling the strain of the distance upon one's heart; this sort of death in life, for you are all so far away that you are almost as *bad* as dead to me. I really feel sometimes as if I could make up my mind to turn my thoughts once and for all away from you, as from the very dead, and never more, by this disjointed communion, revive, in all its acuteness, the bitter sense of loss and separation."

While she did not feel at home in America, and while this lack of complete sympathy increased as she grew older and youthful associations dearer, yet she cherished a warm affection for her adopted country, especially for New England, which she believed would be "the noblest country in the world in a little while;" and this opinion she has reiterated in her letters to me, especially since the war, which wrung her heart as if she had a brother or a son whose death she dreaded to see gazetted. An attempt she made to read Barbara Frietchie and her daughter's touching Boat of Grass, the last time she read in Boston, came to an end through her uncontrollable emotion. I must quote her Sonnets on the American War as expressing in noble verse the hopes of our enemies, the despondency of our timid friends, and, finally, the assurance of our ultimate triumph and its solemnity.

SONNETS ON THE AMERICAN WAR

I.

She has gone down! They shout it from afar, —
Kings, nobles, priests, all men of every race
Whose lagging clogs time's swift, relentless pace.
She has gone down, — our evil-boding star;
Rebellion smitten with rebellion's sword,
Anarchy done to death by slavery,
Of ancient right, insolvent enemy;
Beneath a hideous cloud of civil war,
Strife such as heathen slaughterers had abhorred,
The lawless land where no man was called lord.
Spurning all wholesome curb, and dreaming free,
Her rabble rules licentious tyranny.
In the fierce splendor of her arrogant morn
She has gone down, the world's eternal scorn.

II.

She has gone down! Woe for the world and all
The weary workers, gazing from afar
At the clear rising of that hopeful star, —
Star of redemption to each weeping thrall
Of power decrepit, and of rule outworn;
Beautiful shining of that blessed morn
Which was to bring leave for the poor to live,
To work and rest, to labor and to thrive,
And righteous room for all who nobly strive.
She has gone down! Woe for the struggling world,
Back on its path of progress sternly hurled!
Land of sufficient harvests for all dearth,
Home of far-seeing hope, time's latest birth;
Woe for the promised land of the whole earth!

III.

Triumph not, fools, and weep not, ye faint-hearted!
Have ye believed that the supreme decree
Of Heaven had given this people o'er to perish?
Have ye believed that God had ceased to cherish
This great, new world of Christian liberty?
Nay, by the precious blood shed to redeem
The nation from its selfishness and sin;
By each brave heart that bends in holy strife,
Leaving its kindred hearts to break through life;
By all the bitter tears, whose source must stream
Forever every desolate home within,
We will return to our appointed place,
First in the vanguard of the human race.

When we review Fanny Kemble's achievements, her acting, her reading, her writing, her personal influence, we must accord her genius. As to her writings, her Journal is sometimes saucy, as written by a young girl who had gone forth from home for the first time; but how graphic her pictures of places and people, how sparkling with wit and full of feeling, with a sad under-

tone, for an early disappointment had already shaded her young days; her Poems, written for the most part after joy and hope had vanished, so charged with anguish; her Year of Consolation, breathing the atmosphere of Italy, and imparting the refreshment and fitful happiness she enjoyed; her Residence on a Georgian Plantation, as pathetic and cruel as Uncle Tom's Cabin, and fateful to her, haunted by the sin of such possession; her Notes upon some of Shakespeare's plays and upon the stage, so discriminating, especially her remarks upon the Dramatic and the Theatrical.

But the most valuable of all her writings are the Records of her Girlhood[1] and of her Later Life; for these, beginning with a reminiscence of her earliest years, are soon succeeded by what is much more reliable, a record, not reverting to, but running along with, her life from day to day, incidentally revealed by letters to her dearest friend, communicating events and outpouring her inmost thoughts and feelings.[2] And this life was like the course of a mountain brook.

> The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
> Thou knowest, being stopp'd impatiently doth rage;
> But, when his fair course is not hindered,
> He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
> And so by many winding nooks he strays,
> With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

[1] First published in The Atlantic, 1875–77, under the title "Old Woman's Gossip."

[2] The third series, "Further Records," cannot be spoken of in the same breath with the previous volumes. It was published in 1890, when Mrs. Kemble was too old to scrutinize the proofs, and abounds

Like the Banished Duke, she felt her life more sweet

> Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
> Than that of painted pomp;

and in her sad and solitary pilgrimage she lifted her eyes unto the hills, year after year, so long as she could travel. She there found restoration. Perhaps it was an inheritance from her mother's mother, who was Swiss.

There was in her personality a sweetness and fullness of feeling in every direction, something akin to the nature of her great master, Shakespeare; a worship of God and of nature in all its phases, love of and sympathy with all creatures, exuberant spirits, need of motion, need of love, resistance to all authority, a sweet-tempered, cheerful indifference to all punishment. From her childhood days, whether she was hoping that her little sister, of whom she was jealous, would poison herself with privet berries; or suffering anguish over her lost little brother; or running away in resentment for some punishment; or defiantly singing during her term of expiation; or walking upon the roof of her Boulogne schoolhouse as a release from confinement, "*cette diable de Kemble;*" or writing abstracts of sermons for her less gifted school companions; or devouring the poetry of Scott and Byron; or acting Andromaque at her Paris boarding-school; or fishing all day with her mother at their rural retreat; or strolling about Heath Farm with her new-found, life-

in details fit for the ear of a friend, but not of the public, and ill-considered opinions which she did not permanently hold; and I know that, when too late, she was much troubled about it.

long friend, Miss St. Leger, making hawthorn wreaths; or wading into the river, accoutred as she was; or listening to the music of "Der Freischütz;" or scrutinizing the peculiarities of some of her relatives, aunt Whitelock in particular; or writing verses; or grieving over her brother John's course at the university and her parents' disappointment, she was always the same bright, intense, exultant human creature. In her composition, humor, that safeguard, that salt of humanity, was an element, — a healthy, hearty humor, excited by her own as well as by her neighbors' absurdities, and derived from her quick-witted mother, her father's family being somewhat deficient in that endowment. Like President Lincoln, she might have died but for this occasional relief.

Before she was eighteen she had written the play of Francis I., and had been offered two hundred pounds for it. About this time she went to Edinburgh to stay with Mrs. Harry Siddons, a very self-restrained and lovely woman, under whose powerful influence this young girl's mind became much affected by religious considerations, and a strong devotional element developed which characterized her ever afterwards. All through her life her thoughts were more on religion than on any other subject. On her first visit to Boston, when the general adulation was calculated to turn her head, her great pleasure was to make and cherish the acquaintance of Dr. Channing, — an acquaintance which ripened into a lifelong friendship. In Philadelphia, Dr. Furness was her most cherished friend. She it was who first made Robertson known to many of us; indeed, it was through

her advice that his sermons were republished in this country. She delighted in the society and the ministrations of Phillips Brooks, who once said to me, "I think she is the best woman I have ever known." Her letters to her bosom friend and her journals were filled with religious reflections; on the day of her London début she spent the morning reading Blunt's "Scripture Characters."

When, from being an insignificant schoolgirl, she had suddenly become "a little lion in society," with approbation, admiration and adulation showered upon her, and social courtesies poured in upon her from every side; when she was petted and caressed by persons of real and conventional distinction, she writes to her friend: "When I reflect that admiration and applause, and the excitement springing therefrom, may become necessary to me, I resolve not only to watch, but to pray, against such a result. I have no desire to sell my soul for anything, least of all for sham fame, mere notoriety." Her prayers were answered, for while her nerves were affected on the stage, and while she lost her sleep for some time and suffered from headache and sideache from the same cause, she was able to discuss her merits and demerits coolly; her mind and heart were disengaged; she longed to flee with her friend to Heath Farm, to renew their pleasant walks and talks; she was solicitous as ever about the health and happiness of all her friends. Steadiness under circumstances so calculated to elate, to intoxicate, seems to me phenomenal; it speaks for the nobility and depth of her nature, to turn from what her good aunt Dall called "mere frivolous,

fashionable popularity," and to decide that this was mere vanity.

I believe that if Fanny Kemble had been a man she would have been a minister of religion, as her brother John intended to be; her letters and journals are full of aspiration and inspiration. The prayer which she breathed in behalf of a young débutante, "that she might be able to see the truth of all things in the midst of all things false," was for her fulfilled; in the days of her youth and her triumphs, as well as in her sad and solitary after life, she realized that "things seen are temporal, things not seen are eternal."

"The purpose of life alone," she writes, "time wherein to do God's will, makes it sacred. I do not think it pleasant enough to wish to keep it for a single instant without the idea of the duty of living, since God has bid us live. After all, life is a heavy burden on a weary way, and I never saw the human being whose existence was what I should call happy. I have seen some whose lives were so good that they justified their own existence, and one could conceive both why they lived and that they found it good to live."

She was one who felt it was more blessed to give than to receive. She was chary of taking, but her bounty was not strained; it fell, like the rain, on the just and on the unjust; she seemed never so happy as when she could confer some favor or perform some service, so keen was her fellow-feeling. It is a received saying that it is more difficult to be just than to be generous. Fanny Kemble had both virtues; throughout her "Records" her notices of persons and of their works are most kindly,

and in the case of Charles Greville, whose declared friendship did not prevent him from inserting ill-natured remarks in his memoirs, — still more in the case of Miss Martineau, who, professedly cordial, had made most absurd and injurious libels, and to whom Mrs. Kemble has many allusions, — most magnanimous. And there are other instances of her magnanimity scattered through these delightful books; not mere omissions to notice or to resent injustice and ingratitude, for she was frankness itself, but greatness of mind not biased by personal relations, — a forgiveness and seeming forgetfulness of injuries.

Emerson says the alternatives offered to each of us are "peace or truth." Fanny Kemble certainly did not hesitate to choose the latter; or perhaps she derived it unconsciously from her mother. Her statements regarding herself, her family, her friends, her views of life, and her opinions on matters light and grave, extorted from her by her exacting friend Miss St. Leger, or given spontaneously, are what a clergyman of my acquaintance would have called "central truths," undeflected by silliness or selfishness, and uninfluenced by mere authority. She aspired to independence of mind and body, and she realized her aspirations. While she had her prejudices, was indeed somewhat insular, she shows few biased judgments, no morbid sentiments. Her eye was single, and her whole body full of light.

Notwithstanding her plot to poison her little sister with privet berries, her attempted running away, her contemplated suicide, her defiant joyousness under reproof, there is no trait in her character more lovable

than her absolute filial and family devotion. It was her mother's tears and her father's thickening anxieties that thrust her upon the stage, absolutely unprepared save by her birth and breeding. "My life was rather sad at this time," she writes; "my brother's failure at college was a source of disappointment and distress to my parents, while the darkening prospects of the theatre threw a gloom over us all. My mother, coming in from walking one day, threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. 'Oh, it has come at last!' she said; 'our property is to be sold.' Seized with a sort of terror, like the Lady of Shalott, that 'the curse had come upon me,' I wrote a most urgent entreaty to my father that he would allow me to act for myself, so as to relieve him at once from the burden of my maintenance." Her frequent alarms over her father's infatuation for Covent Garden Theatre, in which he sank successively eighty thousand pounds of his brother's investment, his own and his two daughters' earnings, her anxiety over his consequent illnesses, and her sympathy with her mother's deep distress evince the strength of the filial tie; and her grief over her brother John's failures and meanderings, a bitter disappointment to his father and mother; her affection for him, and for her handsome young brother Henry; her tender solicitude for her sister Adelaide; and her delight in being able from her earnings to aid them all, — giving a horse to her father, buying a commission in the army for her brother Henry, assuring comfort, even luxury, to her father by giving him for life her earnings in England and America, upon her marriage, granting assistance to the otherwise unpro-

vided-for children of her two brothers, and other despoiling of herself for those she loved, even while she was toiling for her own support, — these things attest her affection for all her kin.

Her loyalty to her friends was as enduring, her affection as unreserved, as to her family. The interesting Records were made possible by the return of forty years' constant correspondence with the friend of her girlhood, Miss St. Leger; her relations with Miss Sedgwick and family were as continuous; the young schoolgirl whom she captured hanging flowers upon the knob of her door in the Tremont House, upon her first visit to Boston, became her lifelong intimate, and compels this inadequate sketch; and, as the book reveals, other friends, whose adoption she had tried, she grappled to her soul with hooks of steel which never rusted. "God knows how devoutly I thank him for the treasure of love that has been bestowed on me out of so many hearts, in a measure so far above my deserts that my gratitude is mingled with surprise and a sense of my own unworthiness which enhances my appreciation of my great good fortune in this respect." To her sorrow, her life was so prolonged that she outlived not only her brothers and sister, but most of her friends likewise; the survivors reciprocated her love, and feel that the world is more sad and dreary by loss of the light and warmth of her great presence.

Consistency is said to be a jewel. Fanny Kemble neither inherited nor acquired it: she had curiously inconsistent moods and traits; she had a collection rather than a combination of qualities. And no wonder,

when we refer to her birth and her bringing-up. The twisting of foreign strands, the weaving of different materials, the forging of different metals, by combining compensating qualities, add to the strength and value of the compound; so the crossing of races sometimes results in a harmonious completeness possessed by neither race singly, but at other times it results in the coexistence of discordant extremes. Such was the case in the Kemble household, the mother inheriting from her French father and Swiss mother "the peculiar organization of genius. To the fine senses of a savage rather than a civilized nature she joined an acute instinct of criticism in all matters of art, and a general quickness and accuracy of perception, and brilliant vividness of expression." As her poor father, like other French *émigrés*, was sickening from starvation and the influence of the climate, this bright, graceful, and beautiful child, enrolled in a troupe of little actors, and admired and petted by the great, from the "first gentleman of Europe" down, thereby developing precocious feeling and imagination, was saddened by the ghastly contrast between the comforts and luxuries of the rich, with which she was made familiar, and her own poor home, where sickness and sorrow were becoming abiding inmates, and poverty and privation the customary conditions of life. "Of course, the pleasure and beauty loving, artistic temperament, which is the one most likely to be exposed to such an ordeal as that of my mother's childhood, is also the one liable to be most injured by it. How much the passionate, vehement, susceptible, and most suffering nature was thus bane-

fully fostered I can better judge from the sad vantage-ground of my own experience." Linked to this fiery, loving, suffering, acute-minded woman was an affectionate, dignified, heavy-moulded husband, with his share of the theatrical traits of his family, to whom she and their children were warmly attached, but who neither shared nor comprehended the finer senses or higher standard of his wife, and for that reason probably wounded all the more her sensibilities.

Fanny Kemble inherited her full share of her mother's susceptibilities, vehemence, and suffering nature: her pulse thrilled, her heart beat, her tears gushed forth upon every occasion, painful or pleasurable; her impetuosity burst the bounds of self-control, making her deaf to assurances or remonstrances; as she herself said, "My *suddenness* is the curse of my nature." Speaking of her home, she says: "The defect of our home education is that, from the mental tendencies of all of us, no less than from our whole mode of life, the more imaginative and refined intellectual qualities are fostered in us in preference to our reasoning power. We have all excitable natures; and whether in head or heart, that is a disadvantage. The unrestrained indulgence of feeling is as injurious to moral strength as the undue excess of fancy is to mental vigor."

To brace herself against her temperament, Fanny Kemble cultivated unusually systematic pursuits and monotonous habits, from an instinct of self-preservation, persuaded, as she says, "that religion and reason alike justify such a strong instinctive action in natures which derive a constant mental support from the sooth-

ing and restraining influence of systematic habits of monotonous regularity." An observant friend of Mrs. Kemble said to me, as much as forty years ago: "If Fanny Kemble did not read her Bible at such an hour, visit at such an hour, exercise at such an hour, and gird herself with set habits, she would go mad." But this is not the whole explanation; for while she did undoubtedly thus seek support, she had inherited from her very English father a worship of law and order, of church and state, of ancient customs, which contrasted violently with her usual impulsiveness and assertion of individuality. The upholder of form and etiquette, the asserter of dignity to-day, would to-morrow defy conventionality, mortify friends, and scandalize strangers by walking in full dress into a river, up to her arms, and then go dripping home through a crowd of beholders. And this metamorphosis was as swift as the flow in a spirit thermometer, as sudden as the transformation scene in a pantomime, and as absolute; the passing was instantaneous and unconscious.

During the life of Gouverneur Kemble, —a delightful gentleman, crony of Washington Irving, remote kinsman of Fanny Kemble, to whom he played the host at his pleasant place on the Hudson River, opposite West Point, — Saturday was called at the Military Academy "Kemble day," because the professors and officers went in turn to dine with their neighbor. When Fanny Kemble took on her magisterial style, it might well have been called "Kemble day," for it was an inheritance from her theatrical ancestors, and recalled anecdotes of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

I was impelled one day to say to Mrs. Kemble that I had found out what was the matter with her: there were too many of her, — she must have been intended for twins; and I cannot better define the superabundant, tumultuous, dual nature, partaking of the extreme antipodal characteristics of her parents.

Her feelings rose and fell like the tide in the British Channel, and every few hours, when the tide was turning, she was in a state of agitation, tossed like a cockle boat on a cross sea. I doubt if any friend of Fanny Kemble thinks of her in a composed state, but rather as moved by joy or sorrow; and this agitation led her to shrink from general society as too exciting and too embarrassing to one so easily discomposed, and to long for a communion with nature and familiar friends, — a feeling fully reciprocated by those friends who enjoyed her most under such conditions. One cannot read her books without laughing and grieving over the series of scrapes and collisions caused by her suddenness, rashness, and subsequent fears, her assertion of independence, her acute sympathies, her mission as a crusader. Some of Mrs. Kemble's collisions, which are reported with exaggeration, reduced to bare facts, can be referred to these peculiarities, some to her theatrical inheritance, some to her self-imposed duty as a crusader, some to a sudden freak, some to her embarrassment and consequent clutching at safety, or passing along the mortification at her own discomposure. She says somewhere, "I am always remarkably cross when I am frightened," — a natural concatenation. From whatever cause she occasionally wounded

the feelings of others, her repentance was swift and sincere; her sense of justice, her warmth of heart, brought remorse and repentance.

Such as she was, brimming over with reverence and gratitude to God, with love to man, with sensibility to all the problems of life, to nature, with interest in art, in literature, in politics; generous, magnanimous, truthful, full of hope; crowned and worshipped, then struck down, doomed to bear thenceforth her heavy cross alone, — she has been to her family a guardian angel, to her friends a mighty fortress and shelter, to the world a delight and refreshment.

Mrs. Kemble's wish to die at home was fulfilled. Old age crept upon her in her own country, in the home of her younger daughter, wife of an English clergyman, and there she passed instantaneously from life to death.

Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth
Will fringe the lettered stone, and herbs spring forth,
Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unbound,
Shall penetrate the heart without a wound;
While truth and love their purposes fulfill,
Commemorating genius, talent, skill,
That could not lie concealed where thou wast known;
Thy virtues He must judge, and He alone,
The God upon whose mercy they are thrown.

MAJOR CHARLES J. MILLS

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

THE telegraph, which has borne the tidings of great victories during the past week, has not yet perhaps doled out our full list of losses. A few names have reached us, and among them that of Major Charles J. Mills, killed almost on the day of his return to his post, not yet recovered from long and enfeebling illness.

One of the heroic class of 1860, a kinsman of Wilder and Howard Dwight, he early prepared himself for service by drill and study, and sought it most persistently. But his almost feminine delicacy of appearance inspired distrust and deterred one commander after another from accepting one whose slender frame seemed so unfitted for the hardships of a compaign. Still he persevered, was made Second Lieutenant in the Second Regiment, August 14, 1862, promoted to a first lieutenancy three days later, took part in the retreat

after Cedar Mountain, acted as adjutant at Antietam, was fearfully wounded and lay two nights on the battle field.

This wound crippled him so hopelessly that, after months of suffering borne with fortitude, he was compelled to resign. Determined to serve his country in one way if not in another, he obtained a situation in the bureau of Admiral Davis at Washington, and labored faithfully till he flattered himself his health was restored. In the autumn of 1863, he dragged himself back into the army, became the Adjutant of the Fifty-sixth Regiment, and was soon transferred to the staff of Brigadier-General Stevenson, whom he served devotedly till the lamented death of that officer. Then, after a brief service on the staffs of several brigadiers, he was made Assistant Adjutant-General by Major-General Hancock, and passed from him to his successor, General Humphreys, having been promoted to the rank of Captain and Major. He served through the long bloody campaign from the battles of the Wilderness down to this date, interrupted occasionally by illness.

A modest, sensitive, conscientious, intelligent, brave officer, a loving, dutiful son, an affectionate friend, he died with the love and respect of all who knew him, — family, friends, classmates, comrades of the camp.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS G. STEVENSON

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!

WHILE brave men are falling by thousands, while the wires that flash the joyful news of victories vibrate with tidings of the wounded and dying, while so many homes are made desolate, and the mourners go about the street, while so many more are feverish with anxiety, dreading lest the next long list shall include the looked-for name, it seems almost invidious to challenge public sympathy for the loss of any one soldier, however high his rank.

But those who have watched the course of Brigadier-General Stevenson are aware that one of the most promising officers of the army has fallen; those who have served under him will feel that one of the bravest, wisest, kindest commanders has been taken away from them; those who came within the wide circle of his friendship, who have been warmed by his cordial smile, have felt his hearty grasp, know that they have lost a

faithful friend; those who have entered his happy home realize the peculiar poignancy of this bereavement, that in that darkened house the silver cord is loosed indeed. As a soldier, his imperturbable coolness, quick insight, unerring judgment, and thorough mastery of his art, attracted at once the attention of his superiors, and rapidly won their enthusiastic admiration.

As an officer, his abilities commanded confidence, his almost stern dignity inspired fear, his friendly counsel, given with feminine tact, awakened gratitude, his postponement of his own comfort to that of his men, his disregard of self, his tender care of those committed to his charge, created a passionate attachment.

Off duty, he was the bosom friend of the youngest lieutenant; on duty, he was the commander; and this transformation was complete, the boundary line was distinct.

It was difficult to say whether fear or love predominated in the hearts of those who followed him and idolized him.

The list of Massachusetts officers comprises many men of brilliant intellects and heroic hearts, but we have never known one who had such a happy combination of all the qualities of head and heart that go to make a perfect soldier and a successful commander, as Thomas G. Stevenson.

G. HOWLAND SHAW

On his young promise Beauty smiled,
Drew his free homage unbeguiled,
And Prosperous Age held out his hand,
And richly his large future planned,
And troops of friends enjoyed the tide —
All, all was given, and only health denied.

SAD is the news from the battlefield of the young and strong slain fighting for their country, but sadder still the story of a struggle between a strong, ardent spirit, and a frail body ; every generous impulse, every noble ambition frustrated, every important undertaking interrupted by the importunate claims of the perishing flesh, till a life which would have been cheerfully spent for friends and country is reduced to only waiting. Such was the history of my friend whose name I here record.

Endowed with remarkable executive ability, which he desired to devote to his family, his friends, or his country ; possessed of wealth, which he held as a steward for all private or public needs; fired with patriotism, which he longed to have tasked, his disinterested labor would have been invaluable, however indirect.

The same spirit which supported his brother as a self-denying Catholic priest, which prompted his nephew to lead the forlorn hope on Fort Wagner, inspired him ; but the flesh was weak. But while sickness defeated

his plans and death shortened his career, he will be remembered by a large circle as a man of exalted character, great energy and ability, refined tastes, and charming manners; a most affectionate friend, a cheerful and bountiful benefactor, an ardent patriot.

Fell the bolt on the branching oak,
The rainbow of his hope was broke,
No craven cry, no secret tear —
He told no pang, he knew no fear;
Its peace sublime his aspect kept;
His purpose woke, his features slept.

L.

SARAH ALDEN [MRS. SAMUEL] RIPLEY

Weep not ; she is not dead, but sleepeth.

AND surely she needeth sleep ; for if time is measured by sensations, her life has been prolonged beyond the mortal span ; if we consider the work accomplished, who has achieved so much, for herself or for others ? Or if we meditate upon the Christian graces, the beatitudes of meekness, purity of heart, the charity which suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in the truth, whose character was more complete, whose spirit more ready for its flight, than hers ?

The wife of the minister of a large country parish whose parochial labor she shared, the mother of a large family, the mistress of a household increased by boarding scholars, neither the heavy exactions of parishioners, nor importunate maternal pains and anxieties, nor household economies faithfully attended to, exhausted her; she still found time and strength to devote to two or three school-boys preparing for college, or more advanced students rusticated for idleness or academic misdemeanors. And what a wealth of learning and thought and feeling she poured out for these pupils ! Illumined by her clear intellect, the knottiest problem was disentangled; embellished by such a lover of learning, the driest subject was made interesting. The

veriest scapegrace was reduced to thoughtfulness, the most hopeless dullard caught a gleam of light; her faith in their intuitions and capabilities lifted them and shamed or encouraged them to efforts impossible under another instructor; for she did not merely impart instruction, she educated all the powers of the mind and heart. Many scholars now eminent can date their first glimpse of the region above, their first venture upon the steep path, to the loving enthusiasm, the cheering assurances, of this inspired teacher and friend; and they who fainted or strayed without fulfilling her confident predictions must look back with astonishment at this brilliant period of their lives, and regret that her influence could not have been extended over a longer period.

A mind alive to all the beauties of art and science and nature, a heart which warmed to the most unpromising pupil and kindled at the faintest ray of hope, naturally craved the company of kindred men and women of learning and thought, as they delighted in hers; this was Mrs. Ripley's true recreation after the toil and trouble of the day. And what pleasant parties used to gather round her hospitable fireside! What ambrosial nights, fondly remembered by the privileged persons who enjoyed them as actors or spectators! There were, probably, books she had not read, languages and sciences she had not learned, but she seemed to have explored every region and to have intuitive ideas on every subject of interest. And over all these gifts and acquirements was thrown a veil of modesty so close that only by an impulse of

sympathy or enthusiasm was it ever withdrawn; with a simplicity equally amusing and touching, she impressed you so little with her own wonderful powers, and referred so much to your sayings and doings, that you really went away wondering at your own brilliancy and doubting how much you had given, how much received.

The eloquent lips are silent, the flashing eye is dull, the blush of modesty has faded from the cheek, the cordial smile will never again on this earth welcome the friends, old or young, humble or famous, neighbors or strangers, who sought this inspired presence. But the puzzled brain is clear again, the heavy heart joyful, immortal youth returned. With those she loved on earth she is seeing face to face what she here saw darkly.

Learn the mystery of progression duly;
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away.

WILLIAM H. LOGAN

[*May* 10, 1870]

O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world.

LOGAN, old Logan, as he was familiarly called — has passed away, at the prescribed age of three score years and ten. He spent his days in what we deem the meanest, but what our Master pronounced the noblest employment, — serving his fellow-men. Standing behind the chair at all feasts and festivities, how many changes, personal, social and political he must have recorded in his memory, — a whole generation passed along, the vanishing of some families from light to darkness, the emerging of others from obscurity to conspicuousness, the utter extinction of names once famous, the introduction of names once unknown! To how many incautious utterances he must have closed his ears, to how many contemptuous flings at his despised race he must have indignantly listened! Born a slave he lived to be a respected freeman, and to see his whole race emancipated, their social and political rights granted, and some of his brethren advanced to high office.

He was a faithful husband, an affectionate father, a good citizen, a sincere Christian. We shall miss

his venerable grey head, his grave dignified face, his kindly, solicitous manner, marked by consideration for others and respect for self, his presence associated for so many, many years with all our gaieties. We made his acquaintance in the house of feasting; we shall part with him regretfully in the house of mourning.

FRANCIS CABOT LOWELL

He could not frame a word unfit,
An act unworthy to be done;
Honor prompted every glance —
Honor came and sat beside him.

THE bare fact of Mr. Lowell's death at the limit set down in Scripture was published by you, and they who had seen his increasing paleness and slowness, as he walked our streets, only wondered that his departure had been so long delayed.

Though a month has passed away, no one of those who felt cheered or admonished by his presence has ventured to express what his absence means to them.

But now that the ear is dull which would have been wounded by our words, we have a right to pay him this tribute of our respect and affection.

He was happily born, descended from two families linked together by long intimacy and strictest friendship; families distinguished for generations by their integrity and public spirit, many members of them eminent in their various professions.

His father, Mr. Francis Cabot Lowell, was a man of philosophic mind, always studying out some scheme of development to benefit his fellow-men; and, among other enterprises, he and his brother-in-law, Mr. Patrick Tracy Jackson, risking their fortunes and their credit,

succeeded at last in establishing the cotton manufacture in our State.

His brother, Mr. John Lowell, Jr., created the Lowell Institute. It was not in Mr. Lowell's power to bequeath a great legacy to the public, like this elder brother; it did not fall to his lot to help to found a new branch of industry, which should build up cities and give employment to thousands upon thousands; but he had the same scope and look into the future, the same care for the public weal, the same willingness to sow that others might reap. He had not the health to devote himself to a profession, and so serve his fellow-men, as did his uncles, the good Doctor and the wise Judge Jackson, but he had many of the qualities which made them so respected and beloved.

Heir to a moderate fortune, which he increased by enterprises wisely planned and boldly executed, he was never subdued by his means.

Neither elated by prosperity nor cast down by adversity, calm and magnanimous, he chose always to live modestly and give grandly.

It was with his services as with his fortune; his modesty restrained him from seeking responsibilities, his conscience compelled him to accept and discharge them when they came to him.

He was born a counsellor, never so happy as when aiding by advice or assistance, but his benevolence was guided by tact, he knew when and how to give and to withhold with equal delicacy.

He had the high, unerring wisdom vouchsafed only to the pure in heart, his eye was single and his whole body full of light.

He had an uncompromising love of truth, a sincerity which limited his speech on occasion to yea, yea, — nay, nay, or bound him to silence when a weaker man must have spoken.

And all this truthfulness and wisdom and calmness and magnanimity and tender consideration for others who stood in need of help was blazoned in his face and in his serene dignity of manner.

To come into his presence was to be summoned before an august tribunal, a merciful but just judge; he was formidable without intention; his tranquil mind abashed the noisy and vulgar, his eye searched through disguises and the wearers felt themselves exposed, his dignified silence or brief words of truth foiled the flatterer, the current coin of society did not ring clear on the table of this assay master.

"I believe I have never expressed to any one more than I felt," he once musingly remarked, and this noble forbearance embarrassed the man of the world with his half insincere effusiveness.

This conscientious brevity or silence was sometimes mistaken for severity, sometimes for pride.

But he neither censured nor looked down on his fellow-men, he judged as he would be judged; the smile which lighted up his face and the gentle courtesy of his address were outward signs of a charity which characterized his thoughts and words and acts, taking every form but that of publicity.

In losing him, many have lost their wisest counsellor, their most bountiful benefactor, their truest friend, their surest guide; and we revere his memory not only

for what he said, for what he did, but above all, for the spirit which prompted all his words and acts — for what he was.

" The wisdom that is from above is first true, then peaceable, then gentle, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy."

H. L.

MARTIN L. WHITCHER

[*September* 6, 1875]

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill.

THIS name will recall, to all who ever knew him, a singularly frank and handsome countenance, a mellifluous voice, a deliberate speech, a friendly, refined manner, — all indicative of the man. A modest, thoughtful, independent man, calmly following his calling, unmoved by glittering generalities of any sort, slow to undertake, swift to execute; chary of promise, fastidious of performance; proud of his craft, devoted to his work, he sought no adventitious distinctions, contenting himself with the scrupulous discharge of every duty as husband, father, workman, and citizen.

We have never known one to whom would apply the welcome of "Well done, good and faithful servant," more justly than to the subject of this imperfect tribute, offered by one who for thirty years has depended upon him for faithful work and friendly counsel.

MRS. GEORGE TICKNOR

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. The smell of Parma violets, the sight of a quaint old morocco work-box, bring back the image of a lovely old lady dressed in black with a widow's cap, knitting in her arm-chair in a sunny parlor of one of the complete habitations of Boston sixty years since. The lady was Katharine Atkins, widow of Samuel Eliot, a public-spirited, wealthy merchant, patron of clergymen and scholars; — the handsome old house stood where now the Albion stands, and the garden and greenhouse, where grew the violets, stretched up Beacon Street in the rear of the house.

The dainty work-box was bequeathed to one of my family by this venerable lady, as a token of motherly affection.

I have known all the sons and daughters of this house, and a more friendly, loyal, conscientious set of men and women, anxious to fulfil their duties to God and to their neighbor, never lived in their generation.

Charles Eliot died a promising young clergyman, to the intense grief of his family and a large circle of friends; — some persons now living recollect Mr. William Eliot, cut off just as he had been elected Mayor, but not until he had endeared himself to his fellow-citizens by his personal traits, and had enriched

and embellished his native town by his far-seeing enterprise. Mr. Samuel Eliot's brave career as Mayor, as well as his service in Congress and his labors as founder of the Academy of Music, are recalled by many; some of us remember him also as leader for years of the choir of the King's Chapel.

A broken circle of friends cherish the memory of hospitable homes presided over by the daughters of this family, as distinguished for their charities and public spirit as were their brothers; and none more hospitable to friends within, or to the stranger without the gates than the house of the last and youngest of the family, Mrs. Anna Ticknor, whose death has just been announced. There was not a house in Boston where, year after year, so many guests, old and young, kinsfolk and friends and strangers, were so frequently and so fully entertained. A few of those favored with an invitation to the weekly parties still linger to recall their charm. The cordiality of the hostess, the rare gifts and accomplishments of the host, the gathering of all that was best in the social, artistic, and literary world, the frequent presence of interesting guests from abroad, all contributed to distinguish these parties. Simplicity and elegance have never been so happily combined as in this stately mansion with its ample parlors and grand ideal library. Many a poor scholar, many a promising youth has been discovered and introduced to the great world within those walls.

We here speak of Mrs. Ticknor only as a hostess, — we might enlarge upon her character as a discrimi-

nating dispenser of charities, as a loyal friend, as a devoted kinswoman.

One cannot reach to three score years and ten without experiencing the loss not only of friends, but of whole friendly clans, the absence of whose alliance and support makes the world desolate. The consciousness that they were around you, even if the cares of the world hindered you from frequent intercourse, imparted a warmth and shelter which every one craves and which cannot be supplied by acquaintances of a younger generation.

GEORGE HIGGINSON

1804–1889

The kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies.

"THE Lady Arbella is dead, and good Mr. Higginson." Thus wrote Governor John Winthrop two hundred and sixty years ago, and to-day we thus speak of his descendant in the ninth generation.

"My meaning in saying he is a good man," says Shylock, "is to have you understand me that he is sufficient;" and I have often thought, as I listened to or perused the eulogies on members of our different societies, that wealth is, in this manufacturing community, deemed a synonym of goodness, — that a man is good in proportion as he is sufficient. If this be the standard of goodness, then our lost friend during most of his long life did not reach the standard; and candor compels me to declare that the qualities which gave him his pre-eminence did not attract so much attention in his days of adversity as in his days of prosperity. Pre-eminence, I say, for in my opinion Mr. Higginson was pre-eminent in those qualities which entitle a man to love and respect. He had been tried by adversity and prosperity, and subdued by neither;

he was liberal — nay, prodigal — of his time and his money in the service of all who were "distressed in mind, body, or estate."

He waited not for wealth, but gave from his penury as afterwards from his abundance. He believed in the payment of debts with interest, no matter how outlawed by time, or how excusably incurred; and he paid for others who were disabled as for himself. You have heard of men fleeing from their taxes, leaving them to be paid by their poorer neighbors; but Mr. Higginson, not content with paying as doomed, complained to the assessors, and insisted on their doubling his tax. He took the same generous view of his social as of his pecuniary obligations. His list of duties was most comprehensive; and whether as father, friend, trustee, almoner, citizen, patriot, all were rigidly, unflinchingly, cheerfully discharged.

At one period of the war, when one of his sons was lying dangerously wounded, another in Libby Prison, while a third was with his regiment in South Carolina ill of malarial fever, he repelled the condolences of a Copperhead friend, whose sons had been harbored at home, saying emphatically that he would not exchange places, and that he stood in no need of pity. Such was his standard of patriotism.

To enumerate his beneficiaries would be impossible, as no human being stood near enough to him to ascertain their names or number; and some surprising revelations have been made by those assisted.

His habit of living, like his habit of giving, was liberal and unostentatious. An old-fashioned simplicity,

in which he had been bred, he maintained through life, combined with an unbounded hospitality.

An uncle of mine, who was at Andover Academy with the father and uncles of Mr. Higginson, said of them that they were the heartiest laughers and the fiercest fighters, and these traits have come down with the blood.

I fear that some solemn occasions, like the funerals of distant relatives, have been disturbed or threatened by the outbursts of Mr. Higginson and his cousin Stephen, so akin are tears and laughter in persons of quick sympathy and keen sense of humor. He was also quick to resent an injury, and exploded instantaneously upon the least hint of imposition or baseness, or of brazen intrusiveness.

While he was truly humble, his honest pride rebelled against pretension; but to those whose age or character warranted it, he paid willing reverence. To the lowly he was tenderly considerate, and to children and young people he was most gracious and affectionate.

A stranger, meeting him in the street, would conclude from his downcast look and his drooping gait that he was dejected, and so he was, for his early orphanage, the vicissitudes of his life, the loss of his wife, — of whom he could never speak but with tears, — had left sad memories. But the face of a friend, the sight of a little child, would transform him in an instant. His face would light up with cordiality, and his sighs be followed by words of affection or peals of laughter, for he was very human; his blood was warm within,

and his heart most susceptible of joy or sorrow, of affection or anger.

This impressibility made him hasty and sometimes unjust; and his tenaciousness, or what he laughed over as his obstinacy, tended to stereotype his first impressions, but, as a rule, his judgments were to be relied on. Without the power to render his reasons, the habits of a long life of right feeling and good acting gave him an instinctive insight into character, a sense of danger or security which made him a safe guide.

I have been intimately associated with Mr. Higginson for near sixty years, and I have never known a more upright, more warm-hearted, more disinterested man.

JOHN GIBBS GILBERT

1810–1889

WITH John Gilbert has gone a part of Boston, not Boston covered with shops and factories, shrivelled into a dry-goods emporium, owned and obstructed by horse-cars, not Boston redolent of Irish and Portuguese, but the clean, orderly, respectable, old town of Boston, with its detached dwellings standing in the midst of sweet-smelling gardens, with its streets sunny in winter and shady in summer; seagirt, maritime Boston, with its wharves lined with ships, whose hardy navigators formed an important element in its neighbourly population, proud of their birth, their traditions and their occupations. Into this old town before it was developed into a city, John Gilbert was ushered; he made his début upon the stage in the reign of the elder Quincy. The first time I ever saw him was in the part of Buckingham in Richard III upon his return to Boston after several years of varied experience in the West. From that time to the present — first at the Tremont Theatre, then at the old Federal, re-opened by Oliver Wyman, afterwards at the Boston, where for eight years I served as director and then treasurer, finally at Wallack's Theatre — I have followed his career and delighted in his personation of the old men of the old comedies.

How his image comes back, as one of the rubicund, peppery, high-flavored, whimsical, strenuous, old gentlemen of the last century, Sir Anthony, Sir Peter, Old Hardcastle, Sir Robert Bramble, Old Dornton, Sir William Dorrillon, Old Rapid, Sir Abel Handy, and Lord Duberly, etc., etc. He had just enough hurly-burly, just enough heartiness; he presented the coarse, robust squires and country gentlemen, with their code of manners and morals of George the Third's era. In fact, he seemed so much at home, he so revelled in their impersonation, that, while one could by no means say, as Goldsmith of Garrick, "'t was only that when he was off, he was acting," yet I confess he always seemed more unfamiliar as the quiet, dignified gentleman of modern date and dress than in breeches and powder.

Many of his parts quite outside of these old comedies, his Frederick the Great, Mr. Simpson, Uncle John, his part in "Twenty Minutes with the Tiger," above all others his Dominie Sampson and his Caliban, were admirably conceived and executed. Never have I laughed more uncontrollably than at him as the Dominie, with Miss Cushman as the Meg Merrilies; and his Caliban remains to me the ideal to this time.

One might go on with many comedies and farces, for he in his time played many parts. He had his limitations, of course, a certain hardness at times; he had personal defects which, striking at first, he very much outgrew. He was not so cosey as his predecessor at the Tremont Theatre, William F. Johnson, not so mellow in Sir Harcourt or Jesse Rural as was Blake. Warren played a greater variety of parts, and made the same

parts more varied and complete. But while Warren's Sir Peter, for instance, was more interesting and captured your sympathy, it was rather the Sir Peter of our times — the Sir Peter as we wished him to be — than the Sir Peter Sheridan drew with the manners and feelings of his day; this Gilbert portrayed. Mr. Gilbert's delineations were like well-executed line engravings, dry, hard perhaps, but clear-cut with the firm hand of a master, not the faltering hand of a tyro. He came upon the stage armed cap-à-pie with dress and properties and part complete, and, as I have said, seemed more at home thus and there than in the costume and character he claimed as his own.

I rarely visit New York, but whenever I have been there since Gilbert's exodus from the Boston Theatre, an old comedy at Wallack's has been the attraction, and as I bought my ticket I left my card for Mr. Gilbert to assure him of one old Boston friend among the audience. Friend, I may say, and neighbor on the North Shore for more than forty years, and I grieve to think that I shall never again knock at the door of his pretty, old-fashioned cottage, nor talk and laugh over the plays and players of the past and present.

Mr. Gilbert like many master-workmen was proud of his craft; he looked with scorn upon these presumptuous, half-trained journey-men travelling through the country with their one play, like an automaton which can speak out "La, la, la, la." He had served a long apprenticeship to his art here and in England, had seen all the good English and American actors for the past sixty years, and naturally resented the impertinent pretensions

of some self-styled stars, and deplored the dissolution of the old stock companies. Not only did I sympathize with him in his fond recollections of the actors and singers of our youthful days, but the subtle law of heredity brought us unconsciously together.

"Where did you get that beautiful old clawfooted table and that chest of drawers, so sharply carved and the wood almost as black as ebony?"

"Those? They came from my ancestor, Captain Henry Atkins."

"Indeed! Well, Captain Henry Atkins and Henry Atkins, Jr., his son, were witnesses to the will of my grandfather's grandfather in 1760. Captain Henry Atkins and my ancestor, Thomas Lee, were among the founders, chief supporters, and ruling elders of what has been known in our day as the Old North, and among other evidences of the respect in which these old men were held by the church, you will find on the records: —

"'July 1749 — Voted, That Honorable Thomas Hutchinson, Joseph White, Esquire, Mr. Thomas Lee, Henry Atkins, Esquire, and Captain Daniel Pecker be desired to sit in the front as long as they think proper, and to take their seat next Sabbath.'"

John Gilbert, like Charlotte Cushman, was a North Ender, born in the old Atkins house of several generations in Richmond Street, and bred in that picturesque maritime quarter of the old town. Its inherent attractions, and perhaps the feeling of heredity, used to draw me thither to gaze at my ancestor's house in North Bennett Street and his tomb on Copp's Hill, so that

when we met we had two topics of never-failing interest — the theatre and the North End. Mr. Gilbert loved to relate, and I to listen to, his reminiscences of the characters and customs of his youthful days, and we felt it an additional bond of friendship that our ancestors had dwelt there as friends and neighbors.

And he was a typical North Ender, — old-fashioned, frugal, sturdy, independent. Well did he apply to himself the lines he has so often, as Old Adam, recited:

> Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly.

He has set a life-long example to his brethren, which they would do well to follow, on and off the stage. I shall miss him sorely in both situations; he was a pleasant neighbor, and the very last of all the long list of actors endeared to me by youthful associations.

HENRY LEE.

I am aware that Mr. Murdoch, who played the lover charmingly to Ellen Tree and Fanny Jarman, etc., more than fifty years ago at the Tremont Theatre, and that Mr. Leman, one of the Tremont Stock, are both living, but they have been absent from these parts, and, I believe, withdrawn from the stage many years.

H. L.

HENRY J. BIGELOW

[*Spoken at the Memorial Meeting of the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, Nov.* 19, 1890]

If Dr. Bigelow were alive, he and I might furnish entertainment for you by provoking reminiscences from each other, and dwelling humorously upon each other's peculiarities and misadventures; but now that his voice is hushed, I am in danger of drawing a one-sided sketch when not corrected by his criticisms. Even if I succeed in setting before you fairly the image of my old playfellow, it will be but the image of the boy, in whom were latent the traits and talents which in mature life "marked him extraordinary, not in the roll of common men."

When I was just turned of three years, my father moved from a pleasant old garden house, which stood where now frowns the portico of the Tremont House, to one of those cosey little courts which were favorite retreats for families on intimate terms with each other and a little aloof from the great world. On one side of Bedford Place, for so was the court named, was the house and garden of my uncle, Judge Jackson, then august, though only forty-five years old. On the other side all six houses were owned and occupied by our family and near of kin. Close by, in Summer Street, in the houses

belonging to the First Church, dwelt my cousin, George Cabot, and Henry Bigelow.

From that time until we separated for college, we formed an inseparable trio, to the great complacency of George's mother and aunt; for he was a very handsome boy — with red cheeks, brown eyes and hair, and a goodly figure — and we two pale, slender, white-haired boys set him off to advantage. We played together not only the usual recurring games, but also a few tricks of our own inventing, the remembrance of which amuses me more than the narrative would entertain you.

While in our walks into the country for birds or flowers, or at plain carpenter's work, I could beat Bigelow; on the other hand, swimming, or dancing, or at the gymnasium — wherever agility was needed — he was immeasurably my superior.

During our college life we roomed off the same entry in Hollis two years, and he inherited my room at my graduation. Circumstances — we were both busily occupied; then he voyaged for health, I for business — separated us for a few years; then we came together again in Paris and afterwards, until marriage and business engrossments parted us.

You want to know what traits I observed in these years of youth and boyhood. In the first place he had a pleasant temper, or I should not have clung to him all these years. I say clung to him, for, while we clung to each other, I was rather more dependent than he, and that may have been true of all his companionships. Then, he was a most entertaining companion, not only because of his keen observation of men and things, but

also, as well, because of his eccentricities — his intermittent activity and repose; his relentless, exhaustive unravelling of some tangled skein; or eager pursuit and abrupt abandonment of one hobby after another; his absorption in all he was doing, and consequent absent-mindedness; his intense curiosity about matters, some intrinsically interesting, some uninteresting; his secretiveness, or, to say the least, excessive wariness. These traits combined to make the doctor, as I early named him, a source of constant amusement to me and all his associates. We two were friends upon the principle of "like likes unlike." We were complementary to each other; I saw the outside, he the inside; I was an observer of persons, he of things. He was quite unobservant of his surroundings; took little notice of scenery or of wayfarers. While he studied the movements of a clock at a shop window, I, incapable of that achievement, had memorized the passers-by. So we jogged along, each refreshed by the other's differences.

When I was a young man, all our physicians were general practitioners; now, you are all specialists. As I gaze around, I behold the faces of those who have exercised their skill on my eyes, my nose, my ears, my skin, my stomach. Well! this is evolution; you are all by nature, as well as by profession, specialists; and my old friend and playmate was eminently a specialist — morally and mentally a specialist. He was like a man looking through a spy-glass, who sees all within the field of vision more clearly than his neighbors not so provided, so that he was able to discover and analyze details invisible to them; and the world has profited and will con-

tinue to profit by his discernment and analysis. He was like a locomotive which surpasses other vehicles in power and speed, but is confined to its track. One cannot look for inconsistent advantages; you cannot expect a man with a glass to see what is without his field of vision, unless he and his spy-glass are both afflicted with diverging strabismus. The locomotive will haul you and your goods far and fast, but only while it keeps on its track; it is no respecter of objects thereon, either animate or inanimate; strollers must heed the warning, "look out for the engine." "Art is long and time is fleeting," and the man who, by concentrating his mind upon some intricate problem, achieves its solution, and thereby saves his fellow men through all time from a suffering hitherto unrelieved, must be ranked high, not only in the list of great discoverers, but also in the ranks of benefactors of mankind. Had he not been so occupied, he might have adorned society; he might have taken an active part in public enterprises and charities of the time; he might have been more mindful of the joys and sorrows of those among whom he had been born and bred; more surrounded by friends; and when called away, he might have been missed from more circles, but he could not, in all probability, have invented and transmitted these great alleviations to his fellow men.

Connected with this brilliancy of intellect, this shrewd discovery of the one grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff, this successful solution of mechanical difficulties which had baffled all previous essayers — connected with, and no doubt consequent upon these evidences of superiority, and consequent also upon his isolation

— there came to him a natural enough presumption of superiority in other fields which he had never traversed, and where others had been hard at work, urged by motives which did not appeal to his nature. Here, beyond his rightful domain, he displayed both presumption and incredulity, — an incredulity as to the possibility of mainsprings which were not to be found in his machinery; and presumption of superiority, in all directions, based upon his acknowledged superiority in many directions. This was a natural error of judgment; but it was an error sometimes of great consequence. This is why I said that, with all his genius, with all his accomplishments, he was morally and mentally a specialist.

There were two lovable traits which endeared Dr. Bigelow to all his patients, simple and gentle, — his untiring devotion and his reluctance to give pain. On this latter point I can add my testimony to that of more suffering martyrs.

I accepted this invitation very reluctantly, anticipating what I now realize, how imperfect, and therefore, how unfair, would be my sketch of my old friend. To me, up to our last meeting, he was always the old bosom crony of my boyhood and early manhood, reviving remembrances of the joys and griefs, the work and play, the frolics and rogueries and escapades of those days, which, while we talked, came back to us as vividly as yesterday.

I close with a few words which, as President of the Association of Alumni, I had put together as a fitting introduction of Dr. Bigelow, who had been made Emeritus Professor of Surgery in the Harvard Medical

School. As the doctor declined to appear, they were never spoken.

"Old Dr. James Jackson, long the Nestor of his profession in Massachusetts, speaking of one of his pupils, then risen to eminence as a physician, a botanist and technologist, described him as one who would find a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff.

"While we do not here inherit titles, we do inherit talents from our fathers, and the son of this remarkable father has risen to great eminence as a surgeon and a professor, as might have been safely predicted by any of his schoolboy and college comrades, whatever profession he had selected. This eminence has been recognized by his Alma Mater this day.

"Yet there is reason to fear that our Emeritus Professor of Surgery has, by his two great operations upon the stone and upon the hip-joint, incurred the anathema of our great Shakespeare, who thus imprecates such meddlers:

> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And cursed be he that moves my bones."

GEORGE PARTRIDGE BRADFORD

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I WAS pleased to find in your columns an appreciative notice of this delightful old friend, the announcement of whose death gave me a double shock.

The reflection that I should never again hear that voice with its ripple of cheerfulness, never again behold that face beaming with cordiality, mingled with my wonder that my seemingly unchanged friend had reached his eighty-third year. It was such a short time since he, then a young divinity student, was a welcome evening visitor at my father's house, nor has he since then grown old to my eyes.

He was a worthy descendant of the good Pilgrim Governor, William Bradford, and just as he, in the days of his youth, sought counsel of Elder Brewster in their Sabbath walks from Scrooby to Clifton, so did his descendant walk and seek counsel of his wise elder, Emerson, on life mortal and immortal. As William Bradford found "oaks, pines, walnuts, beech, sassafras, vines," etc., on Clark's Island, where living men have seen only a few red cedars, so did his descendant espy a varied flora and fauna where to the common eye was barrenness and desolation. As he sowed he reaped, whether he had been wayfaring with eyes open to

every feature of sky and hill and plain, to every humble wayside plant, to every rock that cropped out of the ground, finding

> Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything;

or whether he had come refreshed by converse with Emerson, or had just been released from his task as a teacher, he met you as a bearer of good tidings; the message was never ended, he began as he had left off, for he was one of the meek who inherit the earth, he had lain down in green pastures, he had been led beside the still waters, his cup, which to the eyes of men seemed empty, was running over and he asked you to partake.

He was as much more refreshing than other men as is the living water gushing from the rock than the same liquid conveyed in a conduit of men's devising. Like Emerson, he was so filled with the Holy Ghost, with love to God and man, that he diffused happiness wherever he might go. The college anniversaries, no longer illumined by the light of his countenance, have lost part of their charm.

Like Emerson, he was bred to the pulpit, and like him he quitted it, not because he had no message for his fellow men, for he was a great favorite with Professor Norton, who had one or two essays written by him while in the Divinity School published in the Christian Examiner; and it was only his manner that the professor criticised, saying to him: "Your great defect seems to be an entire want of all those qualities

that go to make a good speaker." This criticism Bradford characteristically exaggerated, as if it applied to his matter as well as to his manner. The fact was that, like Emerson, he had not played with the boys in the street, but had been kept in the yard or on the shed by his sister, who in after times lamented it, and he was hopelessly shy. This shyness affected his conversation, which was a series of flashes or outbursts of eloquence, brought abruptly to a stop by hearing his own voice.

From all we think we know of the life hereafter, the change from this world to the other must have been hardly perceptible to one who so dwelt here in the presence of his Maker and in enjoyment of all his works.

His life
Was rounded with a sleep, no more.

CHARLES DEVENS

I HAVE a word or two to say about Charles Devens, with whom I have stood in friendly, familiar relations ever since my College days, when I was invited occasionally to his father's house in Cambridge. I have been wont to speak of him as "Sweet fortune's minion and her pride," and when one recounts the series of high positions, civil and military, to which he has been preferred, with never a break, from his earliest manhood to the day of his death, — my speech seems justified.

Scarcely was he out of College and had begun his law practice in Franklin County when he was elected Brigadier General of Militia; soon afterwards he was chosen State Senator. He could not have been over thirty years old when he was made United States Marshal for the District of Massachusetts.

In the war, starting out as Major, he became successively Colonel, Brigadier, then Brevet Major General of Volunteers, and Military Governor of South Carolina. Having returned home, he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court, and then of the Supreme Court; then taken by President Hayes as his Attorney General, and at the close of his administration instantly reappointed Judge of the Supreme Court.

This opportune vacancy on the bench at the very moment when his time as United States Attorney

General ended, did prompt me to remark to his kinsman that cousin Charles came down always upon his feet, and he agreed with me.

His early promotion over his fellows of equal worth and talents is to be ascribed to his personal attributes, — his stature, his bright eyes, his mellifluous voice, his flowing speech, his genial and dignified deportment, which distinguished him in all companies, but more especially upon the small stage upon which he made his début. While his general symmetry and suavity helped him in certain directions and to a certain extent, it disparaged him with the fastidious and sceptical. The world is impatient and incredulous of perfection, the "totus teres atque rotundus" fades in the eye and provokes criticism rather than admiration. A mezzotint makes one long for the biting-in of the etching. Pope's Homer is so smooth that sense is lost in sound; and so with persons. Dr. Channing's soft speech stung at least one sensitive person to profanity; General Washington, as handed down by pen and pencil, was too smooth, too perfect; it was only the revelation of his outburst of wrath at Monmouth, and of laughter over Old Put, that justified him to his countrymen. Our friend suffered in like manner, — his symmetry and suavity brought him under suspicion, caused him to be underrated intellectually and morally. But it was no padding, no veneering; if ever a man could be a hero to his valet, General Devens might have been that man; the nearer one came to him the higher he stood in one's regard. It was his thorough amiability, joined to his conscientious discharge of every duty assumed, which

won for him the love and respect of those about him; and secured for him the unbroken continuance of promotion first hazarded upon his extrinsic recommendations.

Although as marshal he rendered up the slave under the cruel fugitive slave law, as a man he sought earnestly to purchase his freedom; when the war, that touchstone of character, which converted lambs to lions, and some lions to lambs, broke out and the State was called upon for aid, the "suaviter in modo" was found to be combined in our friend with the "fortiter in re;" he went at an hour's notice, filling the place of a recusant officer and serving faithfully and ably, in spite of repeated wounds, through all these haggard years, and for a year afterwards as Military Governor of South Carolina. When peace returned, he held the sword of justice as firmly as a ruder, blunter man.

I sometimes rallied him upon his smooth and kindly relations with men whom I felt inclined to denounce, but I became convinced that this uniform courtesy and lenity credited his heart while it did not discredit his head; it was Christian charity.

My old friend would not stand so high in my regard but for the unique exhibition of one memorable day when he had been invited to deliver the oration. Summoned betimes in the morning and carted about over an endless route for six or seven hours; then, after tedious marshalling, forced to listen to successive and inordinate speeches by committee-men, Grand Master of Masons, Mayor, everybody but the selected speaker, the sun went down and darkness fell before the orator of the day was allowed to hold forth. For once, even his

patience was exhausted; he gave a few extracts from his oration by torchlight and withdrew. I was refreshed by his undisguised, righteous indignation at this preposterous, egotistic disregard of proportions.

As to eloquence, how many better orations have been given than his on the centennial of the Battle of Bunker Hill, on the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument, on Grant, spoken at Gettysburg, not to mention his speech at the Harvard Commemoration as spokesman of the returned volunteers, his annual addresses while President of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, his series of speeches at the Jubilee of Harvard College? Upon that occasion he exercised his habit of infinite painstaking, — no other Alumnus would have performed the task of presiding officer so perfectly.

A tender devotion and constancy characterized his domestic relations. A home of his own in the fullest sense of the word he never had; his father's home was broken up upon the death of his mother and sister, when he was a young lawyer in Greenfield, a bereavement the more poignant that they lost their lives preserving his; his father lived to a great age and I can bear witness to the son's filial piety; the love which husbands and fathers lavish upon their wives and children he shed upon scattered groups of relatives, a love ardently reciprocated.

This tenderness of heart extended beyond his family circle. Breakfasting with him during the Grand Army Encampment last summer, he confessed that the sight of these veterans brought back so feelingly the setting forth for the war, that his tears would flow.

In familiar intercourse he was genial and entertaining; a kindly humor enlivened his chat; he told a story with the art of an old campaigner.

A few words spoken by me elsewhere apply to him here:

"He has been one of our most faithful members; his stately and benign presence graced our meetings.

"Here, as elsewhere, he diffused a spirit of chivalric courtesy by his dignified and cordial greetings, his temperate and kindly discourse.

"To the respect inspired by his honorable public service in peace and war was added the affection begotten of his unswerving loyalty to his friends, and his solicitous consideration of all, young and old, far and near."

When I heard of his death, there came to me the sense of the loss of a friend, and of the glory of a well-spent life.

PATRICK TRACY JACKSON

Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend;
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride.

THE death of Mr. Jackson will pass almost unheeded now, so much had this public-spirited citizen been retired from active life during the past few years. But his contemporaries cannot allow him to disappear from among them without recording their sense of his rare worth.

At the funeral of Hon. Jonathan Jackson, the grandfather of the gentleman, Sir Henry Wotton's hymn, "How happy is he born or taught," was selected to be sung, as descriptive of his character; and it might well have been sung at the funeral of his grandson, for every verse, every line is equally applicable. Born to a great inheritance of wealth and reputation, he cheerfully renounced his chosen careër, and, to succor those dear to him, prematurely thrust himself into a perilous position, where he shared responsibility but not authority, and wasted his best years, losing all but honor.

There is nothing more fatal to success than a false start, and this early misdirection subjected Mr. Jackson to much unmerited loss and suffering. He did not reap the harvest usually accorded to the faithful, diligent,

husbandman; he has not been, in the world's eye, successful.

Sweet, indeed, are the uses of adversity, when, as in this case, it develops courage, patience, magnanimity; sweet are the uses of prosperity, when it serves only to warm, not bake the heart, and to render it more tender to the unfortunate, when it makes one a more and not less responsible steward of the Giver.

Tried by prosperity and adversity, this high-spirited, meek-hearted man kept on the even tenor of his way, superior alike to flattery and slights, equally zealous in the execution of high or humble tasks, prodigal of his services to his friends and the public, giving bountifully of his large or small store to those in need, grateful for kindness, patient of neglect, an example of Christian heroism.

He has followed to the grave his friends and classmates, Devens and Lowell. Had he preceded, they, who had witnessed his triumph over circumstance, would have offered their tribute, for they knew, none better than they, that the best poetry and heroism is that interwoven with daily duties; and they would have made manifest Pat Jackson's title to the love and esteem of all his classmates, as well as of all who had known him through the vicissitudes of a long life.

H. L.

GEORGE CHEYNE SHATTUCK

Jesus saith unto him: feed my sheep.

DR. SHATTUCK, who has just passed away, was the son of his father. The elder doctor was not only the bountiful benefactor of Dartmouth and Harvard Colleges, the liberal contributor to many charities, but what is more rare and more admirable, the good Samaritan who, in his daily walks, refreshed his soul and warmed his heart discovering and relieving the thirsty, the naked, or him who had fallen among thieves. He was equally characterized by the kindred virtue of hospitality, his door was open, his table spread, for friends from far and near. Allston and Dana and kindred spirits were his constant guests, but the Harvard student from a far-off home, or the passing stranger, were also welcomed to his cheer. His son, who has just gone, inherited and developed the same traits.

He founded the great school of St. Paul's, endowing it with land and money and aiding it with repeated gifts. For many years he has held a daily dispensary at his own charges, giving his professional advice to the needy; he has lavished time and money upon the Church, finding his happiness in her daily services, her periodical conventions and clubs, and in unstinted hospitality to her clergy in proportion to their needs rather than to other

considerations. His absorption in his church and school and dispensary begot no bigotry, no sanctimoniousness in him; while it wafted him out of sight of his old associates, it never placed him out of touch with them; his classmates at Round Hill, at Harvard, his old friends, were dear as ever. His liberality was equal to his loyalty; he did not seek to proselytize; religious and political creeds were no barriers to his esteem and affection. Wendell Phillips and the most fanatical Southerner among his classmates clasped hands under his roof.

Dr. Shattuck's hospitable habits and catholic spirit, and his extensive acquaintance at home and abroad, combined to make him a citizen of the world; his social talents were remarkable, he was a good raconteur, had a keen perception of the humorous, and with characteristic friendliness devoted himself to the entertainment of his company. It is refreshing to behold a man bestowing his time and a large proportion of his substance upon the community, and maintaining a modesty and simplicity of living. This Dr. Shattuck did. We hardly know how any one could have led a more blameless, more useful, more amiable life.

H. L.

WALDO HIGGINSON

1814–1894

He could not frame a word unfit,
An act unworthy to be done.

THE disappearance of Mr. Higginson from our sight would have attracted more attention but for his virtual disappearance some years ago because of physical infirmities, which have confined him at home save for locomotion in a Bath chair, or a short drive in a carriage. No one who watched him slowly dragging himself up the aisle, helped by his servant, at the funeral of his friend and classmate, Professor Torrey, could have recognized the manly figure and resolute stride of the first lieutenant of the Harvard Washington Corps.

Contrary to promise, Waldo Higginson's active career was brought to an abrupt close forty years ago by a stroke of paralysis, a lightning stroke from a clear sky, which ever after imposed on him mental and physical constraints. "Cast down, but not destroyed," he courageously set himself to such work as was left for him. His life henceforth was passed in his insurance office or his home, his outgoings and his incomings watched by one who, alarmed by the first unlooked-for collapse, guarded against the least strain. Even his beloved work as Overseer was deemed too agitating, and he reluct-

antly withdrew after four years' service. Nothing but this vigilant watchfulness and his manly submission to these restrictions prolonged his life to the present day. Notwithstanding these limitations, and notwithstanding the barrier of reserve, he made himself more felt than many who roamed at large. With his numerous relatives, with his old friends, with his fellow-laborers for the College, with those who conferred with him on public affairs, with his associates in business, his word was weighty. When he was compelled to retire as Engineer and Superintendent of the Lowell Railroad, his associated brethren were moved to present him with a silver service; they had penetrated the disguise of the modest, taciturn, dignified man, and had conceived for him an affectionate esteem. When after nearly forty years' service he resigned his insurance office, his brother underwriters wrote of "the value they had put upon his wise counsels, and of the profound and beneficent influence which he had unconsciously exerted," "that he had always brought fairness, trust and sincerity into every question, holding the even balance in their council."

They who worked with him in raising funds and fixing upon plans for the Memorial Hall, learned to value his services. For several years he sat on the Board of Overseers of the College; for a still longer term he served as Visitor to the Divinity School, and upon one occasion his minority report upon that institution won every vote, although the majority report was written by a distinguished clergyman, — a proof of his credit with the Board.

"There was something finer in the man than anything he said.

"This is that which we call Character — a reserved force, which acts directly by presence and without means.

"It works with most energy in the smallest companies and in private relations. In all cases it is an extraordinary and incomputable agent.

"Happy will that house be in which the relations are formed from character; after the highest, and not after the lowest order; the house in which character marries, and not confusion and a miscellany of unavoidable motives. Then shall marriage be a covenant to secure to either party the sweetness and honor of being a calm, continuing, inevitable, benefactor to the other.

"No house, though it were the Tuileries or the Escurial, is good for anything without a master. And yet we are not gratified by this hospitality. Do you see the household obey an idea? Do you see the man, — his form, genius, and aspiration, — in his economy?"

This character, which peered through the mask of reserve and silence in his intercourse with his fellow men without, diffused a subtle charm within his home. It was the abode of neatness, order, tranquillity, simplicity, elegance, humanity, strict regulations and implicit obedience — "a hall which shone with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert, whose inmates knew what they wanted, who did not ask your house how theirs should be kept."

The self-complacency of early risers is proverbial; who knows but in this model household where there

was a place for everything and everything in its place, where tasks were executed, bills paid, letters answered upon the instant, there may have crept in a conscious superiority over their procrastinating, floundering, fluctuating fellow creatures, — it would have been human. It was difficult to separate master and mistress, to say whether the government was an enlightened despotism, or a unanimous duumvirate; the machinery was noiseless, the performance perfect, "each had become a calm, continuing, inevitable benefactor to the other," gliding into a more perfect union day by day. They were both modest, haters of dissimulation, scrupulously conscientious, loyal to friends, dutiful even to self-sacrifice, good judges of character, critical to fastidiousness, yet charitable, benevolent to disinterestedness, romantic, chivalric, enthusiastic, tender. Each vied with the other in self-sacrifice, — the wife had more natural gaiety and elasticity, and raised the drooping spirits of her husband when threatened with helplessness and want; her romance, and what she deemed fidelity to household demands, verged upon quixotism, and while of "a manly mind," and a high spirit, I suspect that in most, if not all cases, she found ultimate relief in following her husband's decision. It was the widower's sad reflection that his wife had died prematurely, exhausted by household and social duties self-exacted; but while she undoubtedly underwent undue fatigue, it seems more probable that her incessant, tremulous anxiety about her husband, from which none could relieve her, kept her heart overthrobbing until it suddenly ceased. The self-continuance of the household customs and service for eight years

after her death is an evidence of the thorough discipline and of the weight of her character.

The Higginson family history is not obscure, and it is interesting to trace the permanence or reappearance of some traits.

The earliest person of the race now known, was the Widow Joane Higginson, mother of Rev. John, Vicar of Claybrooke for fifty-two years, whose old Norman church some of his American descendants have lately helped to restore, and grandmother of Rev. Francis, the emigrant, who graduated, like his father, at Jesus College, Cambridge, and, like his father, preached at Claybrooke as well as at Leicester. It is something over three hundred years since this Widow Joane, dying before 1573, bequeathed £7 a year (equal to nearly £70 now) to the poor of Berkeswell, County Warwick, and this spirit of benevolence has distinguished many of her descendants of this and previous generations.

A beautiful painting of "The Man of Ross," left at his door by an unknown friend or friends of Mr. Stephen Higginson (Waldo's father) upon the occasion of a reverse of fortune, was a delicate mode of conveying to him their grateful sense of his past beneficence and their sympathy with his present losses.

Waldo Higginson was quite original; he differed from his father and family generally in his reserve, his deliberation, his consistency, his method, — qualities in common with the Storrows, judging by the representatives of that family; — neither had he a fortune to distribute; but it may justly be said that benevolence was the keynote of his character, the burden of his

heart. The needs of others appealed to him; he was constantly studying how to aid kinsfolk, near or remote, as well as all others in want, not only with money spared from his modest income, but also by wise counsels and personal endeavors. Very close to his heart was the College, and he made to it several donations which might be called extravagant for his circumstances.

His attachment to old friends was a delightful trait, and so long as Dr. Charles Ware lived, Waldo and John Holmes were each year his guests; these old life-long cronies were kept in an almost hysterical state by John Holmes's humorous rehearsal of their boyish experiences or description of the old Cambridge worthies.

Whether because he belonged to an historical family, or because he grew up in an ancient collegiate town, or whether it was an original trait, he was fond of reminiscences, of traditions, of genealogical researches. He and I so haunted the home of my grandfather's grandfather down at the North End, that at last the agitated proprietor issued forth and inquired as to our designs, evidently taking us for burglars; and a witty cousin of mine, after listening to our intense conversation on these topics some fifty years ago, observed that "our talk reminded him of old negroes," so full was it of what Waldo, speaking of a brother antiquarian, called "delightful, good-for-nothing information."

He was easily entertained, liked to be provoked to laughter, and with him a story rather gained by repetition. We had made a journey together to the White

Mountains sixty years since, and there was no incident of that tour, no traits of travellers we encountered which did not furnish merriment all these years. He was very perceptive, and any foible or adventure of his own or his friends, capable of being turned to ridicule, regaled him. A felicitous contrast between my wife and me, drawn by a shrewd Yankee neighbor of his, he took great delight in repeating, though by no means flattering to me. With still greater malignity he sat chuckling over some sarcastic comments of an old classmate upon my merits and demerits as Chief Marshal while I was in the thick of complications in Memorial Hall on Jubilee Day, and then with relish imparted them to me. Served up by this humorist the criticisms had an agreeable piquancy, but the fun we extracted from our oft-told tales was a Masonic mystery, revealed only to the initiated and not by me transmissible.

The historian says of his ancestor, Rev. Francis, the emigrant, "Unlabored as is the composition of both his books, we find in them a delicate felicity of expression and a quiet, imaginative picturesqueness," and this might be affirmed of the conversation and of the briefest note of Waldo Higginson; he had a rare "felicity of expression, and a quiet, imaginative picturesqueness."

One Commencement Day, when a Vice-President of dignified presence, sonorous voice and smooth oratory, had been suddenly substituted for the missing President, he exclaimed, "Thank God! who always raises up for us figureheads when they are needed."

It is a matter of regret that circumstances limited the number of listeners to his table talk, and still more that

"the whole country has not, by the press, enjoyed some of his *composures*," as they did those of his ancestor, Rev. John of Salem, for there were many subjects which he would have illustrated forcibly and felicitously.

He was an ardent lover of his country; had he been young and hale, he would, like others of his name, have felt impelled to active service in the Civil War; but failing of this, he might have written on matters of public welfare, which so deeply interested him, as incisively as ever did Old Laco.

He was and had been my mentor for sixty-two years; from my Freshman year when I roomed in the "L" of his father's house at Cambridge alongside him, he has been my tender friend, my wise counsellor; he has also been my taskmaster, and has required me to write occasional comments on persons or politics which interested him, and while he was inclined to lenity, he never paltered with the truth. Not long ago I submitted to him three obituary notices, for I never dared to print a line without his criticism. Having heard the first he said, "That is good," — then after listening to the second came the sentence, "That will do," nor would all my remonstrances coax him to any extenuation; and this was a specimen of his undeviating frankness, and, if need be, reproof. We were sitting together at the benefit promoted by me of an actress in whom I felt an interest. During one of the waits I said: "Mrs. —— is a good little woman, and she is a good actress; still, there is something lacking, don't you observe it?" "No! and if I did, I should not

speak of it." "Oh!" I exclaimed to his wife, "Waldo is snubbing me," but he was naturally displeased at my unsympathetic criticism.

Cotton Mather said of Rev. John of Salem, who lived to ninety-two years, that he had been "a rich and long blessing," and every one who had the luxury of intercourse with his descendant would say, Amen.

The most convincing proof of his incorruptibility is that, although from his birth to his death, — in his father's house, in his own home, by his wife, then by his sister, then by his niece, who successively devoted themselves to him, — he was idolized, and those nearest to him and those under him at home or abroad were his most devout worshippers; all this deference and solicitude served but to enhance his dignity and consistency of character, and never to develop caprice or selfishness. They who, during his long invalidism, watched and helped, instead of complaining of weariness, declared themselves refreshed and elevated by contact with him. Nobody knows how much or how little he realized and suffered during his long last illness; that he could not by hand or mouth communicate with those who watched over him was a distress to them and must have been to him. Let us hope that he dreamed and slept away those slow last hours of his dutiful life.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP

EIGHTY-FIVE years ago the old town of Boston was not a sojourn, but a dwelling-place, year in and year out, from birth to death, from generation to generation. Its citizens not only lived in, but for, their town; on it were concentrated their affections, they observed all anniversaries, they participated in all solemnities and festivities, they discharged divers duties now delegated to paid substitutes.

In my school and college days Mr. Winthrop was coming forward, and among the figures of the past none is more distinct than his, because of the part he played in all pageants, and because of his handsome face and figure, which made his part attractive. I admired him marching at the head of the Harvard Washington Corps; later as captain of the Boston Light Infantry, famed for its spirit and for its series of handsome young officers; later still in perfection as senior aide-de-camp successively to three governors. These positions he owed to his name and to his external graces; these were but the trappings; he had that within which passeth show.

While captain of the Harvard Washington Corps, he was chum of Charles Emerson, the most remarkable of the remarkable brothers, and he had the third oration at his graduation.

While aide-de-camp, he was elected a member, and before his time Speaker, of the House of Representa-

tives; then Member of Congress, where he rapidly came to the front.

While on the staff of Governor Everett, he was wont to attend the dinners of the Cadets, and to gratify us not only by his comely presence, but also by his graceful oratory, vying with that of his eloquent chief. A stately figure, a dignified manner, a mellifluous voice, gave effect to his words.

After Mr. Everett, we have had no orator who has irradiated so many occasions, local and national, with historic research and sage reflections presented in clear and euphonious speech.

I allude to three of these orations, not because of their relative superiority, but because they serve to illustrate: — his Bunker Hill oration, his power to reinvest with interest a subject already exhaustively treated; his oration at Yorktown, his skill in weaving as on a Brussels carpet loom the intricate web so as to assign to the many actors in that siege — French, British, and American — their places, and to set forth their characteristics, and yet not to impede the flow of the narrative; the address on the Centennial of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, his fulness and readiness. Called upon in an exigency, with but twenty-four hours' notice, he gave an interesting review of the century's record, and discriminating eulogies on its most eminent members. It could not have been more complete, more finished, if he had taken a month instead of a day for preparation.

But what repeated proofs of these qualities has he not given at the monthly meetings of this Society during the thirty years of his presidency! A letter received, a

document unearthed, a lost member to lament, an anniversary to commemorate, — each opportunity, offered or created, was improved by him.

His learning, his extensive intercourse and correspondence with interesting men at home and abroad, stored in a tenacious memory ready for use, enabled him to invest the subject, whatever it might be, with interest, and each time to renew our admiration.

Many of us can claim descent from the magistrates and clergy of the first generation; but unless we bear their names, our claim is disputed, we are virtually disinherited, we are not identified with them. John Winthrop had many living descendants who had thus lost their inheritance. Those who were heirs of the name, as of the blood, had passed away from this vicinity. Mr. Winthrop had six brothers, whom some can remember as handsome, stalwart men, but he outlived them all. So it came about that he was left the sole representative in Boston of the family in his generation, and his identity with his great ancestor was, as it were, thrust upon him.

When he was born, the contour of the peninsula (for happily it was still a peninsula) had been preserved; it was the Boston depicted by Emerson: —

> The rocky nook with hill-tops three
> Looked eastward from the farms,
> And twice each day the flowing sea
> Took Boston in its arms,

a fascinating, semi-rural, sea-girt town, retaining many features of its old colonial days. The houses stood

mostly apart in their gardens, some of them associated with historic names.

Born in one of these old homes, the first objects which met his eyes as he was held to the window were the Old South Meeting House and its parsonage standing on the Governor's Green, the home of his ancestor, the wise and beneficent founder of the town and State. The contemplation of this ancestral ground, the sight of old houses which this ancestor had entered, family traditions, the reading of Winthrop's Journal, must have tended to associate the past with the present, and to impress upon him his birthright.

If, as aide-de-camp, he rode beside the governor as he reviewed the troops on Boston Common, he must have recalled the day when the two regiments in the bay were mustered on that same Common — led, the one by his ancestor, Governor Winthrop, the other by the deputy, Governor Dudley, who was equally his ancestor — to perform their warlike exercises.

He could not, as an officer of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, receive or resign his espontoon without remembering that it was his ancestor who had bestowed the charter and who had presided over these annual ceremonies.

He could hardly attend a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society without hearing our first governor quoted or referred to.

What a beautiful manifestation of filial piety was his editing and writing the " Life and Times of John Winthrop," at once a romance and a history, giving a fascinating picture of the life of the lawyer of the Temple

and the lord of the Manor of Groton, surrounded by attached friends and kindred; and of his forsaking all this to "runne an hazard with them of an hard and meane condition," by agreeing "to pass the seas to inhabit and continue in New England;" of the tender parting and happy reunion of the husband and wife, and of the multifarious cares and trials and achievements of the gentle, wise, magnanimous man and magistrate, during his nineteen years here.

Mr. Winthrop was "given to hospitality;" he received his friends, his friendly acquaintances, and his fellow-citizens on appropriate occasions with that nice gradation of manner of which he was master; he entertained strangers of rank and distinction in the full sense of that word, and he leaves no successor with the inclination and the ability to take his place.

The proud little sea-girt town has sprawled out into a disjected city; its picturesque profile and outline are gone; the waves no more beat against the Neck, — there is no Neck; the old James Bowdoin house was long ago wiped away, its acre of garden covered with buildings; the English Puritans are displaced by men of strange speech and customs, and, bowed down by infirmities, the last of the Boston Winthrops of his generation has followed the long line of his ancestors from the first governor, and faded from our sight.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

[*Spoken at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held October* 11, 1894]

AFTER the President's discriminating remarks and Dr. Everett's sympathetic verses, my only excuse for saying a few words is that my point of view is not that of a scholar, but of a friend and kinsman.

Our common ancestor, Edward Jackson, of Harvard College, 1726, married Dorothy Quincy, whom Dr. Holmes has embalmed. He had two children; the son was my grandfather, the daughter his grandmother. Always on familiar terms, for seventeen summers we have been neighbors at Beverly Farms, in closer communion, holding stated meetings every Sunday after church, — which, by the way, he invariably attended, whatever the creed or whoever the preacher. He will be missed from his accustomed seat in the old King's Chapel, which he has filled for over fifty years. At these weekly sessions discussion ranged far and wide. There was no assumption of superiority on his part, such as I have sometimes encountered from literary men; but there was, on each side, an eagerness to talk which had to be regulated, after parliamentary usage, by the mistress of the house. An old gentleman, speaking of Judge Charles Jackson, the father of Mrs. Holmes, told me that when, as referee, he decided a case, both parties

were satisfied, such was their confidence in his equity; and his daughter presided over this court of appeal with like acquiescence.

In this intimacy I traversed the opinions and convictions, the sympathies and gentle antipathies, of my brilliant, discursive cousin, the Autocrat; observed his domestic habits and relations, and learned the rewards and penalties of his popularity.

He was most happy in his marriage. The executive ability and unselfish devotion manifested by his wife, when at the head of the Boston Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, were lavished upon her family; her delicate perceptions and quick sympathies made her a delightful companion and a competent critic of her husband's prose or poetry. It was pleasant to meet them in their daily walks, gaily chatting with each other or with a neighbor, or stooping to caress a little child. These daily walks have been persevered in to the end, in spite of solitude, partial blindness, and increasing infirmities; and so have his kindly relations with neighbors, his playful and tender intercourse with children.

I have had two sets of grandchildren dwelling near him, and I will venture to say that he never passed them without a pleasant word; and he not only saluted them, but he noticed their traits. A neighbor told me that when Dr. Holmes dwelt in Charles Street, and passed daily through Cambridge Street to the Medical School, he was wont to stop on his way to speak to the school-children, to give them words to spell, to laugh over their blunders, and to reward them with pennies. He was

blessed with a real gaiety of heart, — a quality too rare among us descendants of Puritans, — inherited, perhaps, from his Dutch ancestors.

He had much mechanical ingenuity,— made several inventions, besides improving the stereoscope; but in some business ways he was amusingly helpless, and, as I have occasion to know, very grateful for assistance.

His kindness of heart was exercised, but not exhausted, by the bores who besieged him with visits and letters, — who showered upon him their essays to be read, their aspirations to be considered, and often rewarded his patient endurance and merciful judgments with an outburst of ingratitude. His charity for these and other offences was habitual; he was quite capable of receiving, but not of inflicting, wounds; nor did he harbor resentments.

He has been called vain, by himself and others; but it was vanity of an amiable and childlike kind, — confessed, and so apologized for; not denied or disguised or justified. It was not made offensive by superciliousness, nor contemptible by unmanliness, nor malignant by envy. Had he visited Rotten Row, and gazed at the well-born, well-dressed, well-mounted equestrians, he would have exulted over their bright array, and not have growled out, as Carlyle did, "There is not one of them can do what I can do." He would not, like Moore, have abused his honest and generous publisher; nor would he, like him, upon the loss of a child, have lain abed to revel in his grief, leaving his "dear Bessie," as Moore called his wife, to perform the last sad offices. He would not, — as did one author with whom I had formerly lived on terms

of equality, but who afterwards acquired fame and riches, — have called upon me to mark him extraordinary, not in the roll of common men, by cutting off the coupons from his goodly pile of bonds, — a service not rendered to his four thousand fellow-customers.

Lowell wrote a witty paper on "A certain Condescension in Foreigners;" he might have followed it by "A certain Condescension in Literary Men."

When I read the correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle, it struck me how much more and better they would have written had they been bound to some task every morning; if manual, all the better. Emerson recognizes this in many passages: "The use of manual labor is one which never grows obsolete, and which is inapplicable to no person. . . . We must have a basis for our higher accomplishments, our delicate entertainments of poetry and philosophy, in the work of our hands. Not only health, but enterprise, is in the work."

Fortunate for Charles Lamb was his enforced drudgery "at the desk's dead wood." It was this routine that braced him for his congenial labors. After his long-coveted liberation, he ran and frisked about like a colt in a pasture, and then subsided; the "unchartered freedom" made him restless, but not productive.

Fortunate for Dr. Holmes were his practice and his lectures for thirty-five years. These gave him promptness, accountability, resolution, touch with the world. It was this commerce with the world that widened his observations and his sympathy; it was this which inclined him, it was this discipline which enabled him, to respond so constantly and so heartily to the appeal for occasions, —

a well-performed service which endeared him to the great public.

The champagne, the effervescence, will be lacking at many a gathering now that he is gone; he stands out from all other poets by his cheerful and hearty co-operation. Who now can catch inspiration from the passing event, and express felicitously the feeling agitating every breast, as did our lost friend?

One more trait, and that a most amiable one, characterized him, — a remarkable magnanimity; he gave an ungrudging tribute of praise to his brethren, he had "the most catholic receptivity for the genius of others."

In short, he was very human in weakness and in strength; love and good will he freely bestowed, and love and good will he craved in turn, and he received in full measure.

"I do not know what special gifts have been granted or denied me, but this I know, — that I am like so many others of my fellow-creatures that when I smile I feel as if they must, when I cry I think their eyes fill; and it always seems to me that when I am most truly myself, I come nearest to them, and am surest of being listened to by the brothers and sisters of the larger family into which I was born so long ago."

He sings no more on earth; our vain desire
Aches for the voice we loved so long to hear.

WILLIAM MINOT

1894

All my life long I have beheld with most respect the man
Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
And from amongst them chose considerably,
With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage,
And having chosen, with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purpose.

THE city must be rich indeed which can afford to lose a man like William Minot.

To his school and college-mates his lusty manhood while they were yet in the gristle, his prowess in all athletic games, his addiction to field sports, marked him for outdoor life, a mighty hunter; and his sufferings from a sedentary occupation went to confirm their diagnosis and to prove that Nature had been thwarted.

Guided, not by his tastes, but by conscience, he became a diligent student, — an uphill road, which he travelled so resolutely that soon after quitting college, while he was preparing to follow his hereditary profession of the law, he broke down utterly, and a voyage and travel in Europe were prescribed to save his life.

His life was saved, but the robust health which he had enjoyed was much impaired, so that from this time forth nothing but a strict adherence to rule, a country life, and periodical withdrawals, cruising in his yacht, or

following his natural vocation of sportsman, reinvigorated him and enabled him to bear the heavy responsibilities of his profession.

How faithfully, how judiciously, how delicately all these duties have been discharged, how enormously they have been multiplied because of these admirable qualities, is in part known.

In part known, because his time was given to his work; and this over, he had no strength left for outside engagements, and so remained in comparative seclusion.

Nor was this seclusion a constraint, for he had neither ambition for public employment, nor taste for general society.

Like his revered father, he was conservative, indifferent or averse to reforms, as casting a reflection upon the past with which his affections were intertwined.

He loved old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; he might have said with the poet: —

> Times change,
> Years shift us up and down, but something sticks;
> And for myself, there 's nothing as a man
> That I love more than what, a child, I loved.

No matter how long the interval of separation, it took but an instant to resume the old relations, to nestle into the same place in his heart, to recall the old stories, to laugh over the old jokes.

Like his father, he had a chivalric loyalty which bound him to his family, far and near, and to all heirs to his friendship, and nothing gave him keener delight than to play the host, or in any way to promote their happiness or to administer to their needs.

He had that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound, and which made the foundation for all the superstructure of gaiety and cordiality with his friends.

He was absolutely independent, so that he could dwell serenely among those whose opinions and ways were not his ways and opinions, walking unswervingly in his own path, but resenting any intrusion, for he was capable of righteous indignation.

His courage and cheerfulness maintained under prolonged anxieties, successive bereavements, his tender devotion to others, especially to the young, finding his alleviation in their enjoyment, his unfaltering walk through the valley of the shadow of death, closed and crowned his long and beneficent life.

H. L.

BENJAMIN EDDY MORSE

[*February* 3, 1894]

A GROUP of relations, a number of old East Indian captains and merchants, a large number of fellow clubmen, possibly in the crowd one or two Round Hillers, were drawn to the King's Chapel last week by their affection for an old comrade and kinsman.

He who had passed away was not a public character; there were no delegations, social, financial, or political; it was an affectionate meeting and parting of friends.

As I sat waiting for the funeral procession, I involuntarily glanced up at the gallery where for over sixty years we had sat side by side in adjoining pews; and my memory conjured up a stalwart, handsome boy, kindly to us younger boys, playing in Otis Place, and then the going and coming of a supercargo; I saw him just welcomed home, embrowned by his voyage and cordially greeting his many friends, or proudly escorting his mother on the Mall, for we all lived in Boston, summer or winter.

From those young days till now — as boy, as youth, as man — Ben Morse was the same, an obedient and devoted son, a guardian brother, a loyal friend, a good Samaritan to those who had fallen among thieves, an honest man.

Resolute in pursuing his own straightforward course, he turned aside to interfere with no man's affairs, and would suffer no man to interfere with his.

Following the advice of the Apostle, he "studied to be quiet, and to do his own business."

Retiring and unobtrusive, he invaded no man's province, encroached upon no man's rights, detracted from no man's character; his heart was tender, and over his friendly deed, as over the escapades of others, he threw a veil of secrecy, letting not his left hand know what his right hand was doing.

While his life was emphatically a life of duty, daily, wearing duty, faithfully performed, he had such a cheery way with him that one would infer that he was having a jolly time, and the fact that nobody in speaking of or to him ever got further than the first syllable of his name indicates his kindly, unassuming relation with all, young and old; and they all gathered together to signify by their presence how much they valued that kindness, and how conscious they were of their loss.

H. L.

EBENEZER R. HOAR

[*Spoken at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in Boston, on Thursday, February* 14, 1895]

"BEHOLD there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt: and there shall arise after them seven years of famine."

At our last meeting but one Dr. Ellis was speaking words of lament at the loss of Mr. Winthrop; a month later, stunned by the news of his sudden death, we came together to mourn him. This loss upon loss makes us poor indeed.

A few years ago we had the pleasure of beholding among us Emerson, Deane, Lowell, Parkman, Holmes, Winthrop, and Ellis, — these were our years of great plenty; now the last of them has gone, and the years of famine have come upon us. When such men are withdrawn, the sadness of personal bereavement is followed by dismay over our deferred intentions, our lost opportunities. We can never know, we cannot estimate, we can only conjecture, what garnered secrets of the past have been buried with them, which might have been revealed had their lives been prolonged, or extorted by us had we been more vigilant. Now we vainly regret that we had not, like Joseph, gathered up the food of the seven years of plenty. For while there

are many untiring scholars flashing their searchlights upon obscure passages in our history and illuminating them for us, they have never seen the unsullied, uninvaded New England pictured by Emerson in his historical discourse at Concord and in his memoir of Dr. Ezra Ripley, by Holmes and Lowell in divers places, and loved and studied and set before us by Winthrop and Deane and Ellis. They were the representatives of a vanished age; in their brief lifetime the transformation of centuries has been accomplished; the peaceful, farming, maritime New England has passed away, only to be conjured up by realizing their descriptions, and shutting eyes and ears to the unwelcome intrusion of the bustling, heterogeneous present.

Today we are called upon to grieve over the departure of a true Puritan. Leaving to others an estimate of his rare ability, of his professional eminence, of his patriotic public service, I dwell on certain salient traits which have perhaps masked more fundamental elements of his character.

Gazing into the grave of an old friend, one may get a blurred image; so I recur, on this occasion, to a portrait drawn by me twenty years ago, when he was candidate for the United States Senate: —

At the Republican conference Tuesday evening, Mr. Shortle of Provincetown said that no man who could only be approached by those within certain walks of life, who represented not the Republican party, but only a peculiar shade of blood, a few families on Beacon Street, would get his vote. Now, if Mr. Shortle knows Judge Hoar at all, even by hearsay, he must have been

aware he was talking nonsense. As to Beacon Street, living there is a presumption of wealth, nothing more; in some cases inherited, in most earned, — by some honestly, by others dishonestly, — and spent wisely or unwisely, frugally or lavishly, according to the disposition of the holder. Of over four hundred householders only five live in the house in which they were born. The blood is pretty much what it is throughout Massachusetts, — that of the early settlers filtered through several generations of varied fortunes and occupations, of good and evil report.

But whatever the merits or demerits of the dwellers in Beacon Street, who are only distinguished by that success in money-getting which Mr. Shortle and the majority of men strive for, Judge Hoar will be amused to learn that he is their representative. I have known him well for forty-two years, and I have often qualified my praise of him by charging him with an undue severity on city men and city ways, an almost aggressive simplicity and disregard of the little graces.

If one wants to see Puritan principles carried into practice, let him visit Concord and witness the noble frugality and quiet dignity of that small circle of highly endowed and highly educated men and women to which Judge Hoar belongs, and which is characterized by those virtues easy to admire, hard to practise, even by Mr. Shortle.

After this lapse of time the record stands approved; his undue severity on city men and city ways, his aggressive simplicity and disregard of the little graces,

as well as his plain living and high thinking, have still characterized him.

I once addressed him as the incarnation of the State of Massachusetts in general, and Middlesex County in particular, and so he was.

Born in Concord, the wilderness town, consecrated by the piety and generosity of its well-born founder, Rev. Peter Bulkeley; made picturesque by the brotherly reconciliation of Gen. Winthrop and stern old Dudley; and illustrated, not only by the "shot heard round the world," but also by the character of its people, — by such citizens as the patriotic Chaplain Emerson; by good old Dr. Ripley, who ruled so long as parson and autocrat, one of the rearguard of the army of the Puritans; by Emerson and his brothers, and by Mrs. Samuel Ripley, the most learned, brilliant and modest woman of "Our First Century," who made it classic ground; and last, but not least, by his own father, Hon. Samuel Hoar, a modest, dignified, frugal, generous, wise man, whose word was law; born and bred in this happy town, which "stints its expense in small matters, that it may spend freely on great duties," and so inculcates frugality and public spirit; listening year by year to the story of the 19th of April, or better still, to the reminiscences of the survivors of the fight, — no wonder that he imbibed the belief that Concord, not Boston, was the hub of the universe, and that what was not done in Concord was not worth doing.

His faith in his town, his State, his church, his college, his class, his political party, was absolute; so profound were his convictions, so strong his attach-

ments, that he seemed to mistrust the sanity or sincerity of those who questioned their superiority.

This claim, and his denunciations, private and public, of all dissenters, were calculated to affront those who were without the pale; the assumption was naturally offensive to those of other nativities, or to those who had conscientiously arrived at other conclusions on matters religious, social, or political, and was taken too literally by those who were devoid of a sense of humor, or not well acquainted with his complexities. For while it was difficult to trace the boundary line between his settled convictions and his cherished illusions, to distinguish between the sallies of his wit and the utterances of his righteous indignation, those who had known him best allowed for the mixture. They smiled at his local claims; they respected his rugged simplicity; they allowed for his excess, or what they deemed his perversion, of loyalty to his political party, for a certain astigmatism in looking at his associates and his opponents; they pardoned asperities of which he seemed unconscious, remembering the many tokens he had given of his deep underlying affection. I can give a specimen of this deep undercurrent, of this amiable inconsistency.

Writing to me, whose political debasement he had often deplored, about two common friends and kinsmen equally debased, he says: —

"What I knew of G. leads me to think he deserved the eulogy you give. But I was very fond of W., who always was a *trump;* and sickness and deprivation made him a hero, and as near a saint as it is good for anybody to be.

"What a curious study it is to look back upon these finished lives, of men whom we have known from youth to old age, and how hard it is to believe that there can ever be any more like them!"

Again in another letter: —

"I never expect to find anybody in this world who is always right; indeed (with the possible exception of one whom modesty forbids me to mention), I have never yet found one.

"And as I grow old, I am more and more disposed to content myself with the admirable qualities of my numerous and excellent friends, and am caring less for their short-comings."

This was his creed: nobody had ever been so blessed in his home, his friends, his surroundings; they were incomparable, and his heart beat with gratitude and love. If he had ever said anything at variance with this sentiment, why, like his neighbor, Mr. Emerson, he refused to be hampered by consistency.

Like other descendants of Roger Sherman, his wit flashed as brilliantly and continuously as heat lightning on a summer's evening; he said as many good things as Abraham Lincoln, and he shared his tenderness as well as his humor, so that the victims of his satire, the subjects of his condemnation, felt that while he condemned the sin, he loved the sinner.

Following in the footsteps of his Roman father, he, seconded by his devoted wife, became the guide and benefactor of his historic birthplace; his Spartan simplicity, his sage counsels, his witty reproofs, and watchful benevolence will long be cherished by his bereaved townsfolk.

He was the guardian, the benefactor of his classmates; his loyalty and bounty to them were unstinted; he was the keystone which locked them all together.

Next to or abreast with his love of Concord was his love of his Alma Mater, manifested by his unvarying attendance at her festivities, by his thirty years' service as Fellow or Overseer, by donations on many occasions. While Treasurer of the Fund for Memorial Hall, I was struck with how he sought to express his love to the College as well as his homage to her noble sons, by bringing, first his own subscription, then one for a son, by and by for another son; and lately his gift to Radcliffe College in the name of his ancestor, Joanna Hoar, and his legacy to the College proper, are further manifestations of the same yearning.

I rejoice that some of the alumni, touched by his affection for the College and its children, testified their appreciation years ago by requesting a portrait to be hung in some Harvard hall as a token to future generations.

Writing to him in November last, besides other things I said, — "As I near the precipice, I am getting scared," to which he replied, —

> **Fear ends with death; beyond**
> **I nothing see but God,**

and added these lines of Parnell's, —

> Stretch the glad wing, and soar away
> To mingle with eternal day!

and with this feeling in his heart, if not on his lips, he welcomed death.

I cannot better sum up his excellences than by requoting what I said in his lifetime: —

If one wants to see Puritan principles carried into practice, let him visit Concord and witness the noble frugality and quiet dignity of that small circle of highly endowed and highly educated men and women to which Judge Hoar belongs, and which is characterized by those virtues easy to admire, hard to practise.

WILLIAM STORY BULLARD

[*August*, 1897]

Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

As an old man myself, I have had occasion to observe how soon men are forgotten by the public, their persons unrecognized, their names, once significant, known only to a rapidly contracting circle.

Had William Bullard died twenty years ago, his loss would have been commemorated in bank parlors and by trustees of charitable institutions, and would have been deplored by the community at large.

Left a penniless orphan at an early age, he was welcomed into a hospitable home, placed at school, and then in the counting-room of an East India merchant, an enviable position in those days. Here he so commended himself to his employer that after a few years' apprenticeship he was promoted to partnership, and before long left in sole direction of the business.

An old merchant, a born merchant, was asked why he thought money was going to be tight. "Because I feel it in my bones"; — and this might have been the speech of William Bullard, whose apprehension of coming contingencies was instinctive. This intuition, combined with his ardent pursuit of business, brought him reputation and wealth and the power to assist his three

brothers, a purpose never remitted. No merchant was more sought for as director of bank or insurance office, or assignee, wherever information was needed or sagacity exercised.

Unfortunately health was not among the gifts bestowed. During his apprenticeship he had been sent to a southern climate to ward off a lung attack, and he was in danger of degenerating from a man of nerve to a nervous man.

It would have been well for him if he had relieved the monotony of his life and diverted his thoughts from business by availing himself of his friends' offers to introduce him to a larger circle, — if he had frequented concerts and theatres, or had sought some other recreation. A constitutional shyness and sensitiveness aggravated by circumstances, and intellectual resources in study of a grave metaphysical character, kept him in too great seclusion.

A most happy marriage brought him into a large circle of family and friends, opened to him the pleasures of country life, and developed in him a charming hospitality.

He gradually retired from business, devoted much time to the management of charities, where his benevolence as well as his judgment was exercised, and in his summer home sought out and "succored, helped and comforted all who were in danger, necessity and tribulation," shunning as far as might be all publicity.

Long will he be missed here, as elsewhere, by those whose wants he discovered and supplied so bountifully that they were filled with gratitude, so secretly that they were spared observation.

One graceful tribute to the two friends and guides of his youth, and with them one revered friend of his later manhood, in the form of Harvard scholarships, could not be concealed. It manifested his loyalty and tender-heartedness.

For some years his health and strength have been impaired, his life confined to home, but he has lived to a ripe and happy old age.

H. L.

THEODORE LYMAN

[*September*, 1897]

Fell the bolt on the branching oak;
The rainbow of his hope was broke;
No craven cry, no secret tear —
He told no pang, he knew no fear;
His peace sublime his aspect kept,
His purpose woke, his features slept;
And yet between the spasms of pain
His genius beamed with joy again.

It is finished, "the sly, slow hours" of martyrdom have crept along, the sufferer is released. There is thankfulness for his liberation, gratitude for his example, grief for his loss. In the days of his health Theodore Lyman was sensible of his responsibilities. Proud of his inheritance, he sought to emulate his father's public spirit and benevolence, and served as president or trustee of several charities. He was for many years Fish Commissioner. He was loyal to his College. He was a large subscriber to Memorial Hall and worked on the building committee. His service as Overseer was only terminated by his illness. He was a devoted student of natural history, aiding Agassiz in the foundation and work of his museum, and was a member of sundry scientific societies.

A patriot at heart, independent in thought and deed, he served in Congress when seriously handicapped by in-

firmities, as long as patriotism was more prized in his district than partisanship.

He belonged to a heroic generation and he was of the band doubly endeared to us by their gallant service in war and by their modest retirement after victory and peace, losing themselves in their old pursuits and among their old friends.

In peace or war, Theodore Lyman was the most active and most cheery of men, and one of the most attractive, for nature had been lavish to him. Walking, riding, hunting, presiding at a banquet, partaking of social festivities, he was a leader, the gayest of the gay, mirthful and a promoter of mirth. While thus full of health and happiness, he was suddenly warned. So well did he and those around him dissemble that few are aware that this knell sounded twenty-five years ago.

How he received this awful summons, how he bore up against his increasing infirmities, is so exactly described in the following narrative of a similar trial similarly borne that I quote it as better than any attempt of mine:

"His career, one of high promise, was cut short, and although he survived for a good many years, he became paralyzed, rendered unfit for any active pursuit, and had, as we may say, to leave all hope behind him. This unfortunate result was the more vividly brought before his friends, inasmuch as it was merely a physical result, his fine intellect remaining unimpaired to the last, so that he himself and his admirers were continually reminded of all that had been lost.

"His misfortunes indeed brought out the innate nobleness of a character which greatly endeared him to his

friends, inspiring them with the deepest sympathy and the most affectionate respect. Flung down as he was from the pinnacle where he had been standing, he faced the melancholy reverses with a courageous cheerfulness and magnanimity which beforehand I should have thought impossible. There was no complaint uttered, no weakness or peevishness shown; he accepted what was inevitable with manly frankness, and sought by cultivating pleasant intercourse with his friends, and following up such intellectual pursuits as were still open to him, to 'deceive the burden of life,' and set an example to others of patience and self-control more easily admired than followed."

Theodore Lyman had an honorable career as a soldier, but what was the noble service of brave men banded together in tedious sieges or bloody encounter, compared to this solitary combat, day and night, week after week, month after month, year after year, with this menacing, creeping monster, coiling itself like the serpent around Laocoon and slowly strangling its victim? Those friends, ever increasing in number as the pathetic tale was told, who gazed in wonder at the sublime courage and patience and sweetness and even gaiety of heart of the sufferer, where now can they turn in their bereavement for such an ennobling example? It is a consolation that all through these years he was environed with love, tender, watchful love, administering to every want, maintaining cheerfulness at any cost, bestowing never-failing sympathy.

H. L.

SARAH PAINE CLEVELAND

"Like shadows gliding o'er the plain," they pass. We read the daily list of the departed, but before the sun is set, we remember only that one of the names was familiar; we cannot recall it. Still we scan the daily list with anxiety, for sooner or later we are sure to be startled by the name of one whose life had been so associated with ours, whose company had been so refreshing, whose counsel and sympathy had been so indispensable to us, that we are left destitute indeed.

How many tears gushed forth, how many hearts ached at the announcement of the loss of Mrs. Cleveland! It is now six weeks, but weeks will lengthen into months, months into years, before her name is forgotten or her loss supplied.

To the young, captivated by her cordial hospitality, her ready sympathy, her unremitting interest in them, present or absent, and to crown all, her rapturous mirth over their adventures and mishaps, who saw her giving her life to others and rejoicing in the privilege, she seemed the incarnation of a Lady Bountiful, happy in health, in personal and pecuniary independence, and in the retrospect of an unclouded life. They who look back upon that life, so full of sorrow and disappointment, can only exclaim,

> Happy is one,
> That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
> Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Among the pleasant memories of my boyhood are two or three afternoon parties at the Perkins's. The kindly, matronly Hannah, who was on the watch, took off and laid aside our wraps, and we were ushered up-stairs, there to be cordially welcomed by Sarah and the boys, and by their lovely mother, whose exquisite nicety and simplicity of costume and coiffure and gentle solicitude of manner likened her in my eyes to a fair Quaker. There were other boys and girls; we remember only the friendly social Inches, who dwelt in Harris's Folly just over the way. After some hours of sports and games, we assembled around the tea-table to partake of the most delicious, old-fashioned children's feasts; then, before we bade good-bye, we went through the entry door, which opened into grandmother's house, to see old Moose, who, rescued from cruel bondage in his youth, proved his gratitude by saving the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins in the slavery insurrection in St. Domingo, and was spending the evening of his days as befitted a servant of tried loyalty. This hospitable home was one of two semi-detached houses built by Mr. Perkins for himself and his son, after he had given his former mansion to the Boston Athenæum.

The old recall with fond regret the beautiful semi-rural town of Boston, with its open spaces and shaded streets, one of the most attractive of which was Pearl Street, on the southern slope of Fort Hill, with its stately homes set in the midst of gardens and cooled by the breezes from the sea. I have sat in the rooms of the Athenæum in my summer college vacations and, as I read, heard as many orioles in the grounds of the Phillips

mansion opposite as now in Brookline. Small need had its inhabitants to quit their homes, but the Perkins family spent their summers at lovely Pine Bank, their grandfather's place on the borders of Jamaica Pond.

These happy homes of three generations, full of sunshine and security, were abruptly invaded, for at the age of ten years Mrs. Cleveland lost her father suddenly, and two years afterwards her mother married again and removed to a then remote State, so that, scarcely in her teens, she was left an orphan, mistress of herself and fortune, and burdened with the responsibility of the education of her three brothers.

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty, —
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth, and noonday light to thee.

It is perhaps impossible to convey an idea of the trials of her life from this time forth, without invading privacy. Premature independence, which led to danger and subsequent unhappiness; premature responsibility, varied and at times grievous; sickness, loneliness, bereavements, might have soured or sapped her life, but they only developed the courage and disinterestedness which underlay the vivacious surface of her character.

We all read about the good Samaritan, the high-priest, and the Levite. There are many descendants of the two last, decorous, well-regarded personages, who feel that they owe it to themselves, when they encounter trouble, to pass by on the other side, saying, "This is no concern of mine." Some of us are intermittent Samaritans; we

do occasionally have compassion on those in distress, we pour in oil and wine, we leave two pence with the host, and do it hoping that this will suffice and that we shall hear no more of the matter. But our friend whom we have lost not only came again to reimburse the host, but henceforth made the road to Jericho her favorite drive, lavishing upon others the fortune which could have purchased for her immunity from care and other indulgences. Family, relatives, friends, strangers, all partook of her bounty; she was a prodigal; near or remote, absent or present, grateful or ungrateful, all were remembered and cared for. Of course, like the sower in the parable, much of the seed fell on the rock, or among thorns, or by the wayside, but she was not discouraged.

Benevolent people are sometimes, nay often, lugubrious, but our friend had inherited from her Irish grandfather, Captain Callahan, a merry heart, so that, just as the robins who strewed the leaves over the babes in the wood sang at their work, so her mingled tenderness and gaiety healed more wounded and cheered more sad hearts than even her bounty.

She had, what is with us a rare gift, social genius; her house was the home of good cheer. She was a natural leader, undaunted and energetic; execution followed fast upon conception; the confidence, which in her youth had impelled her to rash deeds, was now, "with more advised watch," exercised wisely in conducting the footsteps of others. "Whenever I visit her," said a young lady who had settled in Boston a stranger, "as I come away my eyes fill with tears of joy that I too have a home." "She was the most human person I ever knew, but I

never saw a human failing in her, and it was wonderful that anybody could be at once so at home on earth, and so fit for heaven."

How can I bid farewell to my friend of three-score years and ten, how can I better close my memorial of her than with this tribute from the daughter of one of her oldest and dearest friends; expressing, as it does, the charm of one whose sweet humanity lifted her above meaner things, and prompted her, chastened by trials, to bestow on others the happiness which had not been fulfilled to her, —

> Hold firmly by the human ties,
> But breathe in heavenly air.

MARTIN BRIMMER

I framed his tongue to music,
I armed his hand with skill,
I moulded his face to beauty
And his heart the throne of will.

THERE is not another man in Boston who would be so missed and so mourned as will be Martin Brimmer.

Most men are limited in their interests and their importance. The vestry, the charity bureau, the court-room, the caucus, the exchange, — one and only one of these is their theatre, and elsewhere they are unknown and unregarded.

Martin Brimmer, freed from private cares, dedicated himself to the commonweal. He took his part in legislation, in charities, in education, in cultivation of art. He mingled in all public affairs, not only mingled, but led.

Nature had made him prepossessing. His dignity, his deliberation, his reserve, were imposing, his gentle courtesy was winning; and when at last he uttered a few pregnant words in a judicial tone, the majority of his hearers fancied that he was but expressing their sentiments, while the minority decided that opposition was vain. The fusion was complete.

"What others effect by talent or by eloquence, this man accomplished by some magnetism."

"It lies in the man; that is all anybody can tell you about it."

"His mind has some new principle of order. Where he looks all things fly into their places."

In all companies his presence was acceptable, in all councils his advice was desirable. To the College and the Museum of Fine Arts it was indispensable. Among these carefully selected men, Fellows and Trustees, there are some as shrewd, some as courteous, some as earnest, but what one in either Board combines to such a degree strong sense, unfailing tact and personal ascendancy?

We are all bereft; our public-spirited citizen, our wise counsellor, our bountiful benefactor, our charming companion, our hospitable host, our faithful friend, has been taken from us.

SPEECH ON DEATH OF MR. WM. PERKINS

[*Spoken before the Trustees of the Provident Institution for Savings for Seamen and Others in the Town of Boston*]

MR. PRESIDENT: —

Inasmuch as I am an old friend of Mr. Perkins, and he was mine, for he was wont to address me "my friend," it is natural that I should make a few remarks before passing these resolutions.

It is close upon fifty years since I made Mr. Perkins's acquaintance. The firm of which I was a member was engaged in the East India and South American trades, and we had several joint adventures to Brazil. The satisfactory business intercourse drew me into relations of friendship, made closer by my after-association with him as Director of the Boston Port Society and as member of our Board of Investment, where I served with him for a while. My affection led me sometimes to remonstrate with him upon his disproportionate gratuitous services to individuals and institutions, and to comment upon his course of life, until he got to fear that I should write his obituary, and to expostulate; whereupon I always replied: "I certainly shall, and it will be headed, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.'"

Well, our friend has stolen away as quietly as he was wont to glide in among us, and my promise made in jest is to be fulfilled in earnest.

Two thoughts are uppermost in my mind: the peculiar character of Mr. Perkins's gifts, and the analogous character of this Institution, each an incessant and widespread charity, so veiled from the public eye that the drudgery involved and the benefit conferred are both undervalued.

Mr. President, if your pocket was full of pennies, you might either shower them from your window upon the crowd below, or, mingling with them, bestow your alms from time to time as you saw occasion. One way would be the more easy and conspicuous, the other more laborious and useful.

There is no place where a few words could be more fitly spoken than in this old Provident Institution, to which he gave so much of his time and sympathy, this old charity founded by a few public-spirited citizens seventy-one years ago in response to an appeal from good Bishop Cheverus in behalf of his poor flock, whose petty savings were being wasted for want of a place of deposit.

Established in the face of much ridicule and incredulity, the steady growth of this old Institution and the propagation of the system through the length and breadth of the land attest the benefit conferred upon the otherwise helpless wage-earners, while the history of its management is a memorial of the wisdom and fidelity of its Trustees.

Stone by stone, layer by layer, through these threescore and eleven years, this Institution, hallowed by the prayers of the saintly bishop and by the pious labors of good men, has grown to be a monument of the disinterestedness of its founders and of their successors to the present day.

And who of that long list of faithful workers has laid more of those stones than the modest, dutiful, constant man, who for forty-four years has given so lavishly of his time and his thoughts to its conduct.

He has served in every capacity, from member of the corporation to president; and, most of all, we have had the benefit of his unremitting attendance on the board of investment for twenty-six years, where his unceasing vigilance, his wide experience, his perfect independence were most valuable. The quality and quantity of that work can only be fully appreciated by those who have participated in it. We are called upon to recognize his devotion to this charity; but the seniors present are well aware of his equal devotion to many more like institutions. In fact, I have often felt, as I said before, that our friend was too prodigal of his unpaid time. Time is money, and who can compute the fortune he would have accumulated and enjoyed, had he devoted to his own affairs the time spent in the service of others. Boston can show a long list of men who have, by close attention to business, built up fortunes, fractions of which they have bestowed upon the public. These gifts in the form of money and in a lump sum are obvious, and these givers have and should have their reward; but the

community sometimes fails to recognize the far greater and more precious benefactions of those men, who, disdaining thought of self, devote their time to the welfare of their fellow men. It is patriotic to send a substitute to the war, but one can hardly claim a hero's reward because of his substitute's exploits. The gift of money may, and sometimes does, represent self-denial, sacrifice, but is more often merely the bounty of the wealthy, and, while more conspicuous, cannot be compared to the gift of time and what that includes of personal service;— this is heroic, this is twice blessed — "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Such a benefactor was William Perkins, and we place him, we have always placed him, in the front rank. Just a week ago, driving in from Brookline, I discerned him creeping into the Beacon Street Mall. He looked to me more bent, more wan, more tired than ever, and pointing him out to my companion, I said, "There goes all that is left of William Perkins." So we cannot wish him back; his toils began too early and were perhaps too severe. I always fancied that the yoke had bowed his neck, and, to a degree, depressed his spirit, for the apprenticeship of those days was not only strict, but harsh, and sometimes galling to a sensitive, high-spirited boy. I always felt that he had never had a play-day, and that in some respects his part in life was a sad one. Perhaps my sympathies were uncalled for; however that may be, they are all now needed for this and other institutions which have lost his help, for this community which has lost his example, for his sole surviving child who sits bereft of brothers, mother, and father. We must

all be thankful that he passed away so quickly, so peacefully, while yet in the full possession of his faculties.

> O good old man! How well in thee appears
> The constant service of the antique world,
> When service sweat for duty, not for meed!

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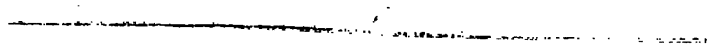

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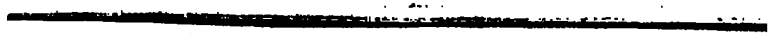

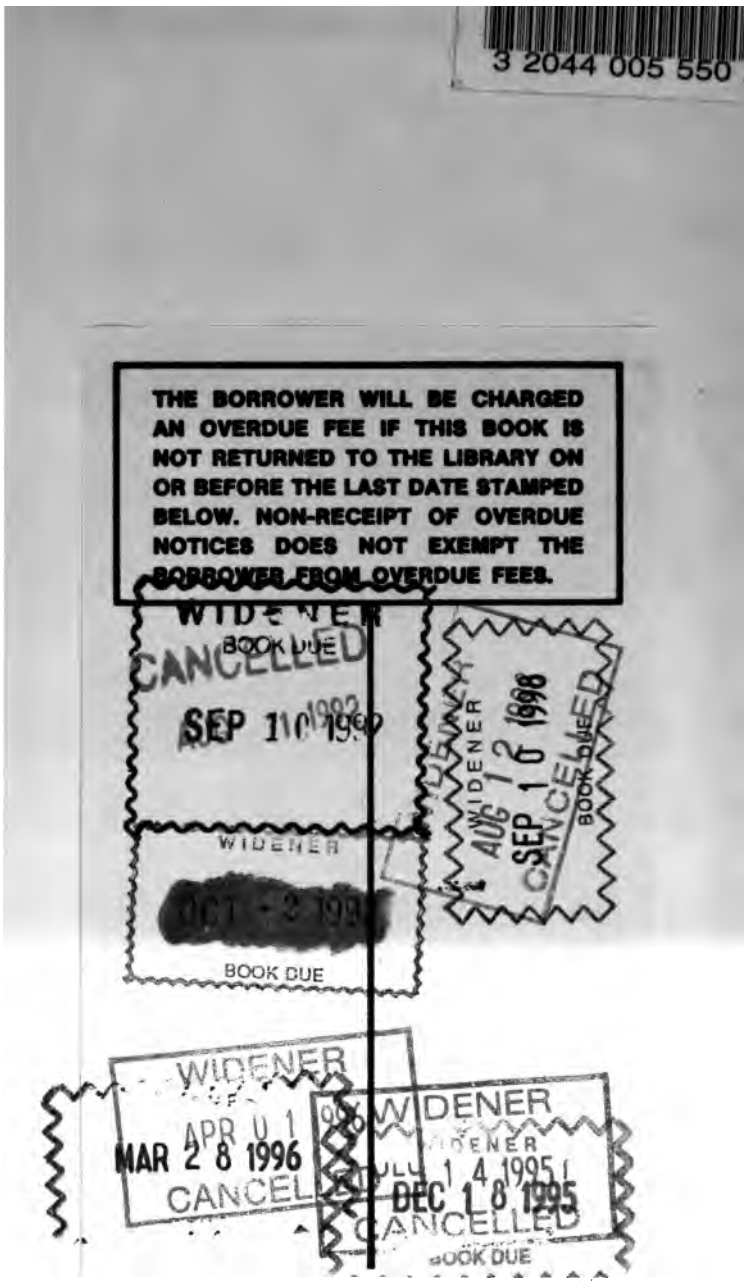
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